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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CCXXXVI.

JULY, 1872.

ART. I. — 1. *The Origin of Species, etc.* By CHARLES DARWIN. Sixth Edition. With Additions and Corrections. London: John Murray. 1872.

2. *Evolution and its Consequences:* A Reply to Professor Huxley. By ST. GEORGE MIVART. "Contemporary Review," January, 1872.

3. *Specific Genesis.* By ST. GEORGE MIVART. Communication to the "North American Review," April, 1872.

THE physical problem, proposed independently and almost simultaneously near the beginning of this century by three eminent men of genius, — by Goethe, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and the elder Darwin, — the question *how* animals and plants came to have the structures and habits that characterize them as distinct species, which was proposed in place of the teleological question, *why* they were so produced, has now fairly become a direct question for scientific investigation. There is no longer any doubt that this effect was by some natural process, and was not by a formless creative fiat. Moreover, there scarcely remains any doubt that this natural process connects the living forms of the present with very different forms in the past; and that this connection is properly described in general terms as "descent with modification." The question has thus become narrowed down to the inquiry, What is the nature of

this modification, or what are the causes and the modes of action by which such modifications have been effected?

This is a great step in scientific progress. So long as a doubt remained about the fact that such modifications have been effected, and that present living forms are the results of them, the inquiry, how they were effected, belonged to the region of profitless speculation, — profitless except for this, that speculative minds, boldly laying aside doubts which perplex and impede others, and anticipating their solution, have often in the history of science, by preparing a way for further progress, greatly facilitated their actual solution. Difficulties and questions lying beyond such doubts — walls to scale after outworks and ditches are passed — do not inspire the cautious with courage. And so the scientific world waited, though prepared with ample force of evidence, and hesitated to take the step which would bring it face to face with the questions of the present and the future. Darwin's "Origin of Species," by marshalling and largely reinforcing the evidences of evolution, and by candidly estimating the opposing evidence, and still more by pointing out a way to the solution of the greatest difficulty, gave the signal and the word of encouragement which effected a movement that had long been impending.

The "that," the fact of evolution, may be regarded as established. The "how," the theory or explanation of it, is the problem immediately before us. Many years of patient investigation may be needed. Much discussion, which will doubtless be disturbed by acrimonious disputes, as well as helped by more generous rivalries, may be expected, more especially in the immediate future; while what may be called the dialectics of the subject are being developed, or while the bearings and the limits of views and questions, and while conceptions and definitions and kinds of arguments appropriate to the discussion, are the subjects on which it is necessary to come to a common understanding. It is highly desirable that this discussion should be as free as possible from mere personalities, and there is strong hope that it may be kept so through the experience which the history of modern science affords, or through the manners and methods of procedure which this experience has established. That it is impossible, however, to avoid errors of this sort alto-

gether, is evident from the provocations experienced and keenly felt by some of the noblest of modern students of science in their establishment of theories in modern astronomy, and of theories in geology, to which may now be added the theory of evolution. That the further discussion of rival hypotheses on the causes and modes of evolution will profit by these older examples may be hoped, since there have grown up general methods of investigation and discussion, which prescribe limits and precautions for hypothesis and inference; and, more than all, for the conduct of debate on scientific subjects, that have been of the greatest value to the progress of science, and will, if faithfully observed, doubtless direct the present discussion to a successful issue.

These methods are analogous in their purposes to the general rules in courts of law, and constitute the principles of method in experimental philosophy, or in philosophy founded on the sciences of observation. They serve to protect an investigation from prejudice, by demanding that it shall be allowed on certain pretty strict conditions (in the conduct of experiments and observations, and in the formation and verification of hypotheses) to proceed without hinderance from prejudice for any existing doctrine or opinion. An investigation may thus start from the simplest basis of experience, and, for this purpose, may waive, yet without denying, any presumption or conclusion held in existing theories or doctrines. Again, these rules protect an investigation from a one-sided criticism or *ex parte* judgment, since they demand of the criticism or judgment the same judicial attitude that is demanded of the investigation. Advocacy, and especially the sort that is of essential value in courts of law, where two advocates are set against each other, each with the duty of presenting only what can be said for his own side, and where the same judge and jury are bound to hear both, is singularly out of place in a scientific discussion, unless in oral debate before the tribunal of a scientific society. Moreover, there are no burdens of proof in science. Such advocacy in a published work claiming scientific consideration is almost an offence against the proprieties of such discussions. To collect together in one place all that can be said for an hypothesis, and in another all that can be

said against it, is at best a clumsy and inconvenient method of discussion, the natural results of which may best be seen in the present condition of theological and religious doctrines. These practical considerations are of the utmost importance for the attainment of the end of scientific pursuit; which is not to arrive at decisions or judgments that are probably true only on the whole and in the long run, but is the discovery of the real truths of nature, for which science can afford to wait, and for which suspended judgments are the soundest substitutes.

No work of science, ancient or modern, dealing with problematic views and doctrines, has more completely conformed to these principles or justified them by its success than the "Origin of Species." For its real or principal success was in convincing nearly all naturalists, a majority of whom, at least, were still unconvinced, of the truth of the theory of evolution; and this depended on its obvious fairness and spirit of caution almost as much as on the preponderance of the evidences for the theory when thus presented. But the very same qualities of spirit and method governed the leading and more strictly original design of the work, which cannot yet be said to be a complete success, namely, the *explanation* of evolution by natural selection. That Mr. Darwin himself is fully convinced of the truth of this explanation is sufficiently evident. By this, however, must be understood that he holds, as he has done from the first publication of his work, that natural selection is the principal or leading cause in determining the changes and diversities of species, though not the only cause of the development of their characters. Conspicuously at the close of the Introduction in the first edition of the work, and in all subsequent editions, occur these words: "I am convinced that Natural Selection has been the most important, but not the exclusive, means of modification." That the work is not a merely dialectical performance is clear; and it is equally clear that in proportion to the strength of the author's conviction is his solicitude to give full and just weight to all valid objections to it. In this respect the work stands in marked contrast to much that has been written on the subject and in reply to it.

Once to leave the vantage-ground of scientific method and adopt the advocate's *ex parte* mode of discussion almost neces-

sitates a continuance of the discussion under this most inconvenient form. Mr. Mivart's "Genesis of Species," which we examined in this Review last July, though a conspicuous example of such a one-sided treatment of a proper scientific question, was by a writer so distinguished for his attainments in science that his criticism could not well be passed by without notice; and, having also the character of a popular treatise, it came within a wider province of criticism than that of strictly scientific reviews. This notice was chiefly devoted to supplying something of what could be and had been said in favor of the theory thus criticised, both by way of defining and defending it. We also followed the author to some extent into the consideration of a subject, namely, the general philosophical and theological bearings of this theory, which does not, we endeavored to show, belong properly to the discussion, and ought to be kept in abeyance, in accordance with the laws of experimental philosophy, so long, at least, as these laws are properly observed in the conduct of the inquiry. One of the first questions asked in past times in regard to physical hypotheses, which have now become established theories or doctrines of science, was, whether they were orthodox, or at least theistic, or atheistical; and the adverse decision of this question by what was deemed competent authority determined temporarily and in a measure the fate of the hypothesis and the standing of those who held to it. It was to be hoped that, in the light of such a history, this discussion could be spared the question, at least till the hypothesis could be fairly tried, when, if it should be found wanting in scientific validity, its banishment to the limbo of exploded errors might, without much harm, be changed to a severer sentence; and, if it should withstand the tests of purely scientific criticism, the same means of reconciling it to orthodoxy would doubtless be found as in older physical hypotheses. Mr. Mivart himself claimed and argued a similar exemption for the general theory of evolution, or rather attempted the later office of reconciliation, or of proving its conformity to the most venerable and authoritative decisions of orthodoxy. But he appeared unwilling to allow either such an exemption or the possibility of an accordance with orthodoxy to the theory of natural selection, for he quoted and applied to

the discussion of this theory the saying and supposed opinions of an old heretical heathen philosopher, Democritus, in several passages of his book.

In his reply to our criticisms,* he wonders who could have so misled us as to make us suppose that his was a "theological education" and a "schooling against Democritus"; the fact being just the reverse of this, his education being in that philosophy of "nescience," out of the evils and fallacies of which he had at length struggled. Clearly we were misled by the author himself. Our error, slight except as a biographical one, would have been amended if we had referred the character of his criticism to his theological *studies*. This would have left the period in his life in which he acquired his mode of thought and discussion as undetermined, as it was unimportant to the point of our criticism; since, through the influence of these studies, or similar dialectical pursuits, his unquestionable abilities appeared to us to have been developed, and, as we believe, misapplied. It was the bringing in of "the fortuitous concourse of atoms," and "blind chance," "accidents," and "hap-hazard results," in a discussion with which they had no more to do, and no less, than they have to do with geology, meteorology, politics, philosophical history, or political economy;—it was this irrelevancy in his criticism which we regarded as oblivious of the age in which we live and for which he wrote,—the age of experimental philosophy. Mr. Mivart thinks he is clear of all blame for speaking of the theory of natural selection as liable "to lead men to regard the present organic world as formed, so to speak, *accidentally*, beautiful and wonderful as is confessedly the hap-hazard result," since he qualified the word "accidentally" by the phrase "so to speak." The real fault was in speaking so at all.

Accidents in the ordinary every-day sense are causes in every concrete course of events,—in the weather, in history, in politics, in the market,—and no theory of these events can leave them out. Explanation of the events consists in showing how they will result, or have resulted, through certain fixed principles or laws of action from the occasions or opportunities, which such accidents present. Given the state of the atmosphere over

* See the April number of this Review.

a large district in respect to temperature, moisture, pressure, and motion, — none of which could have been anticipated without similar data for a short time before, all in fact being accidents, — and the physical principles of meteorology might enable us to explain the weather that immediately follows. So with the events of history, etc. In no other sense are accidents supposed as causes in the theory of natural selection. Accidental variations and surrounding conditions of existence, and the previous condition of the organic world (none of which could have been anticipated from anything we actually know, all in fact being "accidents"), — these are the causes which present the occasions or opportunities through which principles of utility and advantage are brought to bear in changing structures and habits, and improving their adaptations. If this is like the philosophy of Democritus, or any other excommunicated philosopher of antiquity, and is, therefore, to be condemned for the heresy, then all the sciences with which we have compared it, and many others, the conquests of human intelligence, must share the condemnation.

We dwelt in our review, perhaps unnecessarily, on the fact that accidents in this sense, and in the theory of natural selection, as well as elsewhere, are relative to our knowledge of causes; that the same event, like an eclipse of the sun, might be an accident to one mind, and an anticipated event to another. We did so because we could not understand otherwise why our author should single out the theory of natural selection from analogous theories and sciences for a special criticism of this sort; or except on the idea that the accidents in natural selection were supposed by him to be exceptional, and of the type which Democritus is reputed to have put in the place of intelligent design, or on the throne of Nous. We did not, as Mr. Mivart imagines, think him "ignorant that the various phenomena which we observe in nature have their respective phenomenal antecedents," nor suppose that he "held the opinion that phenomena of variation, etc., are not determined by definite, invariable, physical antecedents." We only thought that, knowing better, — knowing that "natural selection," like every other physical theory, dealt with physical causes and their laws, — he was unjust and inconsistent in con-

demning the employment of it, as a leading or prominent cause, in explanation of the phenomena of the organic world, in the manner in which he did; except on the hypothesis, which we repudiated in behalf of experimental philosophy, but without positively attributing it to him, — the hypothesis of absolute accidents. It was inconsistency and irrelevancy which we meant to attribute to him.

That he supposed absolute accidents to be meant in the ancient atheistical philosophy appeared from a passage in his chapter on theology and evolution (p. 276), in which he speaks of the kind of action we might expect in physical nature from a theistic point of view, as an action "which is orderly, which *disaccords* with the action of blind chance and with the 'fortuitous concourse of atoms' of Democritus." But in his reply to us he repudiates the idea that this old philosophy held events to be accidental in the strict sense; and he further says of us that we "know very well that Democritus and Empedocles and their school no more held phenomena to be undetermined or unpreceded by other phenomena than do their successors at the present day." We are far from being so well informed, or willing to accept this as a statement of our views. For, in the first place, the terms "undetermined" and "unpreceded" are not quite synonymous. Moreover, so far as phenomena are determined, they are "orderly," "harmonize with man's reason" (p. 275), though in their complexity they may be quite beyond the power of any man's imagination to represent or disentangle; and, as our author has said, they are what we might expect "from a theistic point of view."

Whether Democritus believed in absolute accidents or not we do not know. Little is really known of his opinions in this respect. The question has been disputed, but not decided. All his works are lost, except a few quoted sentences and maxims. He is in a peculiarly exposed condition for an attack from any one disposed to be his opponent. His teachings, probably already sufficiently garbled, are unprotected by contexts, or by the scruples an opponent might feel about them in assigning to him his place in the history of speculation. It is very likely that he did not hold to such accidents as occurring in

the course of nature; though it is very doubtful whether he was so thoroughly convinced as his "successors of the present day" are of the universality of the "law of causation," or that *every* event must have determinant antecedents. The conception of cause, as based by experimental science on the elementary invariable orders of phenomenal successions, is altogether too precise and abstract for the apprehension of a mind untrained by scientific studies, even at the present day. How much more so must it have been when among the old Ionian philosophers the first crude conceptions of science were being fashioned by attempts at discovering the physical bond of union and the inchoate form of nature, regarded as a universe. It is an anachronism to speak of these philosophers as materialists and atheists, since the distinctions and questions which could make such a classification intelligible had not yet been proposed. And it is equally an anachronism to attribute even to later thinkers like Democritus such a conception of physical causation as only the latest and maturest products of scientific thought have rendered definite.

There can be no antithesis in the problem of the beginning of the world between accident and law, or accident and the orderly movements which imply determinant antecedents. The real antithesis is between accident and miracle, or accident and the extraordinary action of pre-existent designing intelligence; and in this relation Accident can only have an absolute meaning, equivalent in fact to Destiny or Fate, when unintelligible. Unintelligible Destiny or "blind chance" is directly opposed to the intelligible Destiny which is the principle of "law" in nature; though these have often been confounded as equally fatalistic and atheistical. Our author, however, does not confound them; for he has said that the latter is what we might expect from a theistic point of view. It is altogether likely, however, that the Democritus to whom the former meaning could be attributed as a characteristic one is not the real thinker, but is a myth; or is rather the orthodox lay-figure of atheism of the theological studio.

The reputation for atheism which the real Democritus doubtless had, may have come from a cause which has often produced it in the history of physical science. He invented a

theory of atoms, with which he attempted physical explanations quite in advance of previous speculations. And the invention of physical hypotheses has often been regarded as an invasion of the province and jurisdiction of divine power and a first cause. For men rarely allow the explanation of any important effect in nature to remain an open question. If observed or carefully inferred physical causes do not suffice, invisible or even spiritual ones are invented; and thus the ground is preoccupied and closed against the inquiries of the physical philosopher. It is probably the general direction or tendency of these inquiries, rather than any positive positions or results at which they may arrive, which puts the physical philosopher in an apparently irreligious attitude. For in following out the consequences of physical hypotheses into the details of natural phenomena, reasoning from supposed causes to their effects, his interests and his modes of thought are the reverse of those of mankind in general, and of the religious mind. He appears to turn his back on divinity, and though seeking to approach nearer the first cause, or the total order of nature, his aspect of looking downward from a proximate principle through a natural order appears to the popular view to be darkened by a sombre shadow. The theory of universal gravitation was condemned on this account for impiety by even so liberal and enlightened a thinker as Leibnitz. This seems very strange to us now, since the law of gravitation is almost as familiar as fire, or even gravity itself. When in ancient times any one had burnt his fingers, or been bruised by a fall, one did not, except perhaps in early childhood, attribute the harm to a person, a spirit, or a god, but to the qualities of fire or gravity; yet the sounds of the thunder were still referred by him directly to Zeus. We all remember how in the "Clouds" of Aristophanes the comic poet puts impiety in the mouth of Socrates, or the doctrine that Zeus does not exist, and that it is ethereal Vortex, reigning in his stead, which drives the clouds and makes them rain and thunder. Such a view of physical inquiries is not confined to comic poets or their audiences. The meteorological sophists of that day were in very much the same position as the Darwinian evolutionists of the present time.

However important it may be to bear these considerations in mind, there is, as we have said, no more occasion for it with reference to the theory of natural selection than with reference to many other analogous theories, not only in physical science, like those of meteorology and geology (including the theory of evolution), but also in sociological science, like theories of political economy, and those theories of history which explain the growth of institutions, governments, and national characteristics. The comparison of the continuous order in time, and the total aspect of the organic world at any period, to the progressive changes and the particular aspect at any time of the weather, will, doubtless, strike many minds as inapt, since the latter phenomena are the type to us of indetermination and chance, while the former present to us the most conspicuous evidences of orderly determination and design. This contrast, though conspicuous, is, nevertheless, incidental to the point of view, and is not essential to the contrasted orders themselves. The movements in one are almost infinitely slower than in the other. We see a single phase and certain orderly details in one. We see only confused and rapid combinations and successions in the other. One is seen in fine, the other in gross form. Looked at from the same point of view, regarding each as an *ensemble* of details in time and space, they are equally without definite order or intelligible plan; "beautiful and wonderful as is," according to our author, "the hap-hazard result." It is in the intimate and comparatively minute parts of the organic world, in individual structures or organisms, that the beautiful and wonderful order is seen. When we look at great groups, like the floras and faunas of various regions, or past geological groupings, — the shifting clouds, as it were, of organic life, — this order disappears or is hidden for the most part. There remains enough of apparent order to indicate continuity in time and space, but hardly anything more. Perfectly as the individual organism may exhibit adaptations or the applications of principles of utility, there is no definite clew in it to the cause of the particular combination of uses which it embodies, or the existence of it in a particular region, or at a particular period in the history of the world, or its coexistence with many other quite

independent particular forms. But in precise analogy with what is conspicuously regular and indicative of simple laws in the organic world, correspond the intimate elementary changes of the atmosphere, some of which, like the fall and even the formation of rain and snow, the development and disappearance of clouds, are almost as precisely simple exhibitions of natural laws as experiments in the laboratory. What, even in the laboratory, can exceed the beauty, simplicity, and completeness of that exemplification of definite physical laws which the fall of dew on clear, calm nights demonstrates? Moreover, there are in the successions of changes in the weather sufficient traces of order to indicate a continuity in space and time corresponding to the geographical distributions and geological successions of the organic world. The elementary orders, which exhibit ultimate physical laws in simple isolation, are, in their aggregate and complex combination, the causes of these successions of changes in the weather and the source of whatever traces of order appear in them, and are thus analogous to what the theory of natural selection supposes in the organic world, namely, that the adaptations, or the exhibitions of simple principles of utility in structures, are in their aggregate and complex combinations the causes of successive and continuous changes in forms of life.

Far more important, however, than such analogies in the doctrine of evolution is the clear understanding of what the theory of natural selection undertakes to explain, and what is the precise and essential nature of its supposed action. There appears to be much confusion on this subject, arising probably from the influence of preconceived opinions concerning the nature, both of the matters explained and the mode of explanation, or on the nature of the changes which take place in species and the relations of them to this cause. These would seem, at first sight, very simple matters for conception, and difficult only in the evidences and the adequacy of the explanation. Such appeared, and still appears, to be the opinion of our author. Perhaps the best way to make a difficult theory plain is the negative one of correcting the misconceptions of it as they arise. This is what we attempted in our review with reference to the character of the variations from which nature normally and for the most part selects. But new difficulties

have emerged in Mr. Mivart's later writings which deserve consideration. In his answer to Professor Huxley, in the January number of the "Contemporary Review" (p. 170), he says of the theory of natural selection, "That the benefit of the individual in the struggle for life was announced as the one determining agent, fixing slight beneficial variations into enduring characters," for which he thinks it quite incompetent. And again, in reply to us (p. 453), he speaks of "*The* origin, not, of course, of slight variations, but of the fixing of these in definite lines and grooves"; and this origin, he believes, cannot be natural selection. And we believe that his conclusions are right! That is, if the more obvious meaning of these expressions are their real ones. They appear to mean that natural selection will not account for the unvarying continuance in succeeding generations of *simple* changes made accidentally in individual structures (whether the change be large or small), or will not account for the direct conversion of a *simple* change in a parent into a permanent alteration of its offspring. Such is the apparent meaning of these expressions, but they might possibly be taken as loose expressions of the opinion that this cause will not account for permanent changes in the *average* characters, or mid-points, about which variations oscillate; and, in this case, we believe that he is wrong. This permanency must not be understood, however, as meaning that changes cease, but only that they are not reversed. The same cause, natural selection, prevents such reversion, on the whole, and except for the individual cases, which it exterminates.

The first and obviously intended meaning of these expressions has let in light upon the author's own theory and his general difficulty about the theory of natural selection, which we did not have before. They show how fundamentally the matter has been misconceived, either by him or by us. That we did not more fully perceive this fundamental difference doubtless arose from a tacit assumption in his earlier criticisms of the principle of "specific stability," which was explicitly treated of in a later chapter and as a subordinate topic. This, as we shall find, is undoubtedly the source of the most serious misunderstanding. We were not aware that it was anywhere supposed that particular variations ever became *fixed* and heritable

changes in the characters of organisms by the direct agency of natural selection, or, indeed, by any other known cause. The proper effect of this cause is not to fix variations, though it must *determine their averages and limit their range*, and must act indirectly to increase the useful ones and diminish the injurious; or rather to permit the one and forbid the other, and when these are directly opposed to each other, it must act to shift the average or normal character, instead of fixing it. Variation as a constant and normal phenomenon of organization, exhibited chiefly in the ranges of individual differences, is, as it were, the agitation or irregular oscillation that keeps the characters of species from getting too closely *fixed* in "definite lines and grooves," through the too rigid inheritance of ancestral traits; or it is a principle of alertness that keeps them ever ready for movement and change in conformity to changing conditions of existence. What fixes species (when they are fixed) is the continuance of the same advantages in their structures and habits, or the same conditions for the action of selection, together with the force of long-continued inheritance.

This, though almost trite from frequent repetition, appears a very difficult conception for many minds, probably on account of their retaining the old stand-point. It would appear that our author is really speaking of the *fixed* species of the old and still prevalent philosophy, or about *real* species, as they are commonly called. Natural selection cannot, of course, account for these figments. Their true explanation is in the fact that naturalists formerly assumed, without proper evidence, that a change too slow for them to perceive directly could not exist, and that characters widely prevalent and so far advanced as to become permanently adapted to very general and unchanging conditions of existence, like vertebral and articulate structures, the numbers and positions of the organs of locomotion in various animals, the whorl and the spiral arrangement of leaves in plants, and similar homological resemblances, could never have been vacillating and uncertain ones. It was not many years ago that a distinguished writer in criticising the views of Lamarck affirmed that "the majority of naturalists agree with Linnæus in supposing that all the individuals propagated from one stock have certain distinguishing characters in common, which never

vary, and which have remained the same since the creation of each species." The influence of this opinion still remains, even with naturalists who would hesitate to assert categorically the opinion itself. This comes, doubtless, from the fact that long-prevalent doctrines often get stamped into the very meanings of words, and thus acquire the character of axioms. The word "species" became synonymous with *real* or *fixed* species, or these adjectives became pleonastic. And this was from the mere force of repetition, and without valid foundation, in fact, or confirmation from proper inductive evidence.

Natural selection does not, of course, account for a fixity that does not exist, but only for the adaptations and the diversities in species, which may or may not be changing at any time. They are fixed only as the "fixed" stars are fixed, of which very many are now known to be slowly moving. Their fixity, when they are fixed, is temporary and through the accident of unchanging external conditions. Such is at least the assumption of the theory of natural selection. Mr. Mivart's theory seems to assume, on the other hand, that unless a species or a character is tied to something it will run away; that there is a necessity for some internal bond to hold it, at least temporarily, or so long as it remains the *same* species. He is entitled, it is true, to challenge the theory of natural selection for proofs of its assumption, that "fixity" is not an essential feature of natural species; for, in fact, so far as direct evidence is concerned, this is an open question. Its decision must depend chiefly on the preponderance of indirect and probable evidences in the interpretation of the "geological record," a subject to which much space is devoted, in accordance with its importance, in the "Origin of Species." Technical questions on the classification and description of species afford other evidences, and it is asserted by naturalists that a very large number of specimens, say ten thousand, is sufficient, in some departments of natural history, to break down any definition or discrimination even of living species. Other evidences are afforded by the phenomena of variation under domestication. Mr. Mivart had the right, and may still have it, to resist all this evidence, as not conclusive; but he is not entitled to call upon the theory of natural selection for an explanation of a feature in organic structures

which the theory denies in its very elements, the *fixity* of species. This is what he has done, — implicitly, as it now appears, in his book, and explicitly in his later writings.

The question of zoölogical philosophy, "Whether species have a real existence in nature," in the decision of which naturalists have so generally agreed with Linnæus, refers directly and explicitly to this question of the fixity of essential characters, and to the assumption that species must remain unaltered in these respects so long as they continue to exist, or until they give birth to new species; or, as was formerly believed, give place in perishing to new independent creations. The distinction involved in this question should not be confounded, as it might easily be, with the distinction in Logic of "real kinds" from other class-names. Logic recognizes a principal division in class-names, according as these are the names of objects which agree with each other and differ from other objects in a very large and indefinite number of particulars or attributes, or are the names of objects which agree only in a few and a definite number of attributes. The former are the names of "real kinds," and include the names of natural species, as man, horse, etc., and of natural genera, as whale, oak, etc. These classes are "real kinds," not because the innumerable particulars in which the individual members of them agree with each other and differ from the members of other classes, are themselves fixed or invariable in time, but because this sort of agreement and difference is fixed or continues to appear. An individual hipparion resembled its immediate parents and the other offspring of them as closely as, or, at least, in the same intimate manner in which one horse resembles another, namely, in innumerable details. But this is not opposed to the conception that the horse is descended from the hipparion by insensible steps of gradation or continuously. For examples of names that are not the names of "real kinds," we may instance such objects as those that are an inch in length, or in breadth, or are colored black, or are square, or (combining these particulars) such objects as black square inches. These may be made of paper, or wood, or ivory, or differ in all other respects except the enumerated and definite particulars. They are not "real" or natural "kinds," but factitious ones.

The confusion which, as we have said, might arise between the "real kinds" of Logic, and the *real* species of biological speculation, would depend on a vagueness in the significance of the word "real," which in common usage combines in uncertain proportions two elementary and more precise ideas, that of fixedness and that of breadth of relationship. Both these marks of reality are applied habitually as tests of it. Thus if an object attests its existence to several of my senses, is seen, heard, touched, and varied in its relations to these senses, and moreover is similarly related to the senses of another person, as evinced by his testimony, then I know that the object is real, and not a mere hallucination or invention of my fantasy; though it may disappear immediately afterwards in an unexplained manner, or be removed by some unknown but supposable agency. Here the judgment of reality depends on breadth of relationship to my experience and sources of knowledge. Or again I may only *see* the object, and consult no other eyes than my own; but seeing it often, day after day, in the same place, I shall judge it a real object, provided its existence is conformable to the general possibilities of experience, or to the test of "breadth." Here the test of reality is "fixity" or continuance in time. That natural species are real in one of these senses, or that individuals of a species are alike in an indefinite number of particulars, or resemble each other intimately, is unquestionable as a fact, and is not an invention of the understanding or classifying faculty, and is moreover the direct natural consequence of the principles of inheritance. In this sense species are equivalent to large natural stocks or races existing for a limited but indeterminate number of generations. That they are real in the other sense, or fixed in time absolutely in respect to any of the particulars of their resemblance, whether these are essential (that is, useful for discrimination and classification) or are not, is far from being the axiom it has seemed to be. It is, on the contrary, highly improbable, though tacitly assumed, as we have seen, in criticisms of the theory of natural selection; and in that significance often attached to the word "species" in which the notions of fixedness and distinctiveness have coalesced. It is true that without this significance in the word

"species" the names and descriptions of organic forms could not be permanently applicable. No system of classification, however natural or real, could be final. Classification would, indeed, be wholly inadequate as a representation of the organic world on the whole, or as a sketch of the "plan of creation," and would be falsely conceived as revealing the categories and thoughts of creative intelligence, — a consequence by no means welcome to the devout naturalist, since it seems to degrade the value of his work. But this may be because he has misconceived its true value, and dedicated to the science of divinity what is really the rightful inheritence of natural or physical science.

If instead of implicitly assuming the principle of specific stability in the criticisms of the earlier chapters of his book, and deferring the explicit consideration of it to a later chapter and as a special topic, our author had undertaken the establishment of it as the essential basis of his theory (as indeed it really is), he would have attacked the theory of natural selection in a most vital point; and if he had succeeded, all further criticism of the theory would have been superfluous. But without success in establishing this essential basis, he leaves his own theory and his general difficulties on the theory of natural selection without adequate foundation. The importance of natural selection in the evolution of organic species (its predominent influence) depends entirely on the truth of the opposite assumption, the *instability* of species. The evidences for and against this position are various, and are not adequately considered in the author's chapter on this subject. Moreover, some of the evidences may be expected to be greatly affected by what will doubtless be the discoveries of the immediate future. Already the difficulties of discrimination and classification in dealing with large collections have become very great in some departments of natural history, and even in paleontology the gradations of fossil forms are becoming finer and finer with almost every new discovery; and this in spite of the fact that nothing at all approaching to evidence of continuity can rationally be expected anywhere from the fragmentary geological record. To this evidence must be added the phenomena of variation under domestication. The ap-

parent limits of the changes which can be effected by artificial selection are not, as they have been thought, proofs of the doctrine of "specific stability," or of the opinion of Linnæus, but only indications of the dependence of variation on physiological causes, and on laws of inheritance; and also of the fact that the laws of variation and the action of natural selection are not suspended by domestication, but may oppose the aims and efforts of artificial selection. The real point of the proof afforded by these phenomena is that permanent changes may be effected in species by insensible degrees. They are permanent, however, only in the sense that no tendency to reversion will restore the original form, except by the action of similar causes.

Against the conclusions of such inductive evidences the vague analogies of the organic to the inorganic world would avail little or nothing, even if they were true. They avail little or nothing, consequently, in confirmation of them in being proved false; as we showed one analogy to be in the illustration given by our author, namely, the supposed analogy of specific characters in crystals to those of organisms; and his inference of abrupt changes in organic species, corresponding by this analogy to changes in the mode or species of crystallization, which the same substance undergoes in some cases with a change of surrounding conditions, such as certain other substances may introduce by their presence. A complete illustration of the chemical phenomena is afforded by the crystals of sulphur. Crystals produced in the wet way, or from solution in the bisulphide of carbon, are of a species entirely distinct from those formed in the dry way, or from the fused mineral; and there are many other cases of these phenomena of *dimorphism* and *polymorphism*, as they are called. We recur to this topic, not on account of its importance to the discussion, but because Mr. Mivart accuses us of changing a quotation from Mr. J. J. Murphy, so that he "is unlucky enough to be blamed for what he never said, or apparently thought of saying." We have looked with true solicitude for the evidences of the truth of this charge, and find them to be as follows: We transcribed from Mr. Mivart's book these sentences, as quoted by him (p. 185), from Mr. Murphy: "It needs no proof that in the

case of spheres and crystals, the forms and *the* structures are the effect, and not the cause, of the formative principles. Attraction, whether gravitative or capillary, produces the spherical form; the spherical form does not produce attraction. And crystalline polarities produce crystalline structure and form; crystalline structure and form do not produce *crystalline* polarities." The superfluous letter and words, which we have put in italics, were omitted in the printing, we do not know how, but it looks like an unwarrantable attempt in a final revision of proofs to improve the English of the quotation. Certainly the changes were of no advantage to our criticism, especially as they only have the effect to render the antithesis, which was the object of the criticism, slightly weaker. Even less advantage, we believe, will come to the author of such an accusation, made without specifications or proofs. It is quite impossible to see how these changes have exposed Mr. Murphy to undeserved censure. We blamed him and our author, not for the use of abstractions as causes, — a use which, as our author says, we make ourselves whenever it is convenient, — but for asserting the antithesis of cause and effect between abstractions, both of which are descriptive of effects, namely, the character of the attractions, gravitative and capillary, which produce spherical forms *vs.* the spherical form itself; and the polar character of the forces that produce crystals *vs.* the crystalline form and structure. Each of these effects (both in the case of the sphere and of the crystal) is doubtless a concause or condition that goes to the determination of the other. The spherical form arranges and determines the resultants of the elementary forces, and thus indirectly determines itself, or determines that action of the elementary forces thus combined, which results in the maintenance or stable equilibrium of the spherical form. Again, in crystallization the already formed bodies, with the particular directions of their faces and axes, determine in part how the resultants of elementary polar forces will act in the further growth of the crystal, or in the repair of a broken one; and the elementary forces, thus determined and combined, result in the crystalline form and structure. Both of the effects which are put in the antithesis of cause and effect in the above quotation are also partial agents.

They act and react on each other in the production of actual crystals.

But this point was of importance to the discussion only as exhibiting a kind of "realism" by which scientific discussion is very liable to be confused. In this case, the wordy profundity was not quite so bald and conspicuous as the ordinary putting of a single-worded abstract description of an effect for its cause, since it consisted in putting one of two such abstractions as the cause of the other. More important, as affecting the truth of the supposed analogy of *species* in crystals to those of organisms, was the statement which our author confesses is utterly beyond him, and as he certainly has misinterpreted it, we may be pardoned for repeating and explaining it. We said, "Moreover, in the case of crystals, neither these forces [the elementary] nor the abstract law of their action in producing definite *angles* resides in the finished bodies, but in the properties of the surrounding media, portions of whose constituents are changed into crystals, according to these properties and other conditioning circumstances." Our author has made us say "crystals" where we said "angles," though the unintelligible character of the sentence ought to have made him the more cautious in copying it. We said "angles," because these are prominent marks of the *species* of the crystal; and this species we referred to the nature of the fluid material out of which the crystal is formed, and to the modifying influences of the presence of other substances, when the crystallization takes place from solutions, or in the wet way. The fact that the determination of the *species* of a crystal is not in any germ or nucleus or anything belonging in a special way to the particular crystal itself, but is in the molecular forces of the fluid solution, makes the analogy of species in crystals to those of organisms not only vague but false. What is really effected by the introduction of a foreign substance, acid or alkali, in the solution, is a change, not in such accidents as the surrounding conditions are to an organism, but in the essential forces, which *ought* to change the character or species of the crystal suddenly, *per saltum*, or discontinuously; and it has not, therefore, the remotest likeness to such suppositions as that a duck might be hatched from a goose's egg, or a goose from a duck's; or that a horse might have been the foal of an hipparion.

Notwithstanding that our statement was "utterly beyond" our author, he has ventured the following confident comments (p. 460): "If this is so," he says, "then when a broken crystal completes itself, the determining forces reside exclusively in the media, and not at all in the crystal with its broken surface! The first atoms of a crystal deposited arrange themselves entirely according to the forces of the surrounding media, and their own properties are utterly without influence or effect in the result!" The marks of exclamation appended to these statements ought to have been ours, since nothing in the statements themselves has the remotest dependence on anything we said; but on the contrary these statements are directly opposed to the objections we made to Mr. Murphy's antitheses. They might be deducible, perhaps, from our proposition, in the form to which it was altered through the substitution of the word "crystals" for "angles," by supposing the concrete actual crystals to be referred to, instead of their *species*, of which these angles are prominent marks. But we had insisted that neither the resulting form, nor the resultants of elementary forces, are exclusively effects, or exclusively causes in the formation or in the mending of actual crystals; yet the *species* of the crystal is fully determined by what is outside of it, or by causes that may be abruptly changed by a change in the medium. Hence the phenomena of *dimorphism* and *polymorphism*, and similar chemical phenomena, have nothing in common with the hypothesis of "specific genesis."

Several similar misunderstandings of more special criticisms in our review tempt us (chiefly from personal considerations) to undertake their rectification; but our object in this article is only to further the discussion, so far as it can be done under the inconvenient form of polemical discussion, by removing, as far as we are able, confusions and misunderstandings in essential matters. Hence we shall not dwell upon the discussion of what may be called hypotheses of the second degree, or the discussion of hypothetical illustrations of the action of natural selection. It was a part of Mr. Mivart's plan, in attacking the hypothesis of the predominant agency of natural selection in the origination of species, to discredit a number of such subordinate hypotheses, as well as challenge the theory to offer any

adequate ones for the explanation of certain extraordinary structures. We considered in detail several objections of this sort, though we might have been content with simply pointing out a sufficient answer in the logical weakness of such a mode of attack. The illustrations of the theory which have been proposed have in general not at all the force of arguments, or except where the utility of a structure is simple and obvious and can be shown by direct evidence to be effective in developing it out of accidental beginnings, and even in perfecting it, as in cases of the mimicry of certain insects by others for a protection, which is thus really acquired. In general, such illustrations serve only to show the mode of action supposed in the theory, without pretending to reconstruct the past history of an animal, even by the roughest sketch; or to determine all the uses, or the relative importance of them, in any structure. To discredit these particular secondary hypotheses has no more weight as an argument against the theory than the hypotheses themselves have in confirmation of it. To be convinced on general grounds that such a structure as that of the giraffe's neck was developed by insensible steps from a more common form of the neck in ungulates, through the oscillations of individual differences, and by the special utilities of the variations which have made the neck longer in some individuals than in others, or through the utilities of these to the animals under the special conditions of their past existence, is very different from believing that this or that particular use in the structure was *the* utility (to adopt our author's favorite form of definiteness) which governed the selection or determined the survival of the fittest. *The* use which may be presumed in general to govern selection is a combination, with various degrees of importance, of all the actual uses in a structure. There can be no more propriety in demanding of the theory of natural selection that it should define this use, or trace out the history hypothetically of any particular structure in its relations to past conditions of existence, than there would be in demanding of political economy that it should justify the correctness of its general principles by success in explaining the record of past prices in detail, or accounting in particular for a given financial anomaly. In either case, the proper evi-

dence is wanting. Any instance of a structure which could be conclusively shown (a very difficult kind of proof) to exist, or to be developed in any way, without reference in the process of development to any utility whatever, past or present, or to any past forms of the structure, would be an instance in point, and would go far towards qualifying the evidence, otherwise mostly affirmative, of the predominant agency of natural selection.

We may remark by the way that Mr. Mivart's definite thesis, "that natural selection is not *the* origin of species," is really not *the* question. No more was ever claimed for it than that it is the most influential of the agencies through which species have been modified. Lamarck's principle of the direct effect of habit, or actual use and disuse, has never been abandoned by later evolutionists; and Mr. Darwin has given much more space to its proof and illustration in his work on "Variation under Domestication" than any other writer. Moreover the physiological causes which produce reversions and correlations of growth, and which, so far as they are known, are quite independent of natural selection, are also assigned as causes of change. But all these are subordinated in the theory to the advantage and consequent survival of the fittest in the struggle for life, or to natural selection. Upon this point we must refer our readers to the "additions and corrections" in the lately published sixth edition of the "Origin of Species"; in which also all the objections brought forward by Mr. Mivart, which had not previously been examined in the work, are fully considered; and, we need hardly add, far more thoroughly and adequately than could be possible for us, or in the pages of this Review.

We will, nevertheless, give in sheer self-defence the correction of one perversion of our criticism. Our author had argued in his book that the use of the giraffe's long neck for browsing on the foliage of trees, and the advantage of it in times of drought, could not be the cause of its gradual increase by selection; since this advantage, if a real one, would be equally an advantage to all ungulates inhabiting the country of the giraffe, or similar regions; and that the other ungulates, at least in such regions, ought to have been similarly modified.

We allowed that there was force in the objection, but we were mistaken. The very conditions of the selection must have been a competition which would have soon put a large majority of the competitors out of the lists, and have narrowed the contest to a few races, and finally to the individuals of a single race. All the rest must have early given up the struggle for life in this direction; since a slight increase in the length of the neck could have been of no advantage if the reach of it still fell far short of the unconsumed foliage. The success of the survivors among them must have been won in some other direction, like the power of rapid and wide ranging, or organs better adapted to close grazing. For a fuller development and illustration of this reply we must refer to Chapter VII. in the new edition of the "Origin of Species," in which most of Mr. Mivart's objections are considered. We attempted a reply to this objection in a direction in which his own remarks led us. Granting that the advantage of a long neck would have been equally an advantage to all ungulates in South Africa; that there was no alternative or substitute for it; and that the use of the neck for high-reaching in times of drought could not *therefore* have been *the* efficient cause of its preservation and increase through selection; still there were other and very important uses in such a neck, to which these objections do not apply, and through which there would be advantages in the struggle for life, that would determine competition only among the individuals of a single race; while those of other races would compete with each other on other grounds. Our author admitted that there might be several lines of advantage in means of *protection* or *defence;* and cited instances from Mr. Wallace, showing, for example, that a dull color, useful for concealing an animal, would not be an advantage to those animals which are otherwise sufficiently protected, and do not need concealment. The use of the giraffe's neck, then, as a means of defence and offence, for which there was ample evidence, its use as a watch-tower and as a weapon of offence, would be raised by the author's objection to greater prominence, and might be the principal ground of advantage and competition between giraffe and giraffe, or one herd of them and another, with reference to protection from the larger beasts

of prey; an advantage which would be incessant instead of occasional, like the high-reaching advantage in times of drought. *The* use, as we have said, means, with reference to the advantage in the struggle for life, the combination of all the uses that are of importance to the preservation of life. Accordingly we demanded whether our author, having made a special objection to the *importance* of *one* use, as affording advantages and grounds for selection (an objection which we allowed, though unwarrantably), we demanded whether he could possibly suppose that this exhausted the matter, or that the supposed small importance of this use precluded the existence of uses more important which *would* afford grounds of advantage and competition in the struggle for life.

As with one having the true "philosophical habit of mind," and distinguished from the "scientific," our author's notice was attracted to the *form* in which we made this inquiry, rather than to the material import of it, and "as we might *a priori* expect to be the case," he showed "that breadth of view, freedom of handling, and flexibility of mind" which he believes to characterize the true philosopher, as contrasted with the mere physicist; but in a manner which appears to us to characterize rather the mere dialectician. With great fertility of invention he attempts the interpretation of our inquiry (which we grant was not sufficiently explicit for the "philosophical habit of mind"). The first interpretation is playful, and too delicate a jest to be transplanted to our pages. The next is, on the other hand, altogether too serious. He asks in return (p. 463), whether we can suppose "that he ever dreamed that the structures of animals are not useful to them, or that his position is an altogether anti-teleological one." No, we certainly do not. We only suppose that his position is not sufficiently teleological to interest him in the inquiry, and that he has overlooked many uses in the structures of animals, to which his special objections do not apply, and has vainly imagined, that by making those he felt called upon to examine as few and as faint as possible (except for the purpose of inspiring the agreeable emotion of admiration), he has reduced them to mere luxuries, having little or no value as grounds of advantage in the actual, incessant, and severe strug-

gle to which all life is subject. "Nothing is easier than to admit in words the truth of the universal struggle for life, or more difficult" — even Mr. Darwin finds it so — "than constantly to bear this conclusion in mind. Yet unless it be thoroughly engrained in the mind, the whole economy of nature, with every fact on distribution, rarity, abundance, extinction, and variation, will be dimly seen or quite misunderstood."

Supposing us possessed by some such idea as that his "position is an altogether anti-teleological one," Mr. Mivart observes that we proceed "to exhibit the giraffe's neck in the character of a 'watch-tower.' But," he adds, "this leaves the question just where it was before. Of course I concede most readily and fully that it *is* a most admirable watch-tower, as it also *is* a most admirable high-reaching organ, but this tells us nothing of its *origin*. In both cases the long neck is most useful *when you have got it;* but the question is how it *arose*, and in this species *alone*. And similar and as convincing arguments could be brought against the watch-tower theory of origin as against the high-reaching theory, and not only this, but also against every other theory which could possibly be adduced." It appears that our author is prepared, *a priori*, to meet any number of foes of this sort that may present themselves singly. But *the* use, that is, all the essential uses of a structure, do not thus present themselves to our consideration and criticism. To deal adequately with the problem, we need the power to conceive how closely the uses lie to the actual necessities of life; how, while we may be admiring in imagination the almost superfluous bounties of nature, this admirable watch-tower and high-reaching organ may just be failing to save the poor animal, so highly endowed, from a miserable death. A lion whose stealthy approach it would have detected, if a few inches more in the length of its neck, or in those of its companions, had enabled it, or them, to see a few rods further, or over some intervening obstacle, has meantime sprung upon the wretched beast, and is drawing its life-blood. This, if we were aware of it, would be the proper occasion to turn our admiration upon the fine endowments of the lion. Or, continuing our contemplation of the giraffe, it may be that its admirable high-reaching organ has just failed to reach the few remaining leaves

near the tops of trees, which might have served to keep up its strength against the attacks of its enemies, or enabled it to deal more effective blows with its short horns, so admirably placed as weapons of offence; or might have served to sustain it through the famine and drought, till the returning rains would have given it more cause for gratitude (and us more occasion for admiration) for a few additional inches of its neck than for all the rest. Meantime for the lack of these inches our giraffe may have sickened and perished miserably, failing in the competition and struggle for life. This need not stagger the optimist. The bounty of nature is not exhausted in giraffes. We can still admire the providential structure of the tree, which by its high-reaching branches has preserved some of its foliage from destruction by these beasts, and perhaps thereby saved not only its own life, but that of its kind. The occasions of destruction, even in the best guarded, most highly endowed lives, are all of the nature of accidents, and are generally as slight as the individual advantages are, for which so much influence is claimed in the theory of natural selection. Even death from old age is not a termination preordained in the original powers of any life, but is the effect of accumulated causes of this sort. Much of the destruction to which life is subject * is *strictly fortuitous so far as* either the general powers or individual advantages in structures and habits are concerned; and is, therefore, quite independent of the effects of these advantages. Hence these effects are not

* The fortuity or chance is here, as in all other cases, a relative fact. The *strictest* use of the word applies to events which could not be anticipated except by Omniscience. To speak, therefore, of an event as *strictly accidental* is not equivalent to regarding it as undetermined, but only as determined in a manner which cannot be anticipated by a finite intelligence (see Mr. Mivart's reply, p. 458). There are degrees in the intelligibility of things, according to human means and standards. Events like eclipses, which are the most normal and predictable of all events to the astronomer, are to the savage pure accidents; and with still lower forms of intelligence events are unforeseen which are familiar anticipations in the intelligence of the savage. To believe events to be *designed* or not, according as they are or are not predictable by us, is to assume for ourselves a complete and absolute knowledge of nature which we do not possess. Hence faith in a *designing* intelligence, supreme in nature, is not the result of any capacity in our own intelligence to comprehend the design, and is quite independent of any distinctions we may make, relative to our own powers of prediction, between orderly and accidental events.

thereby limited; for though a form of life presses, and is pressed upon, in all directions, yet it presses forward no less in the directions of its advantages.

The "philosophical habit of mind," which our author admires for its "breadth of view, freedom of handling, and flexibility of mind," is sometimes optimistic, sometimes pessimistic in its views of providence in nature, according as this flexible mind has its attention bent by a genial or morose disposition to a bright or dark aspect in things. But, whichever it is, it is generally extreme or quite absolute in its judgments. The "scientific" mind, which our author contrasts with it, and believes to be characterized by "a certain rigidity and narrowness," is held *rigidly* to the truth of things, whether good or bad, agreeable or disagreeable, admirable or despicable, and is *narrowed* to the closest, most uncompromising study of facts, and to a training which enables it to render in imagination the truest account of nature as it actually exists. The "scientific" imagination is fashioned by physical studies after the patterns of nature itself. The "philosophical habit of mind," trained in the school of human life, is the habit of viewing and interpreting nature according to its own dispositions, and defending its interpretations and attacking others with the skill and weapons of forensic and dialectical discussion. The earlier physical philosophers, the "physicists" of the ancient schools, were "philosophers" in our author's sense of the term. They had not the "scientific" mind, since to them nature was a chaos hardly less confused than human affairs, and was studied with the same "breadth of view, freedom of handling, and flexibility of mind" which are fitted for and disciplined by such affairs. They were wise rather than well-informed. Their observation was guided by tact and subtlety, or fine powers of discrimination, instead of the machinery of knowledge and the arts which now fashions and guides the "scientific" mind. Thus the theory of atoms of Democritus has little resemblance to the chemical theory of atoms, since "the modern theory is the law of definite proportions; the ancient theory is merely the affirmation of indefinite combinations." Indefinite, or at least inexplicable, combinations meet the modern student of science, both physical and social, at every step of his researches; and in all

the sciences with which we have compared the theory of natural selection. He does not stop to lay hold upon these *a priori*, with the loose though flexible grasp of the "philosophical habit of mind," but studies the intimate and elementary orders in them, and presumes them to be made up of such orders, though woven in infinite and inexplicable complexity of pattern.

The division which our author makes in kinds of intellectual ability, the "philosophical" and "scientific," and regards as a more real distinction than the threefold division we proposed, is really determined by a broad distinction in the object-matter of thought and study, and is not in any way inconsistent with what we still regard as an equally real but more elementary one, which is equivalent in fact to the logical division of "hypothesis," "simple induction," and "deduction." These are not, indeed, co-ordinate as logical elements, since induction and deduction exhaust the simple elements of understanding when unaided by trained powers of perception and imagination. But practically, as habits of thought and disciplined skill in the study of nature and human affairs, they are distinct and divergent modes of investigation, partly determined by the character of the problem, — whether it be to explain, to properly name and classify, or to prove a fact from assumed or admitted premises. Skill in the formation and verification of hypotheses, dependent on a power of imagination, which physical studies discipline peculiarly, belongs peculiarly to the student of physical science; and though, perhaps, "a poor monster," as our author says, when without an adequate basis in more strictly inductive studies, yet in that division of labors and abilities, on which the economy and efficiency of scientific investigation so largely depend, there is no propriety in so regarding it, so long as co-operation in the pursuit of truth mends the monster with its counterpart and produces a symmetrical whole in that solid progress of science which such co-operation promotes.

CHAUNCEY WRIGHT.

Art. II. — The Florentine Satirist, Giusti.

Giuseppe Giusti, who is not only the greatest Italian satirist of this age, but is in some respects the greatest Italian poet, was born in 1809 at Mossummano in Tuscany, of parentage noble and otherwise distinguished; one of his paternal ancestors had assisted the liberal Grand Duke Pietro Leopoldo to compile his famous code, and his mother's father had been a republican in 1799. There was also an hereditary taste for literature in the family; and Giusti says, in one of his charming letters, that almost as soon as he had learned to speak, his father taught him the ballad of Count Ugolino, and he adds, "I have always had a passion for song, a passion for verses, and more than a passion for Dante." His education passed later into the hands of a priest, who had spent much time as a teacher in Vienna, and was impetuous, choleric, and thoroughly German in method. "I was given him to be taught," says Giusti, "but he undertook to tame me"; and he remembered reading with him a Plutarch for youth, and the Lives of the Saints, but chiefly was, as he says, so "caned, contraried, and martyred" by him, that, when the priest wept at their final parting, the boy could by no means account for the burst of tenderness. Giusti was then going to Florence to be placed in a school where he had the immeasurable good fortune to fall into the hands of one whose gentleness and wisdom he remembered through life. "Drea Francioni," he says, "had not time to finish his work, but he was the first and the only one to put into my heart the need and love of study. O better far than stuffing the head with Latin, with histories, and with fables! Endear study, even if you teach nothing; this is the great task!" And he afterwards dedicated his book on Tuscan proverbs, which he thought one of his best performances, to this beloved teacher.

He had learned to love study, yet from this school, and from others to which he was afterwards sent, he came away with little Latin and no Greek; but, what is more important, he began life about this time as a poet — by stealing a sonnet. His theft was suspected, but could not be proved, "And so," he says of his teacher and himself, "we remained, he in his

doubt and I in my lie. Who would have thought from this ugly beginning that I should really have gone on to make sonnets of my own? . . . . The Muses once known, the vice grew upon me, and from my twelfth to my fifteenth year I rasped, and rasped, and rasped, until finally I came out with a sonnet to Italy, represented in the usual fashion, by the usual matron weeping as usual over her highly respectable misfortunes. In school, under certain priests who were more Chinese than Italian, and without knowing whether Italy were round or square, long or short, how that sonnet to Italy should get into my head I don't know. I only know that it was found beautiful, and I was advised to hide it," — that being the proper thing to do with patriotic poetry in those days. The case has since changed, with at least as much hurt as gain to letters.

After leaving school, Giusti passed three idle years with his family, and then went to study the humanities at Pisa, where he found the *caffé* better adapted to their pursuit than the University, since he could there unite with them the pursuit of the exact science of billiards. He represents himself in his letters and verses to have led just the life at Pisa which was most agreeable to former governments of Italy, — a life of sensual gayety, abounding in the small excitements which turn the thought from the real interest of the time, and weaken at once the moral and intellectual fibre. But how far a man can be credited to his own disgrace is one of the unsettled questions: the repentant and the unrepentant are so apt to overaccuse themselves. It is very wisely conjectured by some of Giusti's biographers that he did not waste himself so much as he says in the dissipations of student life at Pisa. At any rate it is certain that he began there to make those sarcastic poems upon political events which are so much less agreeable to a paternal despotism than almost any sort of love-songs. He is said to have begun by writing in the manner of Béranger, and several critics have labored to prove the similarity of their genius, with scarcely more effect, it seems to us, than those who would make him out the Heinrich Heine of Italy, as they call him. He was as much greater than the former in his scope, as he was less than the latter. He was a political

satirist, whose success was due to his genius, but who can never be thoroughly appreciated by a foreigner or even an Italian not intimately acquainted with the affairs of his times; and his reputation must inevitably diminish with the waning interest of men in the obsolescent politics of those vanished Italian kingdoms and duchies. How mean and little were all their concerns is scarcely credible; but Giusti tells an adventure of his, at the period, which throws light upon some of the springs of action in Tuscany. He had been arrested for a supposed share in applause supposed revolutionary at the theatre; he boldly denied that he had been at the play. "If you were not at the theatre, how came your name on the list of the accused?" demanded the logical commissary. "Perhaps," answered Giusti, "the spies have me so much in mind that they see me where I am not. . . . . Here," he continues, "the commissary fell into a rage, but I remained firm, and cited the Count Mastiani in proof, with whom the man often dined," — Mastiani being governor in Pisa and the head of society. "At the name of Mastiani there seemed to pass before the commissary a long array of stewed and roast, eaten and to be eaten, so that he instantly turned and said to me, 'Go, and at any rate take this summons for a paternal admonition.'"

Ever since the French Revolution of 1830, and the sympathetic movements in Italy, Giusti had written political satires which passed from hand to hand in manuscript copies, the possession of which was rendered all the more eager and relishing by the pleasure of concealing them from spies; so that for a defective copy a person by no means rich would give as much as ten scudi. When a Swiss printed edition appeared in 1844, half the delight in them was gone; the violation of law being naturally so dear to the human heart that, when combined with patriotism, it is almost a rapture.

But, in the midst of his political satirizing, Giusti felt the sting of one who is himself a greater satirist than any, when he will, though he is commonly known for a sentimentalist. The poet fell in love very seriously, and, it proved, very unhappily, as he has recorded in three or four poems of great sweetness and grace but no very characteristic merit. This passion is improbably believed to have had a disastrous effect

upon Giusti's health, and ultimately to have shortened his life; but then the Italians always like to have their poets *agonizzanti*, at least. Like a true humorist, Giusti has himself taken both sides of the question; professing himself properly heart-broken in the poems referred to, and in a letter written late in life, after he had encountered his faded love at his own home in Pescia, making a jest of any reconciliation or renewal of the old passion between them.

"Apropos of the heart," says Giusti in this letter, "you ask me about a certain person who once had mine, whole and sound, roots and all. I saw her this morning in passing, out of the corner of my eye, and I know that she is well and enjoying herself. As to our coming together again, the case, if it were once remote, is now impossible; for you can well imagine that, all things considered, I could never be such a donkey as to tempt her to a comparison of me with myself. I am certain that after having tolerated me for a day or two for simple appearance' sake, she would find some good excuse for planting me a yard outside the door. In many, obstinacy increases with the ails and wrinkles, but in me, thank Heaven, there comes a meekness, a resignation not to be expressed. Perhaps it has not happened otherwise with her. In that case we could accommodate ourselves, and talk as long as the evening lasted of magnesia, of quinine, and of nervines; lament, not the rising and sinking of the heart, but of the barometer; talk, not of the theatre and all the rest, but whether it is better to crawl out into the sun like lizards, or stay at home behind battened windows. 'Good evening, my dear, how have you been today?' 'Eh! you know, my love, the usual rheumatism; but for the rest I don't complain.' 'Did you sleep well last night?' 'Not so bad; and you?' 'O, little or none at all; and I got up feeling as if all my bones were broken.' 'My idol, take a little laudanum. Think that when you are not well I suffer with you. And your appetite, how is it?' 'O, don't speak of it! I can't get anything down.' 'My soul, if you don't eat you 'll not be able to keep up.' 'But, my heart, what would you do if the mouthfuls stuck in your throat?' 'Take a little quassia; . . . . but dost thou remember, once—?' 'Yes, I remember; but once was once,' . . . . and so forth,

and so forth. Then some evening if a priest came in we could take a hand at whist with a dummy, and so live on to the age of crutches in a passion whose phases are confided to the apothecary rather than to the confessor."

Giusti's first political poems had been inspired by the revolutionary events of 1830 in France; and he continued part of that literary force which, quite as much as the policy of Cavour, has educated Italians for freedom and independence. When the French Revolution of 1848 took place, and the responsive outbreaks followed all over Europe, Tuscany drove out her Grand Duke, as France drove out her king, and, still emulous of that wise exemplar, put the novelist Guerrazzi at the head of her affairs, as the next best thing to such a poet as Lamartine, which she had not. The affair ended in the most probable way; the Florentines under the supposed popular government became very tired of themselves, and called back their Grand Duke, who came again with Austrian bayonets to support him in the affections of his subjects, where he remained secure until the persuasive bayonets disappeared before Garibaldi ten years later.

Throughout these occurrences, the voice of Giusti was heard whenever that of good sense and a temperate zeal for liberty could be made audible. He was an aristocrat by birth and at heart, and he looked upon the democratic shows of the time with distrust if not dislike, though he never lost faith in the capacity of the Italians for an independent national government. His broken health would not let him join the Tuscan volunteers, who marched to encounter the Austrians in Lombardy; and though he was once elected member of the representative body from Pescia, he did not shine in it, and refused to be chosen a second time. His letters of this period afford the liveliest and truest record of feeling in Tuscany during that memorable time of alternating hopes and fears, generous impulses, and mean derelictions, and they strike us as among the best letters in any language.

Giusti supported the Grand Duke's return philosophically, with a sarcastic serenity of spirit, and something also of the indifference of mortal sickness. His health was rapidly breaking, and in March, 1850, he died very suddenly of a hemorrhage of the lungs.

In noticing Giusti's poetry we have a difficulty already hinted, for if we presented some of the pieces which gave him his greatest fame among his contemporaries, we should be doing, as far as our present purpose is concerned, a very unprofitable thing. The greatest part of his poetry was inspired by political events or passions of the times at which it was written, and, except some five or six pieces, it is all of a political cast. The events of his time are now many of them grown unimportant and obscure, and the passions are for the most part quite extinct; so that it would be useless to give certain of his most popular pieces as historical, while others do not represent him at his best as a poet. Some degree of social satire is involved; but the poems are principally light, brilliant mockeries of transient aspects of politics, or outcries against forgotten wrongs, or appeals for long-since-accomplished and defeated purposes. We know how exceedingly dreary this sort of poetry generally is in our language, after the occasion is once past, and how nothing but the enforced privacy of a desolate island could induce us to read, however ardent our sympathies may have been, the lyrics about slavery or the war, except in very rare cases. The truth is, the Muse, for a lady who has seen so much of life and the ways of the world, is an excessively jealous personification, and is apt to punish with oblivion a mixed devotion at her shrine. The poet who desires to improve and exalt his time must make up his mind to a double martyrdom, — first to be execrated by vast numbers of respectable people, and then to be forgotten by all. It is a great pity, but it cannot be helped. It is chiefly your

"Rogue of canzonets and serenades"

who survives. Anacreon lives; but the poets who appealed to their Ionian fellow-citizens as men and brethren, and lectured them upon their servility and their habits of wine-bibbing and of basking away the dearest rights of humanity in the sun, who ever heard of them? We do not mean to say that Giusti ever lectured his generation; he was too good an artist for that; but at least one Italian critic forebodes that the figure he made in the patriotic imagination must diminish rapidly with the establishment of the very conditions he labored to bring about. The wit of much that he said must grow dim with the fading

remembrance of what provoked it; the sting lie pointless and painless in the dust of those who writhed under it, — so much of the poet's virtue perishing in their death. We can only judge of all this vaguely and for a great part from the outside, for we cannot pretend to taste the finest flavor of the poetry which is sealed to a foreigner in the local phrases and racy Florentine words which Giusti used; but we think posterity in Italy will stand in much the same attitude towards him that we do now. Not much of the social life of his time is preserved in his poetry, and he will not be resorted to as that satirist of the period to whom historians are fond of alluding in support of conjectures relative to society in the past. Now and then he touches upon some prevailing intellectual or literary affectation, as in the poem describing the dandified, desperate young poet of fashion, who,

> "Immersed in suppers and balls,
> A martyr in yellow gloves,"

sings of Italy, of the people, of progress, with the rhetoricalities of the modern Arcadians; and he has a poem called "The Ball," which must fairly, as it certainly does wittily, represent one of those anomalous entertainments which rich foreigners give in Italy, and to which all sorts of irregular aliens resort, something of the local aristocracy appearing also in a ghostly and bewildered way. Yet even in this poem there is a political lesson.

We suppose, in fine, that we shall most interest our readers in Giusti, if we translate here the pieces that have most interested us. Of all, we like best the poem which he calls "St. Ambrose," and we think the reader will agree with us about it. It seems not only very perfect as a bit of romantic art, with its subtly intended and apparently capricious mingling of satirical and pathetic sentiment, but valuable for its vivid expression of Italian feeling towards the Austrians. These the Italians hated as part of a stupid and brutal oppression; they despised them somewhat as a torpid-witted folk, but individually liked them for their amiability and good-nature, and in their better moments they pitied them as the victims of a common tyranny. We will not be so adventurous as to say how far the beautiful military music of the Austrians tended to lighten the burden

of a German garrison in an Italian city; but certainly whoever has heard that music must have felt, for one base and shameful moment, that the noise of so much of a free press as opposed his own opinions might be advantageously exchanged for it. The poem of "St. Ambrose," written in 1846, when the Germans seemed so firmly fixed in Milan, is impersonally addressed to some Italian holding office under the Austrian government, and, therefore, in the German interest.

"ST. AMBROSE.

"Your Excellency is not pleased with me
Because of certain jests I made of late,
And, for my putting rogues in pillory,
Accuse me of being anti-German. Wait,
And hear a thing that happened recently
When wandering here and there one day as fate
Led me, by some odd accident I ran
On the old church St. Ambrose, at Milan.

"My comrade of the moment was, by chance,
The young son of one Sandro — one of those
Troublesome heads — an author of romance —
Promessi Sposi — your Excellency knows
The book, perhaps? — has given it a glance?
Ah, no? I see! God give your brain repose;
With graver interests occupied, your head
To all such stuff as literature is dead.

"I enter, and the church is full of troops:
Of northern soldiers, of Croatians, say,
And of Bohemians, standing there in groups
As stiff as dry poles stuck in vineyards, — nay,
As stiff as if impaled, and no one stoops
Out of the plumb of soldierly array;
All stand, with whiskers and mustache of tow,
Before their God like spindles in a row.

"I started back: I cannot well deny
That being rained down, as it were, and thrust
Into that herd of human cattle, I
Could not suppress a feeling of disgust
Unknown, I fancy, to your Excellency,
By reason of your office. Pardon! I must
Say the church stank of heated grease, and that
The very altar-candles seemed of fat.

"But when the priest had risen to devote
The mystic wafer, from the band that stood
About the altar, came a sudden note
Of sweetness over my disdainful mood;
A voice that, speaking from the brazen throat
Of warlike trumpets, came like the subdued
Moan of a people bound in sore distress,
And thinking on lost hopes and happiness.

"'T was Verdi's tender chorus rose aloof, —
That song the Lombards there, dying of thirst,
Send up to God, 'Lord, from the native roof.'
O'er countless thrilling hearts the song has burst,
And here I, whom its magic put to proof,
Beginning to be no longer I, immersed
Myself amidst those tallowy fellow-men
As if they had been of my land and kin.

"What would your Excellency? The piece was fine,
And ours, and played, too, as it should be played;
It drives old grudges out when such divine
Music as that mounts up into your head!
But when the piece was done, back to my line
I crept again, and there I should have stayed,
But that just then, to give me another turn,
From those mole-mouths a hymn began to yearn:

"A German anthem, that to heaven went
On unseen wings, up from the holy fane;
It was a prayer, and seemed like a lament,
Of such a pensive, grave, pathetic strain
That in my soul it never shall be spent;
And how such heavenly harmony in the brain
Of those thick-skulled barbarians should dwell
I must confess it passes me to tell.

"In that sad hymn, I felt the bitter sweet
Of the songs heard in childhood, which the soul
Learns from beloved voices, to repeat
To its own anguish in the days of dole;
A thought of the dear mother, a regret,
A longing for repose and love, — the whole
Anguish of distant exile seemed to run
Over my heart and leave it all undone:

"When the strain ceased, it left me pondering
Tenderer thoughts and stronger and more clear;

These men, I mused, the self-same despot king,
Who rules in Slavic and Italian fear,
Tears from their homes and arms that round them cling,
And drives them slaves thence, to keep us slaves here;
From their familiar fields afar they pass
Like herds to winter in some strange morass.

"To a hard life, to a hard discipline,
Derided, solitary, dumb, they go;
Blind instruments of many-eyed Rapine
And purposes they share not, and scarce know:
And this fell hate that makes a gulf between
The Lombard and the German, aids the foe
Who tramples both divided, and whose bane
Is in the love and brotherhood of men.

"Poor souls! far off from all that they hold dear,
And in a land that hates them! Who shall say
That at the bottom of their hearts they bear
Love for our tyrant? I should like to lay
They 've our hate for him in their pockets! Here,
But that I turned in haste and broke away,
I should have turned a corporal, stiff and tall,
And like a scarecrow stuck against the wall."

We could not well praise this poem enough, without praising it too much. It depicts a whole order of things, and it brings vividly before us the scene described; while its deep feeling is so lightly and effortlessly expressed, that one does not know which to like best, the exquisite manner or the excellent sense. To prove that Giusti was really a fine poet, we need give nothing more, for this alone would imply poetic genius; not genius of the high epic sort, but of the kind that gives far more comfort to the heart of mankind, amusing and consoling it. "Giusti composed satires, but no poems," says a French critic; but we think most will not, after reading this piece, quite agree with him. There are satires and satires, and some are fierce enough and brutal enough; but when a satire can breathe so much tenderness, such generous humanity, such pity for the means, at the same time with such hatred of the source of wrong, and all with an air of such smiling pathos, we say, if it is not poetry, it is something better, and by all means let us have it instead of poetry. It is humor, in its best sense; and, after religion, there is nothing in

the world can make men so conscious, thoughtful, and modest. A certain pensiveness very perceptible in "St. Ambrose" is the prevailing sentiment of another poem of Giusti's, which we like very much, because it is more intelligible than his political satires, and because it places the reader in immediate sympathy with a man who had not only the subtlety to depict the faults of the time, but the sad wisdom to know that he was no better himself merely for seeing them. The poem was written in 1844, and addressed to Gino Capponi, the lifelong friend in whose house Giusti died.

He speaks of the part which he bears as a spectator and critic of passing events, and then apostrophizes himself: —

"And who art thou that whirlst so free a scourge
And pitilessly pointest to the truth,
And that so loth of praise for fair and good,
So eager art with bitter songs of blame?
Hast thou achieved, pursuing thine ideal,
The secret and the ministry of art?
Hast thou uprooted first from out thyself
All pride and folly, thou that dost upbraid
Others, and teach the way that they should take?
. . . . .

"O wretched scorn! from which alone I sing,
Thou weariest and saddenest my soul!
O butterfly that joyest in thy flight,
Pausing from bloom to bloom along thy way! —
And thou that goest, pensive nightingale,
Ever from wood to wood singing of love,
Confronted with the sweetness of your lives,
In what a war of doubts it plunges me,
This thing which seems a smile and is a pang!

"Beyond the cloud that closes me, and stirs
Within its breast the blasts and bolts of hate,
For wide horizons and serener skies
And for a gladder flight my spirit longs,
Where wedded in a willing unison
The potent song and pitying chords shall fill
The pure air with inspiring harmonies,
And hymns of praise shall be the sharpest spur
To virtues which we sigh for here in vain."

There is another famous poem of Giusti's in quite a different mood. It is called "Instructions to an Emissary," sent down into Italy to excite revolution, and give Austria a pretext for

interference, and the supposed speaker is an Austrian minister. It is done with excellent sarcasm, and it is useful as light upon a state of things which, whether it existed wholly in fact or partly in the suspicion of the Italians, is equally interesting and curious. The poem was written in 1847, when the Italians were everywhere aspiring to national independence and self-government, and their rulers were conceding privileges while secretly leaguing with Austria to continue the old order of an Italy divided among many small tyrants. The reader will readily believe that our English is not as good as the Italian.

"INSTRUCTIONS TO AN EMISSARY.

"You will go into Italy: you have here
Your passport and your letters of exchange;
You travel as a count, it would appear,
Going for pleasure and a little change;
Once there you play the rodomont, the queer
Crack-brain good fellow, idle gamester, strange
Spendthrift and madcap. Give yourself full swing;
People are taken with that kind of thing.

"When you behold — and it will happen so —
The birds flock down about the net, be wary;
Talk from a warm and open heart, and show
Yourself with everybody bold and merry.
The North 's a dungeon, say, a waste of snow,
The very house and home of January,
Compared with that fair garden of the earth,
Beautiful, free, and full of life and mirth.

"And throwing in your discourse this word *free*,
Just to fill up, and as by accident,
Look round among your listeners, and see
If it has had at all the effect you meant;
Beat a retreat if it fails, carelessly
Talking of this and that; but in the event
Some one is taken with it, never fear,
Push boldly forward, for the road is clear.

"Be bold and shrewd; and do not be too quick,
As some are, and plunge headlong on your prey,
When if the snare shall happen not to stick,
Your uproar frightens all the rest away;
To take your hare by carriage is the trick;
Make a wide circle, do not mind delay;
Experiment and work in silence; scheme
With that wise prudence that shall folly seem."

The minister bids the emissary, "Turn me into a jest; say I 'm sleepy and begin to dote; invent what lies you will, I give you *carte-blanche*.

> "Of governments down yonder say this, too,
> At the cafés and theatres; indeed
> For this, I 've made a little sign for you
> Upon your passport that the wise will read
> For an express command to let you do
> Whatever you think best, and take no heed."

Then the emissary is instructed to make himself centre of the party of extremes, and in different companies to pity the country, to laugh at moderate progress as a sham, and to say that the concessions of the local governments are merely *ruses* to pacify and delude the people, — as in great part they were, though Giusti and his party did not believe so. The instructions to the emissary conclude with the charge to

> "Scatter Republican ideas, and say
> That all the rich and all the well-to-do
> Use common people hardly better, nay,
> Worse, than their dogs; and add some hard words, too,
> Declare that *bread*'s the question of the day,
> And that the communists alone are true;
> And that the foes of the agrarian cause
> Waste more than half of all by wicked laws."

Then, he tells him, when the storm begins to blow, and the pockets of the people feel its effect, and the mob grows hungry, to contrive that there shall be some sort of outbreak, with a bit of pillage, —

> "So that the kings down there, pushed to the wall,
> For congresses and bayonets shall call.
>
> "If you should have occasion to spend, spend,
> The money won't be wasted; there must be
> Policemen in retirement, spies without end,
> Shameless and penniless; buy, you are free.
> If destiny should be so much your friend
> That you could shake a throne or two for me,
> Pour me out treasures. I shall be content;
> My gains will be at least seven cent per cent.
>
> "O, in the event the inconstant goddess frown,
> Let me know instantly when you are caught

A thunderbolt shall burst upon your crown,
And you become a martyr on the spot.
As minister I turn all upside down,
Our government disowns you as it ought.
And so the cake is turned upon the fire,
And we can use you next as we desire.

"In order not to awaken any fear
In the post-office, 't is my plan that you
Shall always correspond with liberals here;
Don't doubt but I shall hear of all you do.
. . . . 's a Republican known far and near;
I have n't another spy that 's *half* as true!
You understand, and I need say no more;
Lucky for you if you get me up a war!"

We get the flavor of this, at least the literary flavor, the satire, and the irony, but it inevitably falls somewhat cold upon us, because it had its origin in a condition of things which, though historical, are so opposed to all our own experience that they are hard to be imagined. Yet we can fancy the effect such a poem must have had at the time when it was written upon a people who felt in the midst of their aspirations some disturbing element from without, and believed this to be espionage and Austrian interference. If the poem had also to be passed about secretly from one hand to another, its enjoyment must have been still keener; but strip it of all these costly and melancholy advantages, and it is still a piece of subtle and polished satire.

Most of Giusti's poems, however, are written in moods and manners very different from this; there is sparkle and dash in the movement, as well as the thought, which we cannot reproduce, and in giving another poem we can only hope to show something of his varying manner. Some foreigner, Lamartine, we think, called Italy the Land of the Dead, — whereupon Giusti responded with a poem of that title, addressed to his friend Gino Capponi: —

"THE LAND OF THE DEAD.

"'Mongst us phantoms of Italians, —
Mummies even from our birth, —
The very babies' nurses
Help to put them under earth.

"'T is a waste of holy water
When we 're taken to the font:
They that make us pay for burial
Swindle us to that amount.

"In appearance we 're constructed
Much like Adam's other sons, —
Seem of flesh and blood, but really
We are nothing but dry bones.

"O deluded apparitions,
What do *you* do among men?
Be resigned to fate, and vanish
Back into the Past again!

"Ah! of a perished people
What boots now the brilliant story?
Why should skeletons be bothering
About liberty and glory?

"Why deck this funeral service
With such pomp of torch and flower?
Let us, without more palaver,
Growl this requiem of ours."

And so the poet recounts the Italian names distinguished in modern literature, and describes the intellectual activity that prevails in this Land of the Dead. Then he turns to the innumerable visitors of Italy: —

"O you people hailed down on us
From the living, overhead,
With what face can you confront us,
Seeking health among us dead?

"Soon or late this pestilential
Clime shall work you harm — beware!
Even you shall likewise find it
Foul and poisonous graveyard air.

"O ye grim, sepulchral friars,
Ye inquisitorial ghouls,
Lay down, lay down forever,
The ignorant censor's tools.

"This wretched gift of thinking,
O ye donkeys, is our doom;

Do you care to expurgate us,
Positively, in the tomb?

"Why plant this bayonet forest
On our sepulchres? what dread
Causes you to place such jealous
Custody upon the dead?

"Well, the mighty book of Nature
Chapter first and last must have;
Yours is now the light of heaven,
Ours the darkness of the grave.

"But, then, if you ask it,
We lived greatly in our turn;
We were grand and glorious, Gino,
Ere our friends up there were born!

"O majestic mausoleums,
City walls outworn with time,
To our eyes are even your ruins
Apotheosis sublime!

"O barbarian unquiet,
Raze each storied sepulchre!
With their memories and their beauty
All the lifeless ashes stir.

"O'er these monuments in vigil
Cloudless the sun flames and glows
In the wind for funeral torches,—
And the violet, and the rose,

"And the grape, the fig, the olive,
Are the emblems fit of grieving;—
'T is, in fact, a cemetery
To strike envy in the living.

"Well, in fine, O brother corpses,
Let them pipe on as they like;
Let us see on whom hereafter
Such a death as ours shall strike!

"'Mongst the anthems of the function
Is not *Dies Iræ?* Nay,
In all the days to come yet,
Shall there be no Judgment Day?"

In a vein of similar irony, the greater part of Giusti's political poems are written, and none of them is wanting in point and bitterness, even to a foreigner who must necessarily lose something of their point and the *tang* of their local expressions. It was the habit of the satirist, who at least loved the people's quaintness and originality — and perhaps this is as much democracy as we ought to demand of a poet — it was Giusti's habit to replenish his vocabulary from the fountains of the popular speech. By this means he gave his satires a racy local flavor; and though he cannot be said to have written dialect, since Tuscan is the Italian language, he gained by these words and phrases the frankness and fineness of dialect. The experiment would probably fail in English, from the commonness and poverty of our colloquialisms; slang not being at all the kind of thing that Giusti used, and we having only slang instead of dialect.

Giusti had so much gentleness, sweetness, and meekness in his heart, that we do not like to leave the impression of him as a satirist last upon the reader. Rather let us close our meagre notices of his genius with the beautiful little poem, said to be the last he wrote, as he passed his days in the slow death of the consumptive. It is called

"A PRAYER.

"For the spirit confusèd
With misgiving and with sorrow,
Let me, my Saviour, borrow
The light of faith from thee.
O lift from it the burden
That bows it down before thee.
With sighs and with weeping
I commend myself to thee;
My faded life, thou knowest,
Little by little is wasted
Like wax before the fire,
Like snow-wreaths in the sun.
And for the soul that panteth
For its refuge in thy bosom,
Break, thou, the ties, my Saviour,
That hinder it from thee."

W. D. Howells.

Art. III. — The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Crabbe.

Crabbe's first appearance before the public was in the iron age of letters, when a poor author thought himself comparatively lucky to be a "bookseller's hack." It was better to shiver in a garret in his "tattered nightgown and the breeches of a heathen philosopher," than to wait for hours in an antechamber with a dedication, on the chance that a noble Mecænas might bestow a gratuity, or, rather, an alms. The Muse found Crabbe as she did Scroggen, "stretched beneath a rug," and watched him as he went shabby and hungry to the shops of booksellers, and to the doors of great people. He was at last fortunate enough to attract the notice of Edmund Burke, who persuaded him to take orders, and placed him in a comfortable nook in the Church.

"Give poets claret, they grow idle soon."

So sang Crabbe, and so he did. He put aside authorship and disappeared in the obscurity of village life. After an eclipse of twenty-two years, — from 1785 to 1807, only remembered by one or two passages in the "Elegant Extracts," a collection of English poetry which some of our older readers will recollect in every family who considered books a necessary part of furniture, — Crabbe reappeared in a world separated from his former state of probation by the French Revolution and the victories of Napoleon. He brought his old poems with him, and others very like them, — a literary Rip Van Winkle, — but the new public did not think him old-fashioned, or his poems rusty. On the contrary, the young Edinburgh and Quarterly praised him, new editions were called for, and the comely old gentleman of sixty was received with open arms by the great writers of that remarkable period, and became a lion, invited to the breakfasts and dinners of the fashionable.

Forty years full of great events, and productive of many books, have passed since Crabbe died. He was not a man of genius, hardly a poet, in the strict sense of the word, yet among the mediocrists of England, as Pope calls them, no one, on the whole, shows more signs of vitality. He turned out no first-rate, thoroughly finished work, such as the "Castle of Indo-

lence," or Shenstone's "Schoolmistress," or Campbell's "Hohenlinden"; but his "Tales" will be looked over with interest, while the "Seasons" and "Gertrude of Wyoming" stand untouched upon the shelves.

The fashion in metrical composition which Pope carried to perfection had gradually deteriorated in the hands of weak imitators to Darwin's "Loves of the Plants," and Hayley's "Triumphs of Temper." The revival in literature is generally dated from Cowper's "Task," published in 1785. A clever lady critic has ascribed this reaction to the example set by Cowper, and, with the habit of exaggeration constitutional in the sex, has written, "It is safe to say that, without Cowper, Wordsworth could scarcely have been." It is much safer not to say so. Had there been no Cowper, things would have turned out very much as they have done. The *homme nécessaire* has less existence in literature than elsewhere. The reaction from the artificial school began before the "Task." Burns, for instance, was already known to his neighbors a year or two earlier as "a writer of some good songs"; and in 1782, Crabbe, then a medical man like Goldsmith, but unlike that sunshiny musical Bohemian in everything but poverty and want of skill in his profession, published his "Village," a protest against the sweetness of Auburn, and against those mere "creatures of the author's pen,"

> "Borrowed and again conveyed
> From book to book, the shadows of a shade."

There was no such village as Auburn, except in Arcadia, which always remained an unknown country to Crabbe. He had never met with virtuous, resigned, and pleasant-spoken peasants, and the pastorals in which sentimental shepherds sang, in smooth alternate couplets, the charms of Phyllis or of Celia, seemed to him still more absurd.

> "Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,
> And shepherds' boys their amorous pains reveal;
> The only pains, alas! they never feel."

He thought it would be better to

> "Paint the cot
> As Truth will paint it, and as bards will not."

"The real picture of the poor
Demands a song,"

and he set himself to sing it. It was a song then new to England, but one that has been sung in many measures since, and has at this moment a greater interest for thinking people than ever. Formerly, the burden of the song was, "What shall we do with the poor?" In our time, "What will the poor do with us?"

Crabbe's early years afforded him abundant opportunity for a thorough knowledge of the habits and feelings of the poor.

Aldborough, the place of his birth, was, in 1754, a dilapidated village on the German Ocean, surrounded on the land side by a desolate expanse of heath, marsh, and barren sand. The villagers,

"A bold, artful, surly, savage race,"

got their living from the sea as fishermen and pilots, and when Providence sent a ship ashore,

"Theirs or the ocean's miserable prey,"

as wreckers. At night they took their pleasure in hard drinking and in quarrelling over their cups. Crabbe's father was one of the head men, as rough, violent, and intemperate as his neighbors, but with some education and a taste for mathematics. He had a few books in his house, and would sometimes read Young — whose pious fustian was then the fashion — aloud to his children.

His son George inherited the taste for mathematics, and read diligently the few books he could find, but in other respects was unlike his father and his people. He was a quiet, sensitive child, who disliked salt water and sailors' ways; his great pleasure was to watch all that went on about him, and to listen eagerly to the talk of the market-place.

"Where crowds assembled he was sure to run,
Hear what was said and muse on what was done."

The father had no pride in this changeling, who was always in the way in a boat, and determined to make a surgeon of him. A surgeon at that time and place seems to have been a practitioner among the poor, — a little more respectable than a veterinary, but with no pretensions to the social standing of a

physician. In the mean time his father kept him employed in piling up cheeses and tubs of butter on the wharf. At fourteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon. His position in his new profession may be inferred from the fact that he worked on his employer's farm and slept with the ploughboy. Another surgeon treated him better, and allowed him some time to himself. Seizing the opportunity, he borrowed a few books, among them Pope, whose works he read and reread with the greatest pleasure. And having arrived at the age when young people are liable to attacks of rhyme, especially if they have a constitutional tendency to the disease, he tried his hand at verse in a "Lady's Magazine," wrote a satire on Inebriety, commenced an epic, planned a tragedy, and, having fallen in love with Miss Sarah Elmy, his future wife, he addressed her in endless lays as Mira. It was still the fashion in print to call one's self by such names as Floris or Alcander, Melissa or Sophronia. Crabbe and Wordsworth were among the first who laid it aside.

When his apprenticeship was served out, Crabbe returned home to find his father more intemperate and violent than ever. He had very little knowledge of his profession, and he felt his inability to earn his living. When a man has no confidence in himself, his acquaintances, never too ready to discover a prophet in a townsman, are sure to be of his opinion. "What good does his d—d learning do him?" was a question he often heard asked, and which he found difficult to answer. In Aldborough no concealment of thoughts or feelings was practised, or indeed expected, and Crabbe's position soon became unbearable. This was his "year of sorrow and care, of poverty and disgrace, of disappointment and wrong." At last he packed up his clothes, books, and medical instruments, shipped in a coaster as a common sailor, and arrived in London with three pounds he had borrowed, "two dramas, and a variety of prose essays, in imitation, some of Swift and others of Addison." 1780 was the year of trial. He had failed in medicine: could he do anything in literature? From his comfortless lodging over a hair-dresser's shop, he sent some verses and a petition to Lord North in Downing Street, and received no answer; and then to Lord Thurlow, who answered that he had no time to read verses. He went in person to Lord Shel-

burne's, and was refused the door. He offered his wares to the booksellers, Payne, Dodsley, Becket; they told him "the town did not regard these little pieces," and "apprehended the sale would not enable them to give any consideration." Somebody had advertised for an amanuensis in the "Daily Advertiser." He applied for the place; it was already filled. Books, medical instruments, clothes, found their way to the pawnbrokers. He was obliged to miss an appointment, because his only coat was torn; he spent a night under a hayrick in the neighborhood of London, because he had not a shilling to pay for a lodging. At last, he was threatened with jail, and poverty began to pinch him with absolute hunger. The miseries of Otway and Savage, the suicide of Budgell, were often in his thoughts. A linen-draper's wife who knew Miss Elmy tried to warn him off Parnassus by reminding him of the recent fate of Chatterton. But he resolved to make one more attempt. He enclosed some verses in a manly letter to Burke and left it at his door. All that night he walked Westminster Bridge "backwards and forwards until daylight, unable to sleep from agitation." Next day Burke sent for him, talked with him, and dismissed him "a made man." He was invited to Beaconsfield and presented to Burke's literary friends. Johnson condescended to revise the "Village," and made a few changes, which Crabbe of course adopted, "although they did not appear to himself improvements." The great Doctor then gave his *imprimatur*: "I do not doubt of Mr. Crabbe's success." On this and Burke's recommendation, Dodsley published the "Village," which was well received. Burke followed up his good offices by obtaining for Crabbe the position of domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle. The tide in Crabbe's affairs now ran strongly on to fortune. Lord Thurlow invited him to breakfast, told him, "By God! you are as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen," and gave him a hundred pounds and two small livings. Then his Mira became his Sarah, and he passed out of the land of letters. From his thirty-first to his fifty-second year the public and the publishers heard nothing of him. During all these quiet years he preached and prospered, and his children grew up about him. His leisure hours he devoted to botany and to making verses. At last, in 1807,

the desire to print came again upon him. The MS. of the "Parish Register" was submitted to Fox, who had been kind to Crabbe in his Beaconsfield days, and was revised by him. He died before it was published, and Crabbe mentioned in the Preface, "This poem, and more especially the story of 'Phebe Dawson,' were the last compositions of their kind that engaged and amused the capacious, the candid, the benevolent mind of this great man."

Of the three poems Crabbe wrote in his first literary life, the "Library," although prepared for the press under the eye of Burke at Beaconsfield, and welcomed by the "Monthly Review" as "the production of no common pen," has little to distinguish it from other poems of that day. The "Newspaper," dedicated to Thurlow, and published in 1785, when party spirit was high, and Burke with the coalition ministry had been turned out of office, had an interest at the time for its political allusions. We can still enjoy the rural politician, who cries,

> "That all the courtly race
> Are venal candidates for power and place;
> Yet feels some joy, amid the general vice,
> That his own vote will bring its wonted price."

But in the "Village" Crabbe struck the key-note of all his subsequent poems. The "Parish Register" is the "Village" described in detail.

> "The simple annals of my parish poor"

are narrated under the heads of Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials. The "Borough" (1810) is a still more minute analysis of village life. It is made up of twenty-two sketches, beginning with the church and the vicar, includes professions, trades, schools, inns, and

> "The chance pleasures that the poor command,"

and ends with the prison and the almshouse; "institutions" Crabbe could paint with a terrible reality. In 1812 he added a collection of Tales, — short stories on the same subjects, handled in the same way; supplementary chapters to the preceding volumes. His success was great with all classes of readers. Walter Scott wrote to him from Edinburgh, "to praise the clearness and accuracy of his painting"; Mrs. Leadbeater

wrote to him from a colony of Quakers in Ballitore, Ireland, "Thou hast contrived to charm us all." Wilson applauded him as warmly as Gifford; and Jeffrey devoted, in all, one hundred pages of the "Edinburgh" to Crabbe's works, allowing him all the merit he denied to Wordsworth and to Coleridge. Crabbe was astonished at his popularity. "In my own village," he wrote, "they think nothing of me."

Bowles and Rogers, who had met him in the country, urged him to visit London during the season. He did so in 1817, and again in subsequent years. The change from the London of George III. and of Lord North to the London of the Regent could not have been greater than the change in his own condition. He took lodgings in St. James Street, to be near his friend Rogers. Mr. Murray offered him £3,000 for the copyright of his works. The fine-looking old clergyman was doubly interesting as the popular author and as the *protégé* of Burke, "a relic of an age departed." The most distinguished people in politics, literature, and fashion sought him out, and foreigners of rank called to express their admiration. He was daily invited to entertainments of all kinds; and the names of Moore, Campbell, Wordsworth, Southey, Wilkie, Talma, Kemble, Brougham (who reminded him of Burke, "ready on all subjects"), Canning, Frere, James Smith, Horace Twiss, Sir James Mackintosh, Joanna Baillie, Miss Edgeworth, etc., are noted in his diary as among the company he met. He stayed two days at Holland House, and his portrait by Phillips was placed by Lord Holland in his library. After an entertainment at Sir Harry Englefield's he was presented with Ariosto's inkstand. At the annual dinner of the Literary Society his health was proposed by Lord Lansdowne; and at the Academical dinner he was placed at the same table with the foreign ambassadors. Sir Walter Scott carried him off to Edinburgh at the time of the royal visit. "What marvellous kindness!" he wrote in his diary. "I must go from this infatuating scene." He went back to Trowbridge to his botany and his thirty lines a day, to return the next spring to the same welcome. One would like to have heard what effect a modern world produced upon the mind of a man who had known Burke, Johnson, and Reynolds, and who saw Lord George Gordon's "No-Popery" riots. But

Crabbe is entirely silent on the subject. Moore and Rogers could get nothing out of him about Burke beyond a few vague generalities.

These pleasant visits were repeated until increasing age kept him at home, but contented and happy there.

> "Those white and blessed days that softly shine
> On few, nor oft on them,"

shone abundantly upon him. He thought "the state of an old but hale man the most comfortable and the least painful of any stage in life." Steele has said the same thing in his off-hand way: "A healthy old fellow that is not a fool is the happiest creature living." Crabbe died at the age of seventy-eight, in 1832, — a year famous for its obituary of celebrated men.

He was a bard with but one string to his lyre; he sang the same tune throughout his long life. "The Tales of the Hall," published in 1822, and a volume of "Posthumous Tales," present the same minute sketches of low character and the same peculiarities of style. The impression made upon his mind by the misery of his early surroundings was never effaced. It was not the imaginary and almost maudlin misery of Dickens when he spoke of his month or two in the blacking business, but an indelible scar left upon his brain by the suffering of his youth. Even in his London days, when smiles, flattery, and good dinners were offered him daily, those Aldborough scenes would revisit him in his dreams; "asleep all was misery and degradation." As his Muse was truly the daughter of Memory, when he describes a village, his mind always reverted to those two unpaved streets running between mean and scrambling houses, the homes of squalid, commonplace want. In his sketches of scenery he is never vivid, except when he paints the ocean and the open sandy commons, the sterile half-cultivated farms, and the dreary marshes of Aldborough. The half-savage men who spent their days in cheerless toil and their nights in drunkenness are always present in his pages. He found others more or less like them in his country parish, and opportunity as well as inclination led him to study their achromatic existence, made up of shop, table, and bed, with a dark background of almshouse and prison. It has been said of him that he handled human nature so as to take the bloom

off; but it was rather that he selected for a subject human nature that had lost its bloom.

Crabbe had probably less imagination that any man who ever wrote verses after the age of twenty; he confessed with his usual honesty that he had no taste for music, art, or architecture. His mind was like a camera, receiving every impression, and rendering it exactly. Those "painted clouds that beautify our days" were seldom seen in his sky; the bright ideal side of human nature that redeems "man's life from being cheap as beasts'" was beyond his ken. Like Lucian's Menippus, when Mercury points out to him in Hades, Leda, Helen of Troy, and other celebrated fair ones, he could see nothing but skulls and bones naked of flesh. Hence his pictures are photographs in their accuracy and in their want of color. His realism is complete and unmitigated, not like the spiritualized realism of the Pre-Raphaelite school. The "Dead Stone-Breaker" is painted to the last button like Crabbe's pauper in the village workhouse; but the body of the stone-breaker is transfigured by "a light that knows no waning." We feel that the tears have been wiped away forever from the poor weary eyes. Crabbe's pauper lies upon the bier, a grim, ghastly, emaciated corpse.

This is his dreariest vein. In his more cheerful sketches he is frequently harsh and coarse. He has often been called the Hogarth of poetry, and indeed no better illustrator could be found for Crabbe than Hogarth. Bedlam, the Tavern, the Prison in the "Rake's Progress," Bridewell, the garret, and the gin-shop in "Industry and Idleness," might be bound up with his works. His tales often leave an after-taste of disgust in the mind like Hogarth's plates.

Crabbe was born a naturalist, with a strong bias for writing in verse. A keen botanist and entomologist, one might have expected from him a poem like "The Loves of the Plants," chanting the emotions of the "love-sick violet," the "virgin lily," "the jealous cowslip," and "the enamored woodbine"; but he liked to examine the motives of mankind even better than pistils and stamens. And as in science he devoted himself principally to common herbs and garden insects, so in character his speciality was peasants and village tradespeople, —

> "Fixed like a plant on their peculiar spot,
> To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot."

He picked up a Simon or a Phebe, put them under his microscope, — an almost perfect instrument, — classed them in genus *homo insipiens*, species *rusticus communis;* prepared them, and placed them in his collection. As you turn over his works you find a new specimen preserved on every page. He described their habitat and habits in a cool, scientific way. He had little more sympathy with them than with his beetles. But he is always accurate and true. He never tries to make a beetle a butterfly. One may thank him for that.

In spite of his profession, the duties of which he fulfilled most conscientiously, Crabbe was a looker-on in the world rather than an actor. He was kind-hearted, charitable; in individual cases, no sympathy was like his; but he was with his flock, not of them. Their failings lay bare before him. He looked down upon the struggling creatures about him, each one wrapped in its own petty interests with a good-natured indulgence; much as a farmer looks upon the cattle and the corn he expects to harvest. They were his crop; as Heine says, "his fool crop, all his own." He never shows much feeling of any kind, except when he describes jacobinical radicals,

> "Who call the wants of knaves the rights of man,"

or noisy dissenters, like his "serious toyman" who trod pretty often upon his clerical toes. He was not a satirist. A satirist has an object in his attack. Crabbe had none. He studied mankind; the particular specimen might be mean, ridiculous, wicked: it was indifferent to him.

There is little or no plot in Crabbe's stories, and a very moderate allowance of incident. Not a character ever stepped out of them into daily life, to become a household acquaintance. There is no grace of thought, no play of fancy. Even the few similes he used did not spring up spontaneously in his mind when heated by his subject. One can see the seams where he has patched them on. Jeffrey noticed this, and Crabbe admitted it in his simple, straightforward way. "My usual method," he said, "has been to think of such illustrations and insert them after finishing a tale." He told Mrs. Leadbeater that all his characters were drawn from life; "there is not one

of whom I had not in my mind the original." "Indeed I do not know that I could paint merely from my own fancy; and there is no cause why we should. Is there not diversity sufficient in society? And who can go even but a little into the assemblies of our fellow-wanderers from the way of perfect rectitude, and not find characters so varied and so pointed that he need not call upon his imagination?"

Pope was his model in versification, but he never attained Pope's exquisite polish. In Crabbe one can always see the marks of the tools. James Smith, whose parody of Crabbe in the "Rejected Addresses" is one of the best ever written, called him, "Pope in worsted stockings." He has a profusion of antithesis, and a tiresome fondness for alliteration and plays upon words, often mere puns. His metre is frequently rough and jolting, and his style a "little word-bound," as Addison expressed it. The verse does not flow smoothly, there is a perceptible effort; he evidently does not sing because he cannot help it.

In all his volumes, one can hardly find a hundred lines containing that subtle indefinable essence that constitutes poetry. On the other hand, very many are the merest prose run into the mould of Pope, simple to puerility, like these: —

> "Grave Jonas Kindred, Sybil Kindred's sire,
> Was six feet high, and looked six inches higher.

And these: —

> "And I was asked and authorized to go
> To seek the firm of Clutterbuck & Co."

Others read like the rhymed rules for wise conduct of the Poor Richard school: —

> "Who would by law regain his plundered store,
> Would pick up fallen mercury from the floor."

> "We find too late, by stooping to deceit,
> It is ourselves, and not the world we cheat."

And occasionally he is guilty of a line that is not even verse, like this one: —

> "I for your perfect acquiescence call."

The *naïveté* of his prefaces and notes, and his scruples lest by accident he should offend somebody or misrepresent something, are delightful. The

> "Brick-floored parlor which the butcher lets,"

"is so mentioned," he tells the reader, "because the lodger is vain." "I shall be sorry if by any I am supposed to treat the wants and infirmities of men with derision and disdain." In another note, he deprecates the wrath of the legal profession: "I entertain the strongest, because the most reasonable hope, that no liberal practitioner in the law will be offended by the notice taken of dishonest and crafty attorneys." And he is careful of the feelings even of his arch-enemies, the dissenters. He had used the word "saints" in describing them; at the foot of the page he adds: "This appellation is here used, not ironically nor with malignity, but it is taken merely to designate a morosely devout people, with peculiar austerity of manners."

And yet, in spite of his puerility, and his makeshift raw-boned verses, Crabbe could please Burke and Johnson; he amused Charles Fox. Lockhart says that Walter Scott used to call for his Bible and his Crabbe; and he was a general favorite with a generation that had Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, and Wordsworth writing for them. One reason of his good fortune was that he struck a new vein in literature. Cowper looked at external nature through the windows of a comfortable country-house. His human nature is in easy circumstances and of a domestic turn. It drops the curtains to keep out cold draughts, wheels the sofa in front of a good fire, drinks tea, and knits or reads the London paper. But Crabbe exhibits the common people of England as they were, and describes their homes and habits, too often cheerless and wretched, as they had never been painted before. It was something quite original in the language. He first introduced into literature the real laboring man, ignorant, narrow-minded, overworked, rough in his manners, surly in his temper, dirty in his attire. He sketched from the life, and not from the conventional lay-figure. Before his time, peasants and paupers were introduced in fiction, like the chorus in an opera, dressed poorly but neatly, to echo with becoming humility the sentiments of the well-born and the rich. Crabbe showed the reading class (there was a property qualification in culture in those days) what George Stephenson, the engineer, announced more coarsely afterward, "Strip us and we are all pretty much alike." We must throw ourselves back some eighty or a hundred years in imagination to

feel what a revelation this must have been to ordinary minds. In Crabbe's youth rank in England was as well defined as caste in India. Society, as Fielding said in "Tom Jones," was divided into those who were born to enjoy the blessings of life and those who were born to furnish them. "The rude and unpolished masses" were almost a different race; with a certain claim on the rich for alms when they were starving, but with hardly any other. They were taught, as we can read in the "Prayer Book," "to order themselves lowly and reverently before all their betters," and "to be contented in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call them." Time and steam and universal suffrage and other forms of progress have changed all that. Enough is left of the old order of society to enable us to understand it, and not much more. And theoretically, as Mr. Proudhon remarked in his peculiar style, we have *dansé plus vîte que les violons.* We have kept faster time even than the music. The ethical writers of the eighteenth century liked to attribute to the "noble savage" all the sense and goodness they thought their contemporaries deficient in. We have given up the "noble savage"; we know too well what he is. In place of him we have taken the laboring man as our type of civic and of moral excellence. That sounding and empty phrase of the first French Revolution, "the virtue and intelligence of the people," has lost a portion of its merit. The whole people is now too aristocratic. It is considered necessary to restrict the signification of the word "people" to its lowest class, and of "work" to its least intelligent form. We have centred all the virtues in the laboring man, made an idol of him, as the Hindoos have of the tiger, and bow down to him for the same reason as they, because we are afraid of him.

To novelty of subject Crabbe added freshness of treatment. His anatomy of character of the commonplace sort, the sort he studied, extends to the smallest moral fibre. He is the La Bruyère of the lower middle and lower classes. No detail of dress, decoration, or furniture in a cottage was lost upon him, and he noted with equal exactness the daily thoughts, habits, and feelings of the dwellers in the cottage. Nothing escaped him but the ethereal part. Crabbe's power of minute observation has never been surpassed; it was a kind of genius,

it stood him instead of imagination. We get constant peeps behind the scenes of human nature, and often very pleasant ones. What an admirable catalogue of the symptoms of approaching age is this passage in the "Old Bachelor," one of the "Tales of the Hall": —

> "Six years had passed and forty ere the six
> When Time began to play his usual tricks;
> The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
> Locks of pure brown displayed th' encroaching white.
> . . . . .
> A moderate pace would now my body heat,
> A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
> I showed my stranger-guest those hills sublime,
> But said, 'The view is poor, we need not climb.'
> At a friend's mansion I began to dread
> The cold neat parlor and the gay glazed bed;
> For home I felt a more decided taste,
> And must have all things in my order placed;
> I ceased to hunt, my horses pleased me less;
> My dinner more; I learned to play at chess;
> I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
> Was disappointed that I did not shoot;
> My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
> And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose.
> . . . . .
> Small daily actions into habits grew,
> And new dislike to forms and fashions new;
> I loved my trees in order to dispose,
> I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose,
> Told the same story oft, — in short, began to prose."

Pope has a few lines on the same subject, which Lord Holland is said to have often quoted: —

> "Years following years, steal something every day,
> At last they steal us from ourselves away.
> In one our follies, our amusements end;
> In one a mistress drops, in one a friend," etc.

Smooth, clever, but vague and ineffective compared with the vigorous minuteness of Crabbe.

Crabbe's sketches of women are numerous and always good. They range from the

> "Tender, timid maid, who knows not how
> To pass a pig-sty or to face a cow;
> Smiling she comes with pretty talents graced,
> A fair complexion and a slender waist,"

to the stout-minded old spinster, —

> "Who suffered no man her free soul to vex,
> Free from the weakness of her gentle sex."

Crabbe loved the women, although he never could see them as angels. A clergyman and a family physician have unusual opportunities for studying the sex. He became more and more affectionate as he grew older. In 1819 his manner to the London ladies was so sweet, that Miss Spencer compared him to a frosted cake: "The cake is very good, but there is too much sugar to cut through in getting at it." At the age of sixty-two he contemplated a second marriage. He was probably sorely beset. It would seem from this couplet that he had the usual experience of widowed clergymen: —

> "O, 't is a precious thing, when wives are dead,
> To find such numbers who will serve instead."

As no man can write verses all his life without occasionally rising into poetry, Crabbe now and then accomplished it, especially in his descriptions of the sea, and in some tender little touches of human feeling that reach every heart. Age mellowed him: he was milder without growing weaker. Some of his best passages are in the "Posthumous Tales." A sly humor and a shrewd way of saying things, good sense and sagacity that never fail him, make his stories pleasant reading to this day; and if he limped in numbers, and lacks grace, he has vigor, and could attain a power of epigrammatic expression not surpassed by Pope or by Dryden. Crabbe's quaint, homely style is utterly dissimilar from any other author. With all its awkwardness and mannerism, it has an agreeable flavor of the soil about it like *vin du pays*. He is as English as Chaucer; all his roots are in English ground: and if Cowper is to have a monument at Barkhampstead, there should be one erected to Crabbe at Aldborough.

We recommend Crabbe as an alterative to those who have read too much of the poetry of our day. His hard realism is a capital tonic for minds surfeited with the vaporing verse of the nineteenth century, curiously compounded as it is of mysticism and metaphysics, fault-finding and sensuality. It is refreshing to turn from the discordant obscurity of Browning, from Tennyson's feminine prettiness, from the chaotic licentiousness and affectations of Swinburne and Rossetti, and the

neat, nicely combed and curled little plaints of Matthew Arnold, to plain, robust, keen old Crabbe. He at least was equal to his times. The world, with its trials and its mysteries, was good enough for him. He "saw it whole" and had a contented and healthy appreciation of it as it was; not a paradise, by any means, but he had never heard of "world sorrow" or of "longings," nor did he think it a merit to "sit apart" from his fellow-men, impatient and disgusted with them and with their doings.

There are certain problems the sound man puts aside. It is only weak souls who brood over them in perplexity. Are not despondency and do-nothingism, culminating in a kind of sentimental selfishness, symptoms of disease? A healthy man never inquires too curiously into his digestive organs, does not know that he has any except as a physiological fact; and a healthy mind absorbs and assimilates the thoughts and feelings of its period, and is always strong and ready. It is a moral dyspeptic who is troubled with a distaste for all that goes on about him, and, "like infants crying in the night," cries for something, he knows not what, and refuses to be comforted. It is always some Hamlet, infirm of purpose, who complains that the world is out of joint, and who feels that he was not born to set it right.

We are told that our age is mean, prosaic; that it lacks color. The familiar, the every day, is generally commonplace and prosaic. Our age is probably neither better nor worse than the past. It does not lack manliness or courage; we have given proof enough of both during the last ten years. It is kind, benevolent, as never before. In Crabbe's youth charity was limited to the relief of individual cases of want. Now it is a science of universal application. We are really busy in slaying dragons, like the knightly reformers of an early, "picturesque" period. It is true that our dragons are dirty and ill-smelling; they are not covered with glittering scales; their names are Crime, Pauperism, Fever, and the like: but the fight is as hard and as dangerous as any St. George or his compeers were engaged in, and the merit is not less. One of the "missions" of our age is a crusade to deliver our brethren from the degrading tyranny of ignorance, destitution and disease, and it is the fashion to take the cross. The war is carried on in

narrow lanes and blind alleys, instead of in Palestine; there is no scenery and no millinery; we do not wear the cross, and we go about the work in the tasteless and sombre costume of the period, but we are thoroughly in earnest. Look at it rightly, and, as Kingsley says, there is a great unwritten epic in that one question of sanitary reform. Some even of our mechanical triumphs, so much despised by sentimental poets, are not without a certain sublimity. Few people, we suspect, have ever seen a locomotive pass them at the rate of forty miles an hour, but have experienced a sensation not altogether prosaic.

But if all that has been said against our age were true; if we admit that it is prosaic, vulgar, empty of all aspirations nobler than money-making, machinery, good cooks, and comfortable houses, — "the dregs of time," in short, — what then? It is our age, and our duty is clear. *Spartam nacti sumus.* Let us try to make it better, and prepare the way for a better future. We shall never do it by whining about it, whine we ever so tunefully, or by cutting ourselves off from the thoughts and doings of our comrades, to "ponder in our tents" like Achilles. Achilles had a good vulgar reason for sulking in his tent; when the time came, and he was really wanted, he seized spear and shield and drove the Trojans before him.

We should say that the time had come for our Achilles to take spear in hand. The Trojans threaten our camp on more sides than one. We have some knotty questions to deal with, and one of them, which seems gradually to be overshadowing all the others, is alone enough to task the strongest minds. We allude to the conflict, as it is called, of labor and capital, which means, if the extravagant claims the working class is beginning to put forth, are pushed to their logical and manifest results, a reorganization of society solely for its benefit, a melting down of all other classes into that one by the Proudhon process of a "liquidation of property." It looks as if this might be the great question of our day: if so, it is the most important one society has had to deal with for three centuries. The question of the sixteenth was: What religion shall we have? — of the seventeenth: What school of philosophy shall we follow? — of the eighteenth: What form of government shall we adopt? — in the nineteenth we may have to meet the question: Shall

society, as we understand it, and as it has been understood hitherto, exist at all?

Whether we are right or wrong in our apprehensions, this present is certainly no time for able-minded and well-trained men to "sit apart," in a state of milk-and-water Wertherism, minus the pistol, dreaming of a millennium with picturesque costumes; no time for the "Kings of Modern Thought" to be "dumb." If they are really kings and not pretenders, they will have clear and settled opinions, and will urge them with voice and pen, manfully and mightily. It is pitiable to sing of

> "Wandering between two worlds; one dead,
> The other powerless to be born,"

when any one can see that the new world is upon us; when there is a chance that a communistic cataclysm may sweep us all away before it, and reduce this new world to a form of society in which the best man, if any of that sort should escape the flood, could only, to use the most expressive and significant of modern slang phrases, do his level best, — a dead level of mediocrity, stagnation, darkness, death.

FREDERICK SHELDON.

ART. IV. — *History of Civilization in England and France, Spain and Scotland.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. New Edition. London: Longmans & Co.

To understand Mr. Buckle, it is necessary, in the first place, to understand his problem, — the problem, namely, towards which, with more or less consciousness, he, on the whole, strove. But this, so far as *definiteness* is concerned, we must make out pretty much for ourselves. Mr. Buckle does not generally care to prescind matters. It is his nature rather to affect the circumlocutory and vague. He leaves, for the most part, *articulation* to his reader, satisfied himself that he has supplied sound enough. But such articulation is not always easy. It is a feat generally, if out of the chaffy masses of that enormous declamation, and not simply borne away by the mere volume and roll of it, we pick up and put together a grain now

and a grain again. So it is, on the whole, with Mr. Buckle's problem: only to express effort will it definitely yield itself.

The generation to which we owe the production of Mr. Buckle was that under which the *Aufklärung* was stifled for a time; for, while Scott and Wordsworth, and even Carlyle reigned, the previous Humian negative was rebuked, and there was an affirmative fostered, if only of the imagination. The *Aufklärung*, naturally, could but ill brook such check. It sulked at it. It frowned upon the themes these men — Scott, Coleridge, Southey, all the rest of them — chose. It horribly hated the opinions they countenanced, and as horribly their *style!* It thought of Pope and Hume and Goldsmith in comparison, and longed unceasingly for those purer tastes and bolder spirits who would write again what could be read, and call again "the lie" a lie. In short, the *Aufklärung* pined under its own *pang*, — the pang at all that was received, the pang at the denial of its own. All this we can see in Messrs. Grote and Bain, and very specially in Mr. Mill, to whom, too, the generation of growth was that that witnessed the triumph of the modern imaginative literature, — a literature which, as a reaction from the negative of scepticism to the affirmative of faith, mortified all men of the *understanding*, and of the taste of the understanding, and drove them into the revolt which has been named the Revulsion. It was among such men, and as such a man himself, that Mr. Buckle was bred.

But he was evidently born withal with the dream in him of literary glory. While it would be his, he vowed, to supplant cowardice again and restore boldness, it would be his also, he felt, to found an era. How, of course, could not at once manifest itself to him; but this was clear to him from the first: "It seems desirable that something should be done on a scale far larger than has hitherto been attempted." *Something* should be done, and on a scale far larger than has hitherto been attempted!

There should be return, then, to the freer spirit of the nobler era. There should be retribution and rehabilitation for all the wronged great ones whom it had been the fashion to forget or the fashion to decry. Voltaire should come to his own again. Supported on the solidity of science, the certain facts

of history, the demonstrations of political economy, there should again be heard the stately sneer of Gibbon to cause instantly to vanish all those insolent faiths of all those contemptible recent poets, with their broken lines and obscure, perhaps ungrammatical, rhapsodies! The harmonious numbers of Pope, the "spotless style of Hume," Diderot, and D'Alembert, and *écrasons l'infame*, — these should be the words again!

But above all, it was Bacon and Adam Smith that wooed for themselves the soul of Mr. Buckle. The former had exorcised the false, and established the true principles of the knowledge of nature; and the latter had exorcised the false, and established the true principles of the manipulation of nature. Ah! these were great achievements. But could no more be done? Had they "covered the whole field," these men? Was it impossible to continue their principles, to extend their principles, to complete their principles? Was there no possibility of a generalization ultimate, — a generalization that would transcend and subserve theirs; that would reduce all, even perhaps gravitation itself, into a high and higher unity; that would bring a controlling sovereign to the giants themselves? Here was an entrancing thought to fill the big bosom of the young Buckle bigger!

What had they done, then, — Bacon and Adam Smith, — and what had they left undone?

Theology and metaphysics (Bacon's logic is but our metaphysics) had rather dreamed and fabled than explained and interpreted nature; but Bacon had exorcised these, — exorcised and put to flight all the theological nightmares and metaphysical cobwebs that had deformed and distorted nature.

And Adam Smith, he, too, had acted similarly, — similarly in regard to the manipulation of nature. He had exorcised the evil spirit of Protection that had hitherto paralyzed it.

Bacon, further, had led us up to the true principle of the observation of the actual fact of nature, and of the application and utilization of it through the method of induction.

While Adam Smith, again, had led us up to the true principle of the observation of self-interest, and of the application and utilization of it through the method of deduction.

Exorcism, principle, method; must these stop there? Was there no possibility of carrying them further?

In the first place, were they wholly disjunct, then, — these two men? Was there no connection between them, no community of work? Why, was it not evident at once that the manipulation of nature was but the intermediation of nature with — Man?

In the second place, was not that the element precisely necessary to "cover the whole field"? Was there more in this world than nature and mind, together with the manipulation of both into productiveness?

And, in the third place, might not this one failing element — and its manipulation as well — be subjected to the same principles to which Bacon and Adam Smith had subjected the other?

Nay, was not mind higher than nature, — the internal more than the external? Might not he, then, who brought in *it*, aspire to a higher praise than he who brought in nature; and he who brought in the manipulation of *it*, aspire to a higher praise than he who brought in the manipulation of nature? Ah, but more, a thousand times more even than that, might not he who alone was for mind and the manipulation of mind what it had taken *both* (Bacon and Smith) to be for nature and the manipulation of nature, — might not he, thus already transcendently great, aspire to the yet greater greatness of combining all — nature and the manipulation of nature, mind and the manipulation of mind — into a single principle, a single generalization? What dreams were here! Why, the spot the highest in the universe was still left vacant, virgin for the gigantic tread of Buckle! Here, both theoretically and practically, — here were consummation. *Finis*, at last! Bacon brought in nature, and Smith the manipulation of nature; but Buckle — Buckle it would be said — brought in mind, Buckle brought in the manipulation of mind, Buckle brought in and united all! The Wealth of Nations was much, but what were a Wisdom of Nations?

When young ambition, in flash of its own genius, suddenly catches sight of such pinnacle as this, an ecstasy may be understood to ensue to which for intensity no earthly joy can

approach; but, alas! the dejection of the reaction, the dejection of the necessary failure! And that Mr. Buckle had tasted to the full the extreme of either feeling we are left at no loss to gather from his own words. Even in his opening chapter, after having done full justice to the grandeur of the conception that lay in him, after having enrobed it and enthroned it and canopied it with state, after having stimulated curiosity to the very verge by the splendors and the wonders of his prophecy, he confesses to despair that the execution will equal the idea. In his closing chapter, again, he sorrowfully pleads, in mitigation of every short-coming, "the immensity of the subject, the shortness of a single life, and the imperfection of every single enterprise." Somewhere in his second volume, too, he mentions the rapture of the early days when he had hoped to "cover the whole field," intimates a certain mournful sense of partial failure in — in — his comprehensiveness, and majestically forbears those small enemies whom the "philosopher," he says, cannot always reach to "rebuke."

But let us not anticipate the weariness of the end; let us return rather, as is only proper thus far, to the alacrity of the beginning.

Mr. Buckle's mind dwelt fondly, then, there cannot be a doubt of it, on the ideas of Bacon and Adam Smith. To these two men — perhaps with the addition of Locke and Newton — he saw we owed the sober sense, the rational liberty, and the solid products which we at present enjoy. He burned to follow in their footsteps, and he was transported to find ground still unoccupied by either of them, — ground more comprehensive than theirs, which connected theirs the one with the other, and united both into its own higher and highest singleness. Here he would take stand; here he would do for mind and the manipulation of mind what Bacon and Adam Smith had done for nature and the manipulation of nature; here he would unite all. The demons Theology, Metaphysics, and Protection were still in that possession mentally from which they had been expelled in a natural reference. What might not mind become were it relieved of these demons, were it placed, like nature, at last, in the light of day, and were the great results obtained inductively in regard to its movements applied de-

ductively in practical utilization of its productiveness? Mental laws raised to the level of natural laws, the accumulation and diffusion of knowledge as scientifically cared for as the accumulation and diffusion of wealth; here were a prospect of man's well-being and of a commonweal at last! And why should it be despaired of? What is it that secures the success of the Baconian method in application to nature? Is it not the fact of "necessary connection" in phenomena, and their reduction so to the single law of gravitation? And what is it that secures the success of Adam Smith's principles in regard to the manipulation of nature? Is it not the application of the same fact of "necessary connection" to the movements of human cupidity, human selfishness? But if, with consequent mastery of all subordinate phenomena, the manipulation of nature be brought into the domain of necessity under the law of self-interest, in the same way as Nature herself is brought into the same domain of necessity under the law of gravitation, why should not mind be capable of being similarly reduced into a similar necessity and under a similar law? Connection, we can hear Mr. Buckle pleading, exists in the moral not less than in the physical world; for man is as much the subject of *motives* as regards his soul in the one as he is the subject of forces as regards his body in the other. If, then, the latter (forces) have been generalized and submitted to law, what grounds have we to anticipate failure in respect to the former (motives)? What reason have we not to hope as signal a success with these as with those? In short, Mr. Buckle would fain trace "necessary connection" into the moral world in all that interdependent series and conjunct system which it displays in the physical world. He, as a moral philosopher, would fain know and predict the movements of mind (man) with the same accuracy and certainty with which the natural philosopher knows and predicts the movements of nature. His creed is, "that the whole world forms a necessary chain, in which, indeed, each man may play his part, but can by no means determine what that part shall be." Into this chain he believes to fall, then, not only nature, but mind, and not only the movements of either, but the express manipulation or utilization of those of both. And thus Hume's title "Of the Idea

of Necessary Connection" might appropriately be applied, if not to the actual work, at least to the actuating will of Mr. Buckle.

This, after all, however, is very much the scope of Comte. He, too, leaving the particular, and addressing himself to the mass, would fain discover that "wide and comprehensive" generalization which should "cover the whole field." The registration and generalization — as it were from a distance, and as a whole — of all phenomena whatever, whether they were those of nature in space, or of man in time, — that was the special prescript characteristic and even constitutive of the "philosophy" he named "*positive*." That philosophy, in a word, is precisely the study of the invariable laws of phenomena; it desires to represent all phenomena as particular cases of some one general fact; and even history it regards as but the necessary result of the mutual action of the laws of nature and of the laws of man. Mr. Mill, it is true, while admitting Comte to insist on the fact of history having tendencies of its own, somewhat weakens this by his censure of Mr. Buckle in this very reference. Comte is free, he says, "from the error of those who ascribe all to general causes"; an error on the part of Mr. Buckle, he intimates, "the more to be regretted as it gives a color to the prejudice which regards the doctrine of the invariability of natural laws as identical with fatalism." It is certain, nevertheless, that Comte, in the main, does hold history to be a "reign of law"; he even makes play, in the same manner as Mr. Buckle, eliminating the weaker element before the stronger, as the æsthetic and moral, for instance, before the intellectual. Mr. Buckle, to be sure, has a consideration for political economy which M. Comte, with all his acceptance of Adam Smith, has not; but, this difference apart, it will be difficult to find any other of any consequence in the principles of both. The perception of this is, perhaps, not quite pleasant to Mr. Buckle himself; and it was this very difference possibly, as regards political economy, and the consequent glorious dream of the results of fusion between Bacon and Smith, that lifted the Englishman almost out of sight of his debts to the Frenchman.

But, be that as it may, it is certain that Mr. Buckle, in full perception of his own transcendent merits, would willingly

ignore all obligations to M. Comte that the greater may not always owe to the lesser. It is thus, for example, that, casting his large regards on the "Philosophie Positive," Mr. Buckle, with his usual majesty, speaks: "There is much in the method and in the conclusions of this great work with which I cannot agree; but it would be unjust to deny its extraordinary merits." Much "with which I cannot agree!" But "unjust to deny its extraordinary merits!" Was ever master, throughout the whole course of time, disowned by pupil with such magnificent patronage? But O those *cuisantes* words, — *cuisantes* especially to an *Aufgeklärter*, — "much with which I cannot agree"!

Be as it may with M. Comte, however, — and let us point, in passing, to Bacon as the source of his "theology and metaphysics," — we may pretermit all further consideration in his case at present, and confine ourselves to the idea (or dream) of Mr. Buckle, which, through union of Adam Smith with Bacon, would rise from nature and the manipulation of nature to mind and the manipulation of mind, if not in the end to a generalization that should contain all. This is Mr. Buckle's problem, and it is with that problem that we are at present concerned.

The problem itself, perhaps, we sufficiently see now, and we may pass to the way he would realize it.

The movements of mind are the movements of man, and where, for such distant and comprehensive generalization as we have alluded to in reference to Comte, are these movements deposited? Where is the record of them contained and preserved? Or where is the necessary registration of them to be found, — the preliminary registration, namely, that must precede the ultimate generalization of them? Why, in history.

Here, then, is our whole work shortly mapped out for us. Mr. Buckle, seeing well what has been left for him, would apply to history those methods of Bacon and Adam Smith by which they arrived, the one at a knowledge of the movements of nature, and the other at a knowledge of the manipulation of them, — to the production, as he fondly anticipates, of the higher knowledge of the movements of mind, on the one hand, and of their manipulation on the other, not without hope of the

ultimate and final result that should comprehend all, that should "cover the whole field."

This, as said, Mr. Buckle fondly anticipates. But we cannot say that, as he turns now to history, he is encouraged by what he sees. At all events he preliminarily grumbles enough, and his first approaches to his theme necessitate somehow such unsatisfactory grasping forward and again such unsatisfactory grasping backward as end only — though under the inspiriting roll and rhythm ever of his mighty and sesquipedalian declamation — in a mere tangle of desultory remark. The writers of history, for example, Mr. Buckle finds to have been hitherto but poor creatures. One, he complains, is ignorant of political economy, another of law, a third of physical science, a fourth of ecclesiastical affairs, and a fifth of "the philosophy of statistics." Few or none of them, he proceeds, seem to possess "those habits of speculation which, *though liable to abuse*, are the essential condition" in such inquiries. The most celebrated of them are manifestly inferior to the most successful cultivators of physical science; and he thinks "not one of them is, in point of intellect, to be compared with Newton or Kepler." "The most accurate investigators of the human mind," Mr. Buckle declares with a well-merited lifting of the chest and corroboration of the mouth, "have hitherto been the poets, particularly Homer and Shakespeare; but these extraordinary observers mainly occupied themselves with the concrete phenomena of life, and if they analyzed, as they probably did, they have concealed the steps of the process, so that now we can only verify their conclusions empirically." Might not one linger a whole summer's day over these delicious utterances, especially over the majestic grandeur of that superb last sentence? What happiness it is for us to think that in Mr. Buckle we shall possess at last an historian who knows everything, political economy, law, physics, ecclesiastical affairs, statistics, what not, — an historian possessed of "those habits of speculation which are the essential condition!" Mr. Buckle, we are sure, is not one of those who content themselves with mere reading for what is called general information; he must have been a technical and profound student in all departments, and have approached his theme only with the

accuracy of exact science. Those habits of speculation, too, which, "though liable to abuse," etc.! Is not the phrase as big a mouthful to us as it is to Mr. Buckle himself? and do we not shake our heads over it quite as wisely as he? Then Shakespeare and Homer! But, no! it were profanity, it were failure and folly, to enter here; only its own self can be that inimitable sentence's own adequate interpreter. Ah, what a sigh we heave, however, to think that these "extraordinary observers" "if they analyzed," "as they probably did," should "have concealed the steps of their process!" So that now "we can only verify their conclusions empirically!" In subordinating the intellects of our historians, we ought to remark here, lastly, how delightfully independent Mr. Buckle is of the fact that no two intellects that ever existed were more unlike than those of Newton and Kepler.

Even the poets, then, — to continue the representation, — will not stead us, while "historians, taken as a body, have never recognized the necessity of such a wide and preliminary study as would enable them to grasp their subject in the whole of its natural relations." But still, Mr. Buckle urges, the materials of history are abundant; it is only the use of them that is imperfect, and there is a failure to investigate them according to those "*exhaustive methods* which," etc. It must be confessed that in all this Mr. Buckle is not without something like seesaw, — a seesaw that procures emission for considerable mouthing. Thus we are led at times to believe that history is a blank, and that there is a vast work, an immense labor before Mr. Buckle in order to raise it to the general level; but if even then, — though thinking, perhaps, of Thucydides and Tacitus and Hume, and all the rest of them, and demurring to the proposition that we have had to wait all these thousand years for the unique Mr. Buckle, — if even then, we say, yielding to the irresistible flood of his eloquence, we should begin to have some conviction that "the laws of history are unknown, and even the foundation unsettled," we are sure to find ourselves brought short up by Mr. Buckle himself, avowing that from the early part of the eighteenth century there *are* historians, and that after the sixteenth, and especially during the last hundred years, there is an "increasing *comprehen-*

siveness among them." This seesaw that there is not, and yet that there is, proves puzzling. Still in a sort of involuntary, hazy reliance on the big words, and without much risk of being proved wrong, we may agree that "scarcely anything has been done towards discovering the principles which govern the character and destiny of nations," and even admit, buoyed up on the grand saynothingness, that, as already quoted, "it seems desirable that something should be done on a scale far larger than has hitherto been attempted." We may cheerfully allow ourselves to hope, also, that Mr. Buckle may be enabled "to accomplish for the history of man something equivalent, or at all events analogous, to what has been effected by other inquirers for the different branches of natural science," and "to contribute something towards filling up that *wide and dreary chasm* [between the two worlds physical and moral] which, *to the hinderance of our knowledge*, separates subjects that are intimately related, and *should never be disunited.*" We are not quite certain, to be sure, when it is again put to us in this plain form, that it is not therefore surprising that the study of the movements of man should be still in its infancy as compared with the advanced state of the study of the movements of nature; but we wish to deal fairly, we are reminded once more of Mr. Buckle's animating idea, and we should be very glad to see the attempt, once for all, begun to demonstrate its actual existence and function as well morally as physically.

This is pretty much the import, as well of Mr. Buckle's first survey of the field he is going to appropriate, as of our feelings in regard to it. The next thing for us to see, then, is Mr. Buckle actually at work on this field. Adequately to appreciate that, however, and the chances of success, let us first consider for a moment his object itself, and the principles with which he approaches it. Or, Mr. Buckle aiming to arrive at a knowledge of, and an ability to predict, the movements of man (mind) by generalization (through induction) of the facts of history, and consequent application (through deduction) of the principles acquired, — Mr. Buckle, we say, so aiming, and with preliminary elimination of theology, metaphysics, and protection, does it lie in the nature of the case that he should succeed? The pertinence of this question will be at once per-

ceived; for it will be perceived, also, that the preceding sentence names the whole purpose of Mr. Buckle, and in all its essential divisions.

In the first place, we must point out that the way in which Mr. Buckle sets to work gives but little hope. The scientific demand now is, that, for any intellectual work to prove satisfactory, a mass of materials must be approached by a clew such that it will effect completeness of intelligence both as regards the one of the whole and the many of the details. We see, nevertheless, no such idea in the action of Mr. Buckle. That action is but a pseudo-Gibbonian, hollow-sounding, pretentious miscellany of remark about and about the various subjects just specified, but without beginning, middle, or end. The very generalization of history even proceeds, as it were, only rhapsodically, only by happy-go-lucky handfuls.

In the second place, it is perhaps a mistake to suppose that, as the laws of nature were generalized from external phenomena with elimination of theology and metapysics, the laws of mind are to be generalized from the phenomena of history with the same elimination. To reach his object Mr. Buckle seems to conceive that all he has to do is to examine history. But *can* history, as it exists, be regarded as an accurately complete and exhaustive registration of the facts of mind? We will trust to the reader to reflect here. For his object, then, may not Mr. Buckle's whole action be simply a mistake? The laws of mind being what is required, is it enough, is it necessary, to refer to the past at all? *Ex hypothesi*, necessary nexus obtaining everywhere, what was, is, both as regards nature and as regards mind. For the movements of nature the present sufficed. Bacon did not seek these in the history of nature. But if it is enough to observe nature now, why should it not be also enough so to observe mind? Why not place mind in the scales as we have placed nature? In short, as natural inquirers turn to nature rather than to its history, why should not mental inquirers turn similarly to mind rather than to *its* history? History will bring always its own light certainly, but must history — the indirect — be made all, while metaphysic — the direct — is only carefully eliminated? History is not of much use to us towards a knowledge of anatomy; and the study of a single

crystal suffices for the class. Why not study mind as we study these? It is there before us; it can be watched, it can be examined, it can even be submitted to experiment. Had Mr. Buckle but reflected, perhaps it would have appeared to him but a mistake to attribute in the time of Bacon the imperfection of natural to the influence of theological and metaphysical science; these were then themselves similarly imperfect; these have themselves been precisely similarly improved, and, while constituting the indispensable conditions of a knowledge of mind, they are really at this moment on quite as satisfactory a stage of advancement as the other itself!

Is it so certain, too, that you can approach the examination of mind with the same expectations with which you approach the examination of nature? Is it possible to hope that you will yet see man, like a planet, rotating on a prescribed axis, revolving in a prescribed orbit, observing prescribed times, passing over prescribed spaces, presenting generally, in short, a sublime *cursus* of regulated movement, in which neither beautiful simplicity nor yet pleasing alternation will fail? Such vast humanitarian calendar were, indeed, a desideratum; but may we hope to realize it? No, no; the two worlds are essentially distinct: the world of free will is not the world of physical necessity, and the former cannot be seduced to the modes of the latter. *E*volution is not *re*volution.

In the third place, is it certain that, for the right application of the true principles in regulation of man, protection must be abandoned? May we not dispute this? May we not assert, on the contrary, that protection is the sole duty of government? Of government, namely, the universal is the whole concern. And the universal can never be left to the self-will of the individual. The universal of man is that he should think; the self-will of man is, in a word, that he should *feed*. Leave all, then, to the latter, and the former will disappear. Now, for some time back, through caricature of the principles of political economy at the hands of certain pedants, it is the former that has been denied, the latter alone that has been affirmed, to the result that we see now imminent, — gorilla-atonism! There is such a thing as a genuine political economy; but this must be widely discriminated from the abstract nullities of the pedants

who call themselves followers of Adam Smith and David Hume. It is a fearful thing, nowadays, to see the so-called political economy of these men usurp the place of those principles of politics which reason itself prescribes, and history, as a whole, guarantees. The commonweal shall result — shall it? — from denying all things to the universal of reason, and allowing all things to the individual of brutish self-interest!

There is here matter which we can only indicate.

What we have to reflect upon is, Mr. Buckle's so philosophical elimination of protection, and the chance in this way of success for his work. To leave the whole matter of education aside, would it be possible for us to have seen such a thing as a telescope, were all left to the brutish instincts of animal self-interest?

In the fourth place, Mr. Buckle makes great play, in his pompous, hollow way, with the contrast of induction and deduction. England is this through the one, Scotland is that through the other! The whole matter, however, is but a self-delusion, or a mere *attempt* at literary originality and point, through a contrast that will make the groundling stare. The truth of the matter is that both Hume and Adam Smith simply reasoned on the facts before them, just as Bacon did. Thought is one, not two: the only difference in its regard concerns its expression. What is the work of Smith, for example, unless a number of critical observations on the state of the case as he simply there finds it? Nor because Hume states generally his conclusions first, and then gives his reasons for them, is this a proof that his method was deductive. The question is, how did he attain to his conclusions? That both Hume and Adam Smith did approach certain subjects with preconceived opinions, or even prejudices, that warped the results, there cannot be a doubt; but their action at such times is hardly to be dignified with the name of deduction. Where Hume is valuable, whether as regards politics or metaphysics, he will be found to be simply reasoning about certain exemplars in actual fact. Observe, for instance, how it is situated with his *dictum*, "That an hereditary prince, a nobility without vassals, and a people voting by their representatives, form the best monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy." There is more of a deductive look certainly in

the manner of Adam Smith, for what he has for the most part to convey wears the character of lessons ; but these lessons are still referred to the facts from which they have been won : they are all inferences from considerations of the nature of the case. To distinguish between men and countries on any such principles as these of Mr. Buckle here smacks, in short, of the pretentious mouthing of the philister, rather than of the genuine accents of the philosopher. Hume and Smith and Bacon and Comte only did and could consider — all of them alike — the common world of facts before them from the common world of principles behind them. Nay, what if Smith, in especial, did test his facts by the principle of selfishness, did this testing deserve to be called deduction, and under that name be opposed to induction ? How results shall be expressed is not the same question as how shall they be acquired. But even granting the manner of statement in the one country to be different from that in the other, this difference will by no means support the weight Mr. Buckle would lay upon it. The order in which you present the propositions of your syllogism alters in no way the single knuckle of the syllogism itself. Induction itself is but a syllogism with a peculiar middle term ; and whether it be induction that is the name, or deduction, it is but one and the same mental energy that is the act. Kant, doubtless, would have been to Mr. Buckle the perfect model of deduction ; yet Kant attributed his own success to his adoption of the same method as that adopted by Galileo and Torricelli, by Stahl and Bacon ; and as for statement, it is the same import and in the same way acquired which we have now at the hands of Kant synthetically in the " Kritik of Pure Reason," and again analytically in the " Prolegomena to all Future Metaphysics." The author's nationality is not more determinative in the case of the one work than in that of the other. Mr. Buckle is not too great a man to write a good deal of nonsense, and this of analytic and synthetic statement converted into inductive and deductive methods, the *a posteriori*, the *a priori*, etc., with such vast spiritual and national results, we conceive to be simply an example in point.

Be all that as it may, we are now prepared to turn to the main consideration of — Mr. Buckle at work, — Mr. Buckle on

the one hand generalizing the principles of mind from the facts of history, and on the other hand deductively applying them. We have already seen something of Mr. Buckle's state of mind on the first look at his quarry, — the quarry of history from which he is to hew — all — the palace of Aladdin! Certainly it is not by any means encouraging. Mr. Buckle is seen to look rather hopelessly into this quarry, to grumble a good deal at what he sees there, and not to know where he is to begin at it, or how he is to begin at it. Is the result to be but a mass of desultory remark in consequence now of involuntary floundering, and now of wilful leaps in an all impracticable chaos?

Luckily, however, the preliminary elimination of theology and metaphysics is there to suggest itself, and Mr. Buckle will begin with that. Now, it being Mr. Buckle's single object to demonstrate the movements of man in a similar necessary sequence to those of the movements of nature, theology and metaphysics will have no interest to him, but in so far as they interfere with that object; in so far, then, as it is supposed that there is a will, on the one hand, of God, and, on the other, of man, to disturb the nexus; in so far, also, as their method is not his method, and, consequently, to be exploded. If human movement is to be an independent whole, if it is to appear as an original system of spontaneous law, it must be relieved on the one hand of the wilful interference of God, and on the other of the wilful interference of man. The one concerns theology, the other metaphysics; or, as Mr. Buckle says himself, "The theory of predestination is founded on a theological hypothesis; that of free-will on a metaphysical hypothesis." In the same reference the very method of metaphysics must be proved a failure. Of free-will and predestination Mr. Buckle, in his big way, avers that they "are so suited to the average capacity of the human mind, that even at the present day," etc., "they have corrupted the sources of our knowledge, have given rise to religious sects whose mutual animosities have disturbed society, and too often embittered the relations of private life." One would expect, then, that against two such pernicious doctrines Mr. Buckle would see fit to bring forward such argument as would prove definitively remedial.

Nay, considering that if either be true, — if either God or

man can will a single antecedent, — his own special industry would be brought at once to the short issue of death in the birth, one would think that Mr. Buckle, aware of the vital necessity of this his first step, must have studied the general subject, as he might say himself, both "comprehensively" and "exhaustively," must have convinced himself of the fallaciousness of both assumptions, and have only appeared before the public when provided with such counter-reasoning as would prove irrefutable. It is disappointing, therefore, to be able to find in Mr. Buckle nothing of this nature, but, on the contrary, only such language as would seem to demonstrate, on his part even, so to speak, *professional* ignorance here. Mr. Buckle, in fact, through *ore rotundo* blowing volume of verbiage after volume of verbiage to the amount of several pages, feels himself too great a philosopher and the subject too contemptible to pronounce upon it at all, and might have contented himself, much to our ease and his own, with the brief conclusion that "the more advanced European thinkers" opine, as he says, "that both doctrines are wrong." All this, then, *is* disappointing, and all the more so that the call is only on "the average capacity of the human mind."

But to look a little nearer, we may say, that, as regards predestination, we simply hear that it is a theological hypothesis; that St. Augustine gets it from the Manichæans, but that oddly again, nevertheless, the theologian borrows it from "necessary connection"; that there is "no good evidence" for it; that it is "incompatible with other notions supposed fundamental"; that, accordingly, it "must, in a scientific investigation, be regarded as a barren hypothesis, because, being beyond the province of our knowledge, we have no means of ascertaining either its truth or its falsehood"; and on "the absurdity," etc., he bids us "see," etc.! This certainly is a high-voiced manner of settling a difficulty; but it is probably more satisfactory to the author himself than to his reflective reader. The "magnificent notion of one God" is an approbative phrase of Mr. Buckle here. Why did it not suggest to him his natural responsibilities in such a connection?

Mr. Buckle is scarcely less unsatisfactory on free-will. This doctrine "rests," he tells us, "on the metaphysical dogma of

the supremacy of human consciousness," and then he proceeds thus: —

"Now the existence of this supreme jurisdiction, which is thus to set at defiance all the ordinary methods of reasoning, involves two assumptions: of which the first, though possibly true, has never been proved; and the other is unquestionably false. These assumptions are, that there is an independent faculty called consciousness, and that the dictates of that faculty are infallible. But, in the first place, it is by no means certain that consciousness is a faculty; and some of the ablest thinkers have been of opinion that it is merely a state or condition of the mind. Should this turn out to be the case, the argument falls to the ground; since even if we admit that all the faculties of the mind, when completely exercised, are equally accurate, no one will make the same claim for every condition into which the mind itself may be casually thrown. However, waiving this objection, we may, in the second place, reply, that even if consciousness is a faculty, we have the testimony of all history to prove its extreme fallibility. All the great stages through which, in the progress of civilization, the human race has necessarily passed, have been characterized by certain mental peculiarities or convictions, which have left their impress upon the religion, the philosophy, and the morals of the age. Each of these convictions has been to one period a matter of faith, to another a matter for derision; and yet it is impossible that all these products of consciousness can be true, because many of them contradict each other. . . . . It is clear that the testimony of a man's consciousness is no proof of an opinion being true; for, if it were so, then two propositions diametrically opposed to each other might both be equally accurate," etc., etc.

Human nature is weak, and it is difficult to resist the relief here just of a cry, — just of one long cry of amazement! Bacon died in 1626, Descartes in 1650; since then there have been, on the Continent, Spinosa, Leibnitz, Kant, and in England Hobbes and Locke and Berkeley and Hume, — nay, in unbroken series up to this very day such teachers as Reid and Stewart and Brown and Hamilton, — yet in 1857 it was possible for one cultivated man to utter and for other cultivated men to receive — with perfect conviction in both cases — such extraordinary intimations. Nay, so peculiar is the position that he who shall demonstrate these intimations to be but as the stumblings of a child over and among the most elementary notions, — which is no more than the truth, — will inevitably

wear the appearance of presumption. In view simply of the authority claimed *by* — perhaps *for* — Mr. Buckle, this cannot be otherwise. Nevertheless, it is this claim that is now to be examined.

By reference, by quotation, and otherwise, Mr. Buckle intimates familiarity, on his part, with most of the philosophers and teachers mentioned. Of this, as concerns Brown, for example, there can certainly be no doubt; and still less as regards Descartes. The latter is to Mr. Buckle "the originator of that great system of metaphysics," "the great reformer and liberator of the human intellect"; and, honored by copious quotation and constant reference, he receives, on the part of Mr. Buckle, the most fervid and enthusiastic, the most formal and direct, eulogy which the whole book contains. Mr. Buckle, then, perfectly knows both of you; and yet, O shades of Brown and Descartes! this is the way he understands your most characteristic doctrines, your most current expressions! "It is by no means certain," he says, "that consciousness is a faculty; and some of the ablest thinkers have been of opinion that it is merely a state or condition of the mind!" One would like to have some idea of what strange phantom loomed before Mr. Buckle under the word "consciousness." It was not a *faculty;* it was only a *state*, perhaps, or a *condition* of the mind! One wonders what sort of thing now a faculty was to Mr. Buckle. But did Mr. Buckle really not know such a triviality as this, that Brown introduced the phrase "state of mind" as a preferable general expression to all the usual ones, "function," "affection," "faculty," etc.? and that, consequently, it is no impeachment to a faculty to call it a state or condition of the mind? Brown certainly conceived it a blunder to call consciousness — which, as such, underlies all faculties — only a particular faculty; but he would have looked strangely aghast had it been intimated to him that he held consciousness to be only a "state" or "condition" into which the mind might be "*casually thrown*"! Brown knew well that consciousness, call it what you may, state, faculty, law, is the essential principle of all exercise of mind whatsoever. Hamilton knew this no better, though he sought to elevate a special form into the infallibility of the universal consciousness. Kant, again, whom

Mr. Buckle expects us to believe he understands, what would his whole transcendental philosophy, — which Mr. Buckle carefully avoids jostling, — what would his whole transcendental philosophy, theoretical or practical, his whole *a priori* provision for the exercise of mind in perception, will, etc., be without the inviolability of consciousness? But why talk they? What is all modern philosophy, — and we need not confine ourselves to philosophy proper, — what is the enlightment of the eighteenth century, to which surely Mr. Buckle would not have refused his homage, what is it but the *cultus* of consciousness? And Descartes began it! For his "doubt" would render problematical every tittle which the mind possesses and acknowledges, except only consciousness. I am conscious, said Descartes; that is a fact to which I am directly present; deny what I may, I cannot deny my consciousness. That is the first, the nearest fact; and to it all others must reduce themselves, or they are naught for me. Would they address themselves to me, they must address themselves to consciousness; for only so can they become present to me. What is the right of private judgment, too, but another name for the supremacy of consciousness? and is not that right the ground-principle of Mr. Buckle's whole scheme? What but the right of private judgment is the very *liberty* for which he is so inflamed? A humiliating spectacle it is, then, rather, to watch Mr. Buckle cheerfully sawing off the mighty branch on which alone he is supported, on which alone he would know the world supported, — between himself and the tree!

A very difficult and uncertain matter is this of consciousness, thinks Mr. Buckle, but he, for his part, will be acute and diligent as usual; he will gather passages and settle it all in a note, as thus: —

"Mr. James Mill says that consciousness and belief are the same, and that great error has arisen from calling 'consciousness a feeling distinct from all other feelings.' According to Locke, 'consciousness is a perception of what passes in a man's own mind.' Brown denies that consciousness is a faculty; and Sir W. Hamilton complains of 'Reid's degradation of consciousness into a special faculty.' M. Cousin pronounces consciousness to be 'phénomène complexe,' and 'la *condition* nécessaire de l'intelligence'; while a still later writer (Jobert) declares

that 'we have the consciousness of our consciousness; this is certain.' The statement in Alciphron is equally unsatisfactory; and what still further perplexes the question is the existence of what is now recognized as 'double consciousness.' See on this extraordinary phenomenon Elliotson's 'Physiology,' Mayo's 'Physiology,' Prichard's 'Treatise on Insanity,' Carpenter's 'Human Physiology.'"

This of consciousness, then, is a very ticklish business to Mr. Buckle, and he finds all writers on the subject — haw! — "equally unsatisfactory"! Yet "the dignity and supremacy of the human intellect," — that is his single principle! He styles Descartes, too, "the great reformer and liberator of the human intellect," attributes the accomplishment of all this reformation and liberation to the "method" of Descartes, and acknowledges that method to have rested "solely on the consciousness each man has of the operations of his own mind," seems never to tire, in fact, of evolving big-mouthed period after big-mouthed period about that "extraordinary confidence in the power of the human intellect which eminently characterizes Descartes, and has given to his philosophy that peculiar sublimity which distinguishes it from all other systems"; — all this, absolutely forgetting the equally big-mouthed contempt with which he had spoken of that "boasted faculty," consciousness!

There cannot be a doubt, all this time, but that Mr. Buckle *means* by consciousness, here in its bearing on free-will, only what the Germans call *unmittelbares Wissen*, and we *intuition*, or instinctive conviction; but the perception of this, far from diminishing, positively increases our perception as well of Mr. Buckle's entire relative ignorance, — the entire relative ignorance of the athlete that is to destroy metaphysic!

But suppose we observe now Mr. Buckle's argumentation in his own support: —

"Besides this, another view may be drawn from the common operations of ordinary life. Are we not in certain circumstances conscious of the existence of spectres and phantoms; and yet is it not generally admitted that such beings have no existence at all? Should it be attempted to refute this argument [no danger, Mr. Buckle, not a soul will try!] by saying that such consciousness is apparent, and not real, then I ask, What is it that judges between the consciousness which is

genuine and that which is spurious? If this boasted faculty deceives us in some things, what security have we that it will not deceive us in others? If there is no security, the faculty is not trustworthy. If there is a security, then, whatever it may be, its existence shows the necessity for some authority to which consciousness is subordinate, and thus does away with that doctrine of the supremacy of consciousness, on which the advocates of free-will are compelled to construct the whole of their theory. Indeed, the uncertainty as to the existence of consciousness as an independent faculty, and the manner in which that faculty, if it exists, has contradicted its own suggestions, are two of the many reasons which have long since convinced me that metaphysics will never be raised to a science by the ordinary method of observing individual minds," etc.

These sentences may be taken as a type of the whole of Mr. Buckle.

Observe the *manner!* The expression is lucid to the bottom, and balanced to a point. But what is the worth of the expression, and how far is it to the bottom? By what arts, especially, is the balanced point effected? "If this boasted faculty deceives us in some things, what security have we that it will not deceive us in others?" etc., etc. It is really worth while assuming solemnly a full suit of black for the enunciation of such — seesaw! If the horse will not drive with the snaffle, what security have we that it will drive with the curb? If the ship will not sail off a wind, what security have we that it will sail on one? If the dog will bite without a muzzle, what security have we that it will not bite with one? If the gun will explode when cocked, what security have we that it will not explode when uncocked? If stone will not serve for fuel, what security have we that it will serve for a house? Is it not ludicrous, all this humming on through such mere sound, tucking in, as instinctively suggested by memory, conventional balance after conventional balance of a clause, and swelling into the majesty of the inane itself? With what a superbly serious, with what a deeply convinced air do we not intimate that, after gravest *thought*, these are two of the *many* reasons which, etc.? Ah! *we* at least have studied these matters, — studied them according to those exhaustive and comprehensive methods which, though seldom successfully adopted, ought never to be neglected!

It would be idle to enlarge on the open secret of this verbiage; but what now of the *matter?* It is to be supposed the destruction of metaphysics, the destruction of free-will, through destruction of consciousness; and all in the midst of such knowledge! How could it be else than in the midst of knowledge absolute? for it was necessary to destroy metaphysics and destroy free-will to make room for Mr. Buckle's very foundation. That foundation being, as we have seen, however, the right of private opinion and the supremacy of the human intellect, it was somewhat suicidal to include consciousness in the *destruenda.* Leave alone Brown, leave alone Descartes, Kant, — and him Mr. Buckle actually patronizes, — Kant exclaims that consciousness is the ultimate *punctum* to which we reduce all exercise of the understanding, — "Ja dieses Vermögen ist der Verstand selbst!" It is to be acknowledged, however, that all these men are easily blown aside by Mr. Buckle when he asks in his high way, "Are we not in certain circumstances conscious of the existence of spectres and phantoms?" *

In the midst of the discussion, Mr. Buckle does indeed introduce a little modification of his strictures on consciousness. "Consciousness," he says, "is infallible as to the *fact* of its testimony, but fallible as to the truth." But as readers, we hardly feel our position improved even so; for he adds that the consideration of "truth" involves a "judgment," and "the moment we do this, we introduce the element of fallibility: because consciousness and judgment put together cannot be always right, inasmuch as judgment is often wrong." Having already given up our consciousness, we are asked now to give up our judgment! It is peculiarly distressing! For us certainly, but what of Mr. Buckle himself? How is he ever to arrive anywhere with neither consciousness nor judgment?

* That whole note of Mr. Buckle here about spectral phenomena and dreams — Plato, Cudworth, Broussais, Esquirol, Burdach, Berkeley, Diogenes, Laertius, who not — is so particularly cheering! The amount of light it gives is so enormous, and accounts so easily for the trouble of the writing! Then it is so interesting to know of Plato in the Theætetus that "the only conclusion to which this consummate thinker could arrive was, that whatever appears true to the individual mind is true for him, which, however," we swell ourselves out to say, "is an evasion of the problem, not a solution of it!"

How one should like to know what faculty we are to attribute all these enormous results — the big book itself — to! Then, after all, it is not for *its* faults that we are asked to give up consciousness: it is for the faults of quite another faculty; it is for the faults of judgment! O, "if this boasted faculty deceives us in some things, what security have we that it will not deceive us in others"? Alas for humanity that dare not trust its own judgment! But, doubtless, there are other "faculties"?

Such deliverances as these of Mr. Buckle do not congrue, then, with what is called the technical knowledge of the subject. They do not stand alone, however, but are supported by others more or less akin. Here, for example, is a small instance, but perhaps a decided one. In his third chapter Mr. Buckle, in reference to an affirmation of Sir W. Hamilton that noncontingent truths "have their converse absolutely incogitable," remarks, not without the characteristic *spreading* of himself, "but this learned writer does not mention how we are to know when anything is 'absolutely incogitable'; that we cannot cogitate an idea, is certainly no proof of its being incogitable; for it may be cogitated at some later period when knowledge is more advanced." Fancy Mr. Buckle patiently seated watching the river of time till it brought down round squares, square triangles, or triangles with three right angles! Ah! *labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum!* It was really worth Mr. Buckle's while acquiring his enormous knowledge of Plato and Descartes and Kant, to say nothing at all of Locke and the rest, for such a result as that.

This by the by; return we a moment longer to predestination and free-will. Holding the doctrine of necessity, Mr. Buckle belongs naturally to one side of the general antithesis; but a *side* is altogether inconsistent with the comprehensiveness that would only judge and sentence from a magistral survey of the whole. In such circumstances, and with such internal conviction, Mr. Buckle is somewhat put to it for the preservation of the due middle. He falls on a little artifice, however. He cannot approach the antithesis *qua* antithesis, namely, seriously, that is, he can only approach it, as becomes him, with the patrician sniff; but what then of necessity? Why, necessity, we shall never mention, we shall induct predestination into its

place, and sniff as we please! With only predestination and free-will before us, we can resume that perfect *aplomb* of ours, and perorate as authoritatively as we may desire about "so suited to the average capacity of the human mind that, even at the present day," etc., etc. It is not every reader who will recite this, and other such passages, to himself in the high tone of some righteously indignant, virtuous conjurer! He ought, though.

This little artifice is clever, then, but does Mr. Buckle succeed in it? Even here rather has he not immediately proceeded to baffle his own self? Tracing the origin of the doctrine of predestination to St. Augustine and the Manichæans at one time, does he not refer it at another to necessary connection? "In the second instance, the theologian taking up the doctrine of necessary connection recasts it into a religious shape!" But predestination so situated is empowered to call upon its primitive to share with it the usage which it receives; and Mr. Buckle is bound to bring under the gong of his own peculiar vituperation his own polite necessity quite as much as the theologian's so barbarous election. Nay, he has let the theologian escape; for, coming from necessary connection, predestination is no longer of a possible theological origin. Not but that this genesis of predestination is all the same a strange one. The metaphysician setting out, we saw, with chance arrives in the end at free-will, and this, as a *development* apparently, did not, so far, startle us. But it is otherwise with us as regards predestination where the tables are turned, and where, while barbarous chance yielded then to polite free-will, it is now polite necessity that must yield to barbarous predestination. The genesis is cross, then, and sufficiently perplexing.

In short, Mr. Buckle's lofty pretensions to reject both predestination and free-will are utterly untenable. As a necessitarian, he must take his place, and stand all consequences. The *de haut en bas* tone might have been well spared then; and Mr. Buckle would probably have done himself greater justice had he omitted the *ruse* of a scapegoat at all, and formally discussed the whole metaphysical question known as liberty and necessity. Nay, is it so very reasonable and consistent so egregiously to despise predestination? We have already done

homage to the "magnificent notion of one God," and we admit ourselves necessitarians. Why, then, evading, as said, our natural responsibilities, should we refuse to bring the two notions together? And why, with such superb disdain of "a barren hypothesis," wilfully reject a very legitimately reasoned inference? The universe being a system on necessity, that necessity — if there be a God — must and can only be named predestination. Either, then, Mr. Buckle's homage to the "magnificent notion of one God" implies but one of the phrases with which, by way of ornament, he so ostentatiously covers his capacious page, or the arbitrary resolution to sist reasoning then when it only pleases Mr. Buckle, is hardly to be reconciled with the pretensions of a philosopher.

If, indeed, we are to reject predestination because, being beyond the province of our knowledge, we have no means of ascertaining either its truth or its falsehood, are we a bit better placed as regards necessity? And this, besides, is the conclusion of Mr. Buckle's own school: if we maintain, as we must maintain, and do maintain, that we know only *phenomena*, and that we know of them no more than they themselves give us to know, then, on our own principles, any idea involving necessity is quite incompetent to us! Whatever we observe, namely, enables us to say *that* it is, but never that it *must* be as it is, and cannot be otherwise. But an aggregate of probabilities, though it reached up to Sirius, and back to Osiris, were all too inadequate premises for a conclusion that should contain necessity.

The result, so far, on the whole, seems to be this, that Mr. Buckle's one object being the reduction of the movements of man to the principle of necessity, he was bound, before he could move an inch from the spot, to study and definitively sift the whole subject named liberty and necessity. But of this on the part of Mr. Buckle — even of the indispensable knowledge of Kant in this connection — we have been unable to see any evidence.

In regard to this we have additional light from what Mr. Buckle is pleased to object to the method of metaphysics in general. This occurs in Mr. Buckle's third chapter, and it is really pleasing to observe the grand manner in which Mr. Buckle brings his procession to a halt in this emergency. In

consequence of the pretensions of metaphysicians, Mr. Buckle declares, with all that charming facility of conventional phrase so peculiar to himself, — a conventionality, nevertheless, that is not sense, but only, as it were, so much stereotyped sound, — that "it therefore becomes necessary to ascertain the value of their researches, to measure the extent of their resources, and, above all, to test the validity of that method which they always follow, and by which alone, as they assert, great truths can be elicited." There is a great deal indicated as about to be done here, and were it done it would constitute a considerable work; but it is really astonishing how easily Mr. Buckle and the school of Mr. Buckle content themselves with mere phrases, if, however empty, they are simply balanced enough. So sure, too, is Mr. Buckle that all the world is as he himself is, or so sure is he that it is only to his own he speaks, that it is quite comical to hear him deprecating the natural surprise at the tenets of metaphysicians, which he anticipates on the part of those "who are unversed in these matters," or benevolently intimating that the difficulty to which he alludes, "not being met with in any other pursuit, seems to have escaped the attention of those who are unacquainted with metaphysical controversies." It is only his own, surely, who can be so "unversed" and so "unacquainted"; and it is very good of Mr. Buckle to come to the help of their deficiencies, as well as to indicate a difficulty which had escaped their attention; though attention at all on the part of the "unversed" and the "unacquainted" was hardly to have been expected. In fact, it is only polite of Mr. Buckle to talk of attention in any such circumstances. The difficulty alluded to, we may mention, lies simply in this, that there *is* self-consciousness. What, in explanation of the universe, is perhaps the *key*, Mr. Buckle views as the single chasm of disjunction. The nature of self-consciousness it is that has escaped the attention; "not of the acquainted," no! but, as seems gratuitously to surprise Mr. Buckle, of the "*un*acquainted"! How did the "unacquainted" come to reveal to Mr. Buckle the state of their attention at all? It is pleasant, no doubt, to float at the will of the wave, but it is at least idle; nor can else be said for Mr. Buckle when he floats at will of the alternating clause. But is it so great a

difficulty in the examining of self-consciousness that in it subject and object are one? When we study a crystal, it remains at the last foreign to us, and we have only got at it from the outside. But were that crystal conscious, and did it observe and know its own self, would it not arrive at knowledge infinitely more intimate than ours? Perhaps, then, what Mr. Buckle views as obstructive is really promotive of knowledge. At all events it seems reasonable to suppose the near more easily known than the remote, and it is mind that is precisely *next* to us. But this whole difficulty of Mr. Buckle is but a word, and hardly deserves another.

In further objection to metaphysic, Mr. Buckle adduces the usual garbled citation from Kant, that it has made no progress, and can hardly be said to exist. This, however, is a presumption on our ignorance to the last degree impertinent. For — far from being necessitated to point out that Kant's view of metaphysic, past, present, and future, is expressed by him, not doubtfully, not defectively, not rarely, but with a repetition of precision and amplitude, frequent, if not *ad nauseam*, at least to superfluity and fatigue — all that we have to do is to add to the passage garbled in quotation the failing phrase, that "metaphysic is older than all the other sciences, and would remain if the whole of them were bodily swallowed up in the maw of an all-destroying barbarism."

We cannot subscribe, either, to the objection that metaphysic is limited to "what can be generalized from the facts of individual consciousness." We have already pointed out, indeed, that such limit need not be a disadvantage. Of all sums of knowledge there is not one more accurate and complete than that of anatomy, and not some individual bodies, but one individual body, is there enough. Still, restriction to the individual is not a limit to metaphysics. Physics are no more to the movements of nature than metaphysics are to the movements of man. As there is no restriction in the former to what has been witnessed only in such and such a place, at such and such a time, by such and such an observer, etc., so, in the latter, we are equally allowed "to cover the whole field." History, poetry, eloquence, religion, law, science, — all that man has done, everything that results from the movements of man, —

we are allowed to study for the metaphysical result. That is just what metaphysic is, — the ultimate sifting and searching of all the other sciences; and as they move, so it; nor will its completion precede their completion. It is true that for the brief space in Scotland from Reid to Hamilton, and for the briefer present moment in England under Mr. Mill for chief, metaphysic was and is tantamount to little more than psychology. But that is no reason why we should forget what metaphysic was to the magistral philosophers of all the countries and of all the ages, — Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel. *Καὶ ἔστι τοῦ φιλοσόφου περὶ πάντων δύνασθαι θεωρεῖν.* Nay, even if we suppose Reid right, it is not so certain that Mr. Buckle is not wrong. It is not so certain that even then metaphysic has been confined to psychology and the study of an individual mind. What Reid proceeds upon is really an induction, however miscellaneous; and it is really as such induction that it is passed on to Stewart and Brown. More than that, Reid pretends that he has only followed Bacon here, as Hume, indeed, pretended to the same before him, and Kant after him. It is possible, in a word, that Mr. Buckle has only been precipitate, and that the German philosophers have already accomplished all that he only talks of accomplishing, and in a manner the perfection and completeness of which never occurred to him even in a dream. It is certain, at all events, that these Germans have already endeavored scientifically to generalize the movements of man, and to group them round principles and a single principle. Fancy Mr. Buckle becoming aware that his work has been already done! Not but that these Germans would have found it difficult enough to generalize their results out of the sieges, battles, progresses, processions, and what not of history, or even if, with Mr. Buckle, they had had to read, for these, standing armies, gunpowder, political economy, steam, etc. No element of necessity, possibly, could have seemed to rise to them out of these things, and they might have despaired, so, of that necessary first to a necessary second and a necessary last constitutive of the "chain" Mr. Buckle has so prodigally promised us.

Till Mr. Buckle knew all that, it certainly was not competent to him to assert that metaphysicians had made "no dis-

coveries." Perhaps here, in regard to the laws of association, it is only Mr. Buckle who can appreciate the fact he assures us of, that they are capable of historical verification. The laws of association and their historical verification, — what a loss it is that Mr. Buckle did not enable us to understand that! In the same way it is difficult to feel at home with Mr. Buckle when he tells us of metaphysicians, that, "at the present moment, their systems, so far from approximating towards truth, are diverging from each other with a velocity which seems to be accelerated by the progress of knowledge." Very far from that, we are asked to believe in these days that it has been expressly proved that even the whole history of philosophy constitutes but a single system and on a single principle; that all philosophical opinions have been but moments in a single scientific whole. Mr. Buckle recommends every theologian and metaphysician to get by heart this sentence, "That we have first raised a dust, and then complain we cannot see." We should not wonder if Mr. Buckle's readers asserted the former clause of him, and the latter of themselves.

Why should these reproaches be levelled specially at metaphysics? Are there not disputes and differences in all the fields of inquiry, and would it not be easy one-sidedly to exaggerate them into hopelessness? And what is the real bearing of the censure, — "much movement but little progress"? What sort of progress is expected? Something tangible, lighthouses perhaps? But is the inner outer, then, though in the end the latter is but the result of the former? Above all, after the Germans, is it now that these reproaches are in place? No progress! Perhaps in its own department the progress has only been too rapid, though we have only to bless it for the fact that even in all the positive sciences Germany is now by far the first country in the world. There is really a vast deal to be said here of what, in Germany, the progress of metaphysic (and, consequently of science) has been, as well as of what a hopeless sort of thing this shallow historical chaos of the well-meaning Mr. Buckle looks beside it. Room fails, however. We will only illustrate how little prepared Mr. Buckle was to pronounce on all this by an example or two of the way he understands Kant.

Mr. Buckle's use of such words as *transcendent*, *empirical*, etc., and as in reference to Kant, are flagrant instances in point; but we shall pass these for the most part, and confine ourselves on the whole to his deliverances in the two notes with which he terminates his — important first and third chapters!

In the latter of these Mr. Buckle refers to what he considers Kant's apology for that great difficulty about which he (Mr. Buckle) is so much concerned as having "escaped" the "unacquainted," the fact of self-consciousness, or, simply, of self, a fact that involves the duplicity of subject and object in one act. This difficulty, as we have hinted, may be viewed as a facility. But be that as it may, it is thus that Mr. Buckle refers to Kant's words here: —

"In regard to one of the difficulties stated in this chapter as impeding metaphysicians, it is only just to quote the remarks of Kant: 'Wie aber das Ich, der ich denke, von dem Ich, das sich selbst anschaut, unterschieden (indem ich mir noch andere Anschauungsart wenigstens als möglich vorstellen kann) und doch mit diesem letzteren als dasselbe Subject einerlei sei, wie ich also sagen könne: Ich als Intelligenz und denkend Subject, erkenne mich selbst als gedachtes Object, so fern ich mir noch über das in der Anschauung gegeben bin, nur, gleich andern Phänomenen, nicht wie ich vor dem Verstande bin, sondern wie ich mir erscheine, hat nicht mehr auch nicht weniger Schwierigkeit bei sich, als wie ich mir selbst überhaupt ein Object und zwar der Anschauung und innerer Wahrnehmung sein könne.' (*Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, in *Kant's Werke*, Vol. II. p. 144.) I am very willing to let the question rest on this; for to me it appears that both cases are not only equally difficult, but, in the present state of our knowledge, are equally impossible."

In Rosenkranz's edition the above passage will be found at page 749 of Vol. II.; of course, *denkend* should be *denkendes*.

Now, it is to be understood, in the first place, that Kant here has not the slightest thought of Mr. Buckle's difficulty; but has something in his eye that constitutes a difficulty of a far other and more serious nature. What Kant has before him here is precisely that over which M. Cousin has also so signally stumbled; and it ought to be a lesson to all secondary people to be very careful as to permitting themselves the luxury of

any *de haut en bas* rebuke of this primary of the moment. Kant, in fact, is speaking of this, that if, on the one side, I know the inner (myself) as I know the outer, only through sense, phenomenally, or as appears, and if, on the other side, I know the inner (myself) as the logical "I think," the simple I, without perceivable constitutive complex, — how these two are one, or how the bare I of the intellectual "I think" and the I of sensuous affection are one and the same, — that this has no more and no less difficulty than how I can be an object (even sensuously if you like) to myself at all. The passage is certainly difficult, but if the reader will only put the three words *noch über das* into brackets, all difficulty will probably at once disappear, and he will then see that Kant is simply saying that, how the intellectual *ego* and the sensuous *ego* should distinguish and yet identify themselves, is at least as easy as how I can be an object to myself at all. In fact, express it as he may, Kant only wants to say here that his theory of consciousness knowing itself phenomenally, is no more and no less difficult than the common admission of consciousness knowing itself at all. We may refer, in passing to this, that the logical or intellectual *ego*, the bare "'t is I that am so thinking," is the I Am that threw Coleridge into the Jewish Temple and the middle of an Oriental opium dream. To repeat, Kant then says: "How the *intellectual* I (that only knows intellectually or logically the bare fact *that* it is), — how this I is distinguished from, yet identical with, the *perceptive* I (perceptive as under inner affection and so knowing *how* it is), moreover, how then (as regards the latter question, my *perceivability*, my sensuous state, my *how* I am) I can know myself, not as I am to the understanding (to which I am only the I of the 'I think'), but just like all other phenomena, simply as I appear to (inner) sense, — all this has no more and no less difficulty than how I can be to myself an object at all, an object that is of perception, of internal perception." And all this is no more than that, knowing the *what* (the states) of myself only sensuously, I so far know myself only phenomenally and as I appear, let it be as it may with the I of the "I think" (or the 't is I that am here and now so thinking) that intellectually accompanies all my experiences whatsoever (which I, however, is

only said *bare* I). In short, the difficulty before Kant's mind is merely this: people suppose that, being conscious of themselves, they know themselves directly; whereas I want to tell them that, knowing themselves (in their constitutive matter, or states, namely) only *perceptively*, or through sense, they also know themselves, like all other things, only phenomenally, or not as they are, but as they appear; and I want likewise to tell them that my way is as easy as their way. Kant only calls here on common experience to admit that how we should know ourselves phenomenally is not more difficult than how we should know ourselves at all; and the argument is, if you feel no difficulty in the one case, you ought to feel none in the other. In the passage quoted by Mr. Buckle, Kant, then, is simply employed on his own peculiar theory of an inner sense; but what Mr. Buckle wishes us to believe him employed on is the rescue of the metaphysician from the difficulty with which he (Mr. Buckle) reproaches him, — a difficulty which we venture to say never occurred to Kant to discuss. This very passage, indeed, would prove him not even to have entertained it; for he says *there is no difficulty in your way*, and there should be as little in mine.

My way, that is, is that we know ourselves phenomenally, and yours that we know ourselves at all. "I know myself," let us say: Mr. Buckle admits this, but asserts such knowledge to lie under the disadvantage of the mind being at once "instrument" and "material" in it. "I know myself": Kant remarks, Yes, phenomenally, and it is not more difficult that you know yourself phenomenally than that you know yourself at all. The proposition, then, Mental knowledge is burdened with the difficulty that the two sides of it, subject and object, are one, is not this other proposition, Phenomenal self-knowledge is not more and not less difficult than self-knowledge at all. There is not the slightest attempt, on the part of Kant, to fence with the difficulty of Mr. Buckle. That Kant should say mental knowledge is phenomenal knowledge, cannot be represented as even touching this difficulty; for all other knowledge — physical as well — is to Kant phenomenal knowledge; and whether mental knowledge be called phenomenal or whether it be called noumenal, or whatever you like, it is still a knowl-

edge where *self* is at once *knowing* and *knower;* and this last fact is the single difficulty of Mr. Buckle.

What faith, then, can we accord Mr. Buckle in his undertaking as against metaphysic, when we find him attempting to support himself by the pillar merely of some detached passage that is plainly there only through the hap-hazard of accidental reading? But observe now what Mr. Buckle says in regard to this his wholly irrelevant quotation, "It is only just to quote the remarks of Kant." Is not Mr. Buckle magnanimous? He has completely demolished a doctrine; but he relents to allow the best word of its best friend to be heard in its favor! Nay, with his very grandest air of benevolent concession, Mr. Buckle declares, "I am very willing to let the question rest on this!" What a comfort to the metaphysician must not this large-hearted liberal allowance of Mr. Buckle be! Mr. Buckle is very willing to let the question of the difficulty of self-knowledge in that it is *self*-knowledge rest on the question of the difficulty of phenomenal self-knowledge in that it is *phenomenal!* "I am very willing to let the question rest on this; for to me it appears that both cases are not only equally difficult, but, in the present state of our knowledge, are equally impossible." What a happiness it is that Mr. Buckle should be so gentle with Kant, the whole thing being left to *his* authority! But, alas! "in the present state of our knowledge," "both" cases before Kant — phenomenal self-knowledge and self-knowledge at all — are definitively pronounced, by Mr. Buckle, not only "equally difficult," but "equally impossible!" The disconsolate metaphysicians may well gather traps, and shut up their boxes now, muttering, no doubt: That confounded "state of our knowledge"! it kept us a moment ago from thinking square rounds and round squares, and now it makes it impossible for us to know even our own selves, noumenally *or* phenomenally: in the present state of our knowledge, self-knowledge at all, self-consciousness at all, is quite impossible!

This, however, is not the only unsatisfactory relation in which Mr. Buckle appears towards Kant. Sundry passages in his first chapter, which concern the views of the same philosopher with reference to free-will and necessity, are equally unsatisfactory. For example, a free-will can to Mr. Buckle

seemingly be only such as is independent of motives, and this view Mr. Buckle appears to conceive as identical with that of Kant. It is perfectly certain, nevertheless, that Kant never for a moment supposed that the will, though free, was independent of motives. Free-will with Kant stands on a very different basis. Mr. Buckle, for his part, believes that all actions result from motives, these from antecedents; and, were we acquainted with these last and their laws, "we could with unerring certainty predict the whole of their immediate results." Mr. Buckle, probably indeed, found Kant to have preceded him in almost these very words; for the following passage is from Kant himself: "Could we explore to the very grounds all the phenomena of man's volition, there would be discovered no single human action which we could not predict with certainty, and recognize as necessitated by its antecedent conditions." * This, certainly, is *one half* of the doctrine of Kant, and it corresponds so exactly with Mr. Buckle's *whole* doctrine that it is no wonder this latter should be astonished there is any *other half* to speak of. Mr. Buckle, accordingly, refers to Kant's remarkable attempt to evade the view conveyed by the above words, and promises to add in a note all the passages he can find in Kant relative to this peculiar double doctrine of his. The note promised contains a few passages from the "Kritik of Pure Reason" and the "Metaphysic of Morals," which really express, to a certain extent, the special doctrine of Kant; but they are all too inadequate to do the subject justice. But this was a subject demanding, surely, if any, the most ample justice. If, despite his acquiescence in a necessary natural mechanism, which carries man also in its web, Kant really believed that he could likewise equally acquiesce in the certainty of human free-will, it was assuredly not Mr. Buckle's duty to slur over this latter part, but to meet it and either refute it or demonstrate its inapplicability to his own doctrine. This, too, not because of the half-dozen passages which Mr. Buckle has collected, but because of the long, complete, continuous, express discussion; because, in short, of Kant's whole

* Kant is, nevertheless, wrong here: a vast number of our actions are contingent on what lies nearest, or on the result of mere toss-up. It is improper to call these calculable phenomena of volition.

practical system. It is quite absurd, then, to call this — a discussion so ample, so direct, so unwithholding, so anxious and conscientious — an "attempt to evade." The idea of evading never occurred to Kant. To him the fact of moral free-will is as absolutely certain as that of physical necessity, and it fell to his precise function as a philosopher to resolve the resultant antinomy. This resolution, or solution, he conceived himself to have discovered, and he cannot find breadth enough for its elaboration in either of his first two great Kritiken. It is a perversion of the doctrine of Kant, then, to state his adhesion to natural necessity without stating at the same time his no less firm adhesion to moral free-will *and* — the solution that was to act as conciliating copula between both. Until Mr. Buckle had mastered all this material, he was in no condition to bury free-will beneath necessity; and until he did find himself in such condition, any forward step in his general object could only prove precipitate, premature, and futile. In the note spoken of, we find these closing remarks of Mr. Buckle's: —

"These passages prove that Kant saw that the phenomenal reality of free-will is an indefensible doctrine; and as the present work is an investigation of the laws of phenomena, his transcendental philosophy does not affect my conclusions. According to Kant's view (and with which I am inclined to agree) the ordinary metaphysical and theological treatment of this dark problem is purely empirical, and therefore has no value. The denial of the supremacy of consciousness follows as a natural consequence, and is the result of the Kantian philosophy, and not, as is often said, the base of it."

We remark, first, that as to what *is* the base of the Kantian philosophy, this does not depend on what is *said*, whether often or not often. As regards the fundamental principle of Kant's system in all its branches, we are not in the slightest permitted to doubt. In the theoretic branch it is pure apperception, or our original self-consciousness. In the practical or moral branch, it is the same consciousness in presence of the law of its own freedom. Even in the Kritik of Judgment the base is constituted by a spontaneity again of consciousness. In short, had Mr. Buckle possessed an inkling of the truth here, it would as soon have occurred to him to call Newton a follower of Ptolemy, as to insinuate that Kant did not found all on, but

on the contrary, actually denied, the supremacy of consciousness. That Mr. Buckle should be so suicidally eager to saw off the whole of his own support in this world, we shall not allow to disturb us now. But to place Kant in the same category is about the most complete self-conviction of ignorance that has ever yet been perpetrated by mortal. Observe, too, the accessaries of the perpetration, the puff of self-importance, the smile of easy strength over a disconcerted crowd; "the denial of the supremacy of consciousness follows as a natural consequence, and is the result of the Kantian philosophy, and not, as is often said, the base of it." Surely the *puff* can be actually heard here, — the puff of superior penetration that is only, however, the blunder of a school-boy's conceit. Mr. Buckle has manipulated the leaves of the books of Kant, as he manipulated the leaves of those of others. We can see here, too, how a man may just hug himself on his own exposure of his own self. In the whole passage, indeed, there is nothing else visible. "According to Kant's view, and with which I am inclined to agree!" How natural must not that enormous sufficiency be to Mr. Buckle; it is positively generous of him to patronize Kant! But in regard to what does he agree with Kant? That so and so is "empirical," "and therefore has no value!" To know Kant, and yet to attribute "empirical" to him (who uses it on every page) as here used! Or to describe Kant as believing something to be "empirical," "and therefore of no value!" Of course, as we all know, *empirical* has but one sense to Mr. Buckle and the whole school of the Revulsion; but, as we all know, too, it is a very different sense the Germans attach to it.

But to go higher in the quotation, we find Mr. Buckle saying, "These passages prove that Kant saw that the phenomenal reality of free-will is an indefensible doctrine; and as the present work is an investigation of the laws of phenomena, his transcendental philosophy does not affect my conclusions." And Mr. Buckle's eye twinkles. For, in saying "my object being only phenomena, Kant's transcendental philosophy does not affect me," he feels that he has dexterously turned the flank of the whole transcendental philosophy, and left it behind him, while triumphantly carrying off, at the same time,

the whole authority of Kant in his front? It is a pity to quench the twinkle; but the truth just is, that the whole transcendental army, turning on a pivot, lies boldly before Mr. Buckle again, for what is transcendental is but part and parcel of the phenomena! Nay, only in what is transcendental is it possible to find — Mr. Buckle's scope — these same "laws" of the "phenomena." When Mr. Buckle, then, professes not to consult the transcendental philosopy, because his object is phenomena, it is as if we heard James Ferguson declining to consult the *Principia* of Newton,* on a plea of investigating the movements of the stars!

On the whole, then, Mr. Buckle must be pronounced very far from satisfactory as regards any "exhaustive and comprehensive" discussion of the subject of free-will, etc., and equally so with reference to the knowledge he displays, whether of metaphysics in general or of metaphysicians in particular. We have seen predestination lugged in to cover necessity, and then turned out again, we may boldly say, simply at Mr. Buckle's good pleasure. And as for free-will, we have seen Mr. Buckle excising from beneath it (*and* his own self) consciousness! and that, too, in a most ludicrous confusion of consciousness, conscience, faculties, states of mind, etc., etc. Nay, we "omitted to observe" that the pretensions of Mr. Buckle could not consistently use such an argument as this: "It is clear that the testimony of a man's consciousness is no proof of an opinion being true; for, if it were so, then two propositions diametrically opposed to each other might both be equally accurate." Such an argument comes oddly from a student of metaphysics with the Antinomies before his eyes, or the simple fact at once of the *finite* and the *infinite* divisibility of matter. In a word, the two questions of chance and predestination, or of free-will and necessity, were, for resolution, pre-

* Mr. Buckle had already told us that "transcendental laws of the reason" are "laws which are removed from the domain of experience, and cannot be verified by observation." How much this contrasts with the truth will be readily understood when we know that *all* Kant's transcendental principles have *no* object *whatever* but to render experience possible, almost to create experience, and that consequently they *can* be verified by observation. And Mr. Buckle's pretensions in Kant's regard, are not less than in that of every other!

liminaries absolutely crucial in regard to Mr. Buckle's whole enterprise, and he has only attempted, in the midst of the strangest ignorance, summarily to truncate them. They remain behind, then, only like outflanked forts that, as it were, grimly smiling, await his return. Consciousness, his own support, and the support of the whole world, is to be withdrawn by these one or two hap-hazard school-boy crudities! Such an exploit was conclusive beforehand as to how he would show when examining metaphysics in general, — an inquiry *also* crucial in regard to his whole future. Metaphysics, too, it seems, are to slink from the field, cowering before the eyes of Mr. Buckle, while he simply murmurs to them "ideas or sensations." If you would go to Australia, you must double the cape *either* of Hope *or* of Horn; that is, to go to Australia is impossible! We know that this illustration is utterly stupid; but it will be difficult to show that Mr. Buckle's proceedings deserve a better one. When we look back, indeed, on all that lies behind us, it is with something broader than a smile that we read his characteristic summing up: "This, unless I am greatly mistaken, is the view which must be held by every man whose mind is unbiassed by system, and who forms his opinions according to the evidence actually before him!" This is Mr. Buckle's definition for the man who starting with the two or three prejudices of the *Aufklärung* desultorily reads in search of supports for these, as the *non plus ultra* of ultimate and definitive *enlightenment*.

J. H. Stirling.

Art. V. — Herder.

I.

Few German writers are so well known and so little read as Herder, for none have exercised a deeper or more extensive influence than this poet-philosopher, who, nevertheless, did not bequeath to us a single complete work. He ruled with undisputed authority over a whole generation; his sovereignty over the entire German literature remained uncontested for a period of ten years (1770 to 1780); he was the zealous apostle of a new literary creed, and the greatest among his numerous disciples bore the name of Wolfgang Goethe. Nay, more; the nineteenth century, although at times apparently unconscious of the fact, in reality owes the turn which it has taken almost exclusively to him, and that not only where Germany is concerned. If it be true that the second half at least of the present century recognizes the intellectual supremacy of Germany, as the century before it (from 1750 to 1850) submitted to the authority of French influence, Herder has every right to be considered its spiritual parent; for he was the prophet of the German idea, as it was afterwards shaped, developed, carried out, consolidated, and applied from 1775 to 1825 by Goethe to poetry, by Hegel to philosophy, by Niebuhr to history, by Savigny to jurisprudence, by F. A. Wolf to philology, by Wilhelm von Humboldt to linguistics, by Alexander von Humboldt to natural history, and, finally, by D. F. Strauss to theology. Herder was at once the originator and the head of that historical school which rules the intellectual world of the present day. It was he who first thought of applying that principle of *fieri* to the domain of poetical, religious, and political history, which Heraclitus had originally introduced into that of metaphysics. Now, Herder's idea, like all other grand thoughts destined to exercise permanent and extensive influence, was based upon the nature of the man whose brain produced it, and the times which produced him. We crave permission, therefore, to begin by depicting the thinker and the age to which he belonged, ere we proceed to an exposition of the idea to which both ultimately succeeded in converting the world.

It was a sturdy, robust race, indeed, that of those German colonists who, under the joint protection of the Teutonic knights and their own good swords, undertook the task of cultivating the barren wastes of the Baltic provinces which they had wrenched from the feeble grasp of the mild, effeminate Sclavonic and Lettic people; and who, in modern times, were foremost in giving the signal for the War of Deliverance (*Befreiungskrieg*). It was of this serious, hard-working, fervently enthusiastic stock that Herder came; it was among a race such as this that the first twenty-five years of his life were spent. His father, originally brought up to the weaver's trade, had become schoolmaster, sexton, and singer to the Polish Church at the small town of Mohrungen, some twenty or thirty leagues from Königsberg. Surrounded by sands, forests, lakes, and marshes, this wretched little place of two thousand inhabitants, with its dismantled turrets and walls, and its castle strong-hold in ruins whence the knights of the sword were wont to defend it against Polish inroads, is the very type of those tiny oases of civilization which Saxon tenacity so well knew how to maintain and uphold for ages in these sterile countries. By dint of a strong will, hard labor, and still more of resignation, these populations just contrived to keep alive. A deeply rooted religious feeling, moreover, contributed not a little to help them; these Germans had all embraced the Lutheran faith with fervor, and ever remained true to it. The humble dwelling of Herder's parents was one of the purest sanctuaries of this simple yet deep faith. In this lowly abode, pervaded by the spirit of order, gravity, and moral purity, reading the Scriptures and chanting the evening hymn were not mere outward formalities. The mother, a blacksmith's daughter, was a woman remarkable alike for her intelligence and her serious turn of mind. The principal religious book made use of in this small family circle has been preserved. In it, according to the old Protestant custom, Herder the elder inscribed the birth of his son, *Johann Gottfried*, on the 25th of August, 1744, commending him to the Divine grace. Even the choice of his name was no matter of mere chance. "Long after," we are told by the son, "when my father was pleased with me, his face would lighten up, and he would lay his hand softly upon

my head, calling me 'God's peace' (*Gottesfrieden*). This was my greatest, sweetest reward. Strict and just to the highest degree, he was good and kind in no lesser proportion. I shall never forget his austere, taciturn countenance, and his bald forehead." Young Herder had inherited his father's serious turn of mind, and at the early age of four years he was already observed to retire from his playmates, and frequently found sitting silent and thoughtful in a corner of their small garden. Everything by which his childhood was surrounded had a serious aspect,—his family, the country, his school. There was a little college or Latin school at Mohrungen, conducted by a single teacher. This gloomy, morose, pedantic old man, severe even to cruelty, ever ready to make use of the cane, had a taste, nevertheless, for his irksome calling, and exercised it with zeal and conscientiously. In his eyes the school was a sanctuary, and the scholars were expected to doff their caps as soon as they came in sight of it. Still the old despot would moderate himself and be kind enough to such as worked hard. Young Herder soon became a favorite. He used to take him with him on his Sunday walks, making him gather certain herbs by the roadside with which he was wont to brew himself a species of cheap tea; nay, at times he was even known to go so far as to offer his pupil a cup of the delectable beverage with a bit of sugar. The youth needed no encouragement to work. He read everything he could get hold of. Books happened to be rare and costly articles at Mohrungen; but when young Gottfried, passing along, caught sight of some tempting book in those low German shop windows, which seem to court curiosity, he used to walk in and modestly to request the loan of it. He would then retire with his prize to some favorite tree, climb up into its branches, and quietly settling down give himself up to the delight of reading with a kind of rage. He was, upon one occasion, very near breaking his neck through a fall, and ever afterwards was wont to tie himself to the tree with straps, in order to be able entirely to forget his dangerous position. He knew the Bible by heart, and with his vivid imagination had created for himself a whole picture of the Oriental world upon which it is based. But it was Homer who most deeply interested him. Many years

afterwards he remembered how "as a child he had melted into tears on first reading the great poet's metaphor of spring and leaves, and the disappearance of the generations of men from the earth even as they disappear,—a thing which rarely happens to a school-boy." It was Homer, too, who awakened in him a yearning after the South, with its glowing sun, its balmy isles, and its bright blue sea, so often referred to in the Odyssey, and brightened the heart of that son of the moors and a leaden sky. He would look at them in his school-atlas with a longing eye, and point them out enthusiastically to his little sister as the lands of his dreams. His thoughts were constantly reverting to them in his solitary rambles through the woods and along the margin of the lake, where he loved to saunter book in hand at the close of the day, when his long, wearisome classes were over, now reading, now pondering awhile, and then reading again.

This youth, sound in body and mind, but of a timid, reserved, proud nature, was engaged at the age of sixteen as man-servant and copier by the deacon of Mohrungen, a tolerably prolific theological writer, whose works found numerous readers in those times. Herder's master was still young, but far too much engaged with his own personal merits to pay any attention to those of others around him. His aged sister, who acted as housekeeper to his Reverence, despatched the new servant to market, or to the butcher's, as circumstances might require, and would rate him soundly if he dallied by the way. It may easily be imagined that this treatment was by no means calculated to overcome young Herder's natural shyness. "His voice was husky," wrote his master, years afterwards, "and he remained profoundly shut up within himself. He was never known to speak of his own accord, nor was anything to be got out of him which might have induced me to think him a more than ordinary individual." And yet opportunities had not been wanting, had the worthy deacon chosen to profit by them, to have discovered something far from ordinary in this individual. Did he not one day find an eloquent, contrite epistle in his confessional, and soon recognize the handwriting of his *famulus?* And had not other folks found out the spark that lay smouldering in the embers? The excellent town-preacher

Willamovius, as well as his wife, had from the first taken an especial interest in Herder as a child; and he, finding in them his parents' goodness and piety, without their austerity, thawed from his icy reserve and seemed to breathe more freely in their presence. In spite of his own poverty, this good vicar used to divide all he had with the indigent among his parishioners, and if at times his worthy helpmate would expostulate with him on the score of his charitable excesses, he would answer her, "Be quiet, good mother, God will provide for you and our children." In a small paper, written quite in his early youth (1765), called "God's Preacher," Herder has set up a monument to the memory of this true divine, who had been the means of shedding a ray of light and warmth upon his otherwise mournfully chilly youth. Some outward circumstance was necessary in order to awaken Trescho, the deacon, to a consciousness of what lay in his servant. Narrowness of accommodation had obliged him to give Herder his own library to sleep in. Now Trescho, awakening once in the middle of the night, and perceiving a light burning in his study, arose and stole softly into the room, where he found his man-servant sitting fast asleep on the bed, surrounded by Greek and Hebrew books. On a chair beside him was a lamp, which the young student literally supplied at his own expense, saving wherewithal to pay the oil from the groschen allowed him for his breakfast. Even this discovery, however, did not prove sufficient to enlighten Trescho, who persevered as before in not seeing more in his servant than one destined to a manual trade. A fact yet more striking failed still in making any impression on his learned master, entirely wrapped up in himself. He had sent a manuscript of his to a publisher at Königsberg, which was returned to him printed in a newspaper with the addition of an ode he had not written, and which had excited the editor's enthusiasm. The whole Herder is already to be found in this poem, addressed "to Astyages, by Cyrus," — Peter the Great, by Peter the Third, — in which he sings the praises of the juvenile monarch who had bestowed peace upon the world, and freedom upon the unhappy.* From this day forward, however, Trescho admitted

* It is well known that the accession of Peter III. had for its consequence the end of the Seven Years' War, and that the first act of the young sovereign's reign was to call back from Siberia the political victims of the preceding reign (Empress Elizabeth's).

the young poet, not indeed to his table, but at any rate to his writing-desk, although he never ceased doing all in his power to dissuade him from adopting the literary career. Can it be wondered at if, twenty-five years later, Herder wrote in the following bitter terms: "The first pictures which surrounded my youth were almost all melancholy ones, and among them is more than one remembrance of slavery which I would fain cancel with my heart's blood."

One thing there was of which our young friend had a greater dread even than of the mechanic's trade, and that was military service under the great king. What the Prussian Army was ere Scharnhorst made a national school of discipline out of it, every one knows. In Herder's eyes, — nor was he far wrong, — it was little better than the hulks, and he was wont to compare the red collars of Frederick's warriors to the iron rings of the galley slaves. While yet quite young, he gave vent to his horror of this servitude in an eloquent poem entitled "The Cradle": —

> "Who is yon little slave, who imprisoned
> Within this premature coffin already bewails his future destiny?"

At every turning he shuddered at the thought that he might meet the terrible recruiting officer: "What a number of brave ones have perished there," he writes from Königsberg, "and how this military discipline paralyzes the poor folks in Prussia with fear and abject slavery! They hardly venture to reflect or dare think anything of themselves." An unexpected circumstance, however, was soon to release him from apprehensions of this kind, and at once let light dawn upon his future prospects. One of those Russian regiments, which had been recalled from the Seven Years' War on the accession of Peter the Third to the throne, happening to pass through Mohrungen, the surgeon-major — a Curländer — accidentally saw Herder, who brought him a glass of water while in Trescho's house. They entered into conversation, whereupon the surgeon examined Herder's eyes, — for at that time already he was suffering from lachrymal fistula, — and at once offered to take him to Königsberg, cure him, and have him taught medicine gratuitously, provided he consented to accompany him afterwards to St. Petersburg. Herder hailed in this man his liberator from captivity, and, taking a sudden resolution, left the very next

day with him for Königsberg. This came to pass during the summer of 1762, Herder being at that time eighteen years old.

"My first impression was *unique*," he writes from the ancient capital of Prussia, soon after his arrival; "all on a sudden transplanted from my humble, quiet little Mohrungen to this noisy, busy, thriving city; how astonished I was at everything I saw, and how grand everything appeared!" Still there was also work to be done. The surgeon lost no time in conducting his *protégé* to an anatomical dissection; but the poet fainted at the sight, nor could he ever again be induced to resume his medical studies. He plainly declared his intentions in this respect to his benefactor; and, in order to acquit himself to a certain degree of the obligations which he had incurred towards him, he translated a treatise, which the surgeon had written, into Latin for him. On the other hand, his protector procured him a situation as clerk at a bookseller's, as well as a lodging at the house of one of his colleagues, Dr. Hamann. These two arrangements proved decisive for Herder's future. His principal, the very same Kantern, by the way, who had published his "Ode to Cyrus," introduced him to Kant, while his landlord's son was, during his student's life, to be his best friend, his guide, and his initiator. Although the indefatigable young bookworm found enough to read at the bookseller's to occupy him night and day, and besides had ample opportunities of hearing all the professors who were in the habit of meeting and talking together in the shop after their lectures, he determined to complete his regular studies. Having met with a refusal at first, on the part of the Dean of the Philosophical Faculty, on account of his not having taken his degree, he next had recourse to the theological Dean, before whom he passed a brilliant examination. Here he was then a *civis academicus*, with three thalers eight groschen in his pockets and the register fees to pay. The schoolmaster at Mohrungen that day entered into his Prayer Book: "Anno, 1762, August the 16th, my son became *Stud. Theol.* O, hidden Deity! thou who bringest to light that which lieth concealed, kindle within his bosom the spark of faith, and act upon him by the spirit of thy grace!" It proved, however, to have been no propitious star which had guided the young man to the abode of the Dean of Theology.

His first winter was a very arduous one. The poor student was hardly able to pick up a stray private lesson, here and there, wherewith to escape starvation. Towards spring, however, his prospects began to brighten. He obtained a class at the town-college, called the Fridericianum, where brilliant triumphs lay in store for him. Still he felt himself ill at ease there. With a strong tendency to be dissatisfied with the present, Herder had besides much to endure from narrow-mindedness in religious matters and superannuated traditions still reigning paramount at this establishment. "Good old Frederica!" he writes, on leaving the college at the end of eighteen months' duty, "a slight wrinkle of pedantry or mole of piety may formerly have served as a set-off to her beauty, but *rouge* no longer becomes her since her youth has passed away." In spite of sundry annoyances and privations, on the whole these were nevertheless happy years. His patron, the bookseller, had made him acquainted with Kant, who, though not yet a celebrity, nor even an *Ordinarius*, was in Herder's eyes already the sage among sages. Kant was then under forty, and followed implicitly the current of that eighteenth century, which he indeed never repudiated. It must have been difficult indeed, on hearing the great philosopher expatiate with warmth and enthusiasm upon his favorite poets, Haller and Pope, or upon time and eternity, for Herder not to feel enthusiasm becoming contagious. One day he rushed home to put the sage's ideas into flaming verses. Kant, to whom he brought them next day, was not a little struck by his ardor; he read them to his audience, adding, "When this boiling genius has done fermenting, he will be a very useful man by his talents." Who could then have predicted the desperate warfare which was to break out between these two great men thirty years later? At this time, indeed, Kant the man and Kant the philosopher was not yet that advocate of Pure Reason he subsequently became when the enthusiasm of his youth had subsided, and he began to meditate in the austere silence of speculative thought those ideas which have since entirely renovated the philosophical world by giving a new basis to reflection and morality. Herder owed the awakening of philosophical thought in his mind to Kant: —

"When there where nothing is felt or thought,
I yet bare fetters, oppressed by dust, sweat, and tears,
I sighed, — for how can a slave sing? —
And Apollo, the god, came.
Away with the chains! My terrestrial glance
Was uplifted; he gave me Kant!"

With what intense admiration he used to speak of his teacher long after he had left Königsberg!

"I once had the happiness of knowing a philosopher; he was my instructor. He had the joyous cheerfulness of youth at that happy time. His open forehead, created expressly for thought, was the seat of imperturbable serenity; his speech, redundant with ideas, flowed from his lips; he always had some humorous *trait*, some witty sally at his disposal, and his teaching was a source of the most instructive intercourse for me..... He would constantly bring us back to the simple, unaffected study of nature, and the moral worth of man..... He gave me confidence and obliged me to think for myself. Tyranny was foreign to his soul!"

It was again Kant, who, after having initiated him into the philosophy of the age, — to Shaftesbury, Hume, and Locke, — revealed Rousseau to him, — that Rousseau whose influence is to be traced in every page he afterwards wrote; Rousseau, whose fertile ideas it was Herder's mission to transfer to other soils; Rousseau, to whom the earliest of his poems was addressed:—

"I will seek my own self....!
. . . . .
Come, be my guide, O Rousseau!"

All the earlier poems of his youth are especially characteristic of Herder's disposition. They are either vague complaints of others and of himself, "on the search for men and finding mere masks"; invocations to that obscure lyric enthusiast, Pindar; or, finally, funereal elegies and songs of the Titans. The latter sound like the war-cry of young Germany in 1772, whose vanguard the poet himself was destined to lead on to the attack against the Olympic deities of that day, Convention and Reason.

It was Hamann's mission to point out this road to him, and, in truth, this sibyllic prophet, the *Magus of the North*, as his generation was wont to call him, was no unimportant initiator.

Although then hardly thirty-three, he had seen a good deal of the world, and after a stormy youth passed in London, had returned a wreck to his native town, Königsberg, where he succeeded in obtaining an appointment as a collector of taxes. Prematurely old, stout, bald, with an impediment in his speech, a bright eye and moist lips, he was not unlike a first edition of that other Königsbergian, Zacharias Werner, the wild fatalist poet who was to surprise and shock the world fifty years later by the alternate excesses of his devotion and cynicism. This sinner who turned a monk so early, this effeminate, sensual character, nevertheless concealed an intellect of the highest order under the mask of his *imbecillitas*. His reading had been extensive, and few things had escaped his notice. But as no method had presided over his studies, the incoherence of his knowledge left it sterile as far as science was concerned, if not for those few persons who came into closer contact with him, and knew how to profit by his intercourse. His writings exactly resembled himself; they faithfully reflected his individuality, being a series of disconnected, abrupt sallies and uncalled-for expectorations, a singular medley of prophetic and culinary language. "In them all is confusion, and they resemble characters traced on blotting-paper," said Goethe. Hamann wrote a good deal, but all he produced was of a fragmentary nature. He abounded in new and original ideas, but, as Herder himself owned, they were mere "unstrung pearls," and the disorder of his brain was as clearly reflected in his "grasshopper style" as it was in his person. It would indeed be difficult to find a combination of more contradictory elements united in one and the same individual than was to be met with in this heavy, uncouth Hamann, with his prophetic eye and his mind ever vacillating betwixt sensual appetite and exalted aspirations. In religion he was as ready to defend the narrowest orthodoxy as he was to support the flattest rationalism. His mystic Protestant bigotry, or what is called "pietism" in Germany, — a product to which, by the way, the Königsberg soil seems at all times to have been especially favorable, — allowed him to amalgamate all things indiscriminately, and without any violation of truth. Princess Galitzin, with whom his last days were spent, was able to place the words *vir summa pietate* in the epi-

taph inscribed on the tomb which she had erected in her park to the memory of this "Socratic faun"* (1788). In literature, Herder would hear him at one moment extol ancient at the expense of modern writers, while at another he praised modern authors to the detriment of the ancients. Jacobi used to say of him that he was "a complete chaos of materialism and spiritualism, of light and darkness"; while Jean Paul called him a "firmament studded with stars and nebulous spots"; and Thomas Abbt was wont to compare his brain "with a species of archipelago, where everything was easily to be reached, but only by means of ships." The same contradictions which we find in the thoughts were to be met with likewise in the daily intercourse of this strange, unaccountable being. Forever wavering between the two extremes of gross sensuality and mystic rapture, yielding, moreover, like a true humorist, to the slightest impulse of the moment, and utterly incapable of anything like constancy in attachment, this singular mixture of hypochondria and a certain "demoniacal" element formed an individuality in the highest degree imperious and exacting, who was to be the first initiator of the dangerous fashion of self-idolatry in Germany. With that general admiration for all that was original, which later became the ruling passion of the day, indulgence for the caprices of the individual was soon to know no bounds, and every eccentric peculiarity which emanated from the prophet Hamann especially passed for a new flash of genius. Goethe clearly foresaw and foretold what would come of all these incoherent ravings of the *Magus of the North*, who, nevertheless, for the time in which he lived, played the part of "indigestible, indispensable leaven" in bread. This singularly active power must, in a great measure, of course, escape the scrutiny of posterity; nor is it easy to explain it otherwise than by the persistency with which Hamann harped upon that fundamental theme about to become the leading principle of the following generation, — the principle of absolute individual liberty. This idea, which was subsequently applied to poetry, morals, politics, and religion, formed so evidently the real basis and true secret of Hamann's powerful influence, that Goethe fancied he could detect it in every word he uttered, in

* The word is Goethe's.

every line he wrote. It was the principle of living, organic development in opposition to mere inanimate mechanism, synthesis opposed to analysis, the whole individual to fragmentary labor, spontaneous impulse to the strain of effort, *fieri* to *facere;* in a word, the nineteenth century opposed to the eighteenth. Such were the tidings which it became Herder's mission to announce to the world.

The disciple's enthusiasm for his teacher is thus easily explained. Convention, pedantry, rationalism, tyranny, in short all that he held in cordial detestation, were equally the objects of Hamann's attacks. He had risen up in arms against the dead letter of poetical rule, against the narrow-minded morality of the middle classes; he was especially rebellious against the "modern state" of the Philosopher-King which resumed and concentrated the entire spirit of the age. He set up true feeling and nature in opposition to modern "enlightenment," compared the primitive periods of humanity with contemporary artificial civilization, and advocated spontaneous popular poetry as preferable to all the pompous, learned productions of the *décadence*. He moreover taught his pupil English, made him read Ossian, Percy's Relics, and Hamlet, so that an entirely new world now dawned upon this enthusiastic youth, only too impatient by nature to shake off the dust of the school from his feet. When he beheld his master "searching in vain for the rest he could not find in Giordano Bruno or Saxo-Grammaticus, in Euclid or Cassiodorus, or even diving into the endless visions of Swedenborg," and thereby convincing himself that he should never "find consolation from any Muse inhabiting dusty folios," was it unnatural that he himself should rush headlong into the arms of "the living Muse"?

In those times university life, especially among the pure, earnest, East Prussian students, was a good deal simpler and more *naïf* than in our own days. They had their afternoon rambles in the woods, their evenings passed quietly at the tea-table discussing philosophical topics and exchanging their views on important subjects. They studied English and Italian together. We find a letter written in English and addressed to Herder as "Godfrey the First, King of the Hypsos," from a friend who modestly styles himself "the son of Bathos"; and

Hamann promising this same Godfrey the First that he will conduct him "through Dante's Purgatory as soon as he has finished with Milton's Hell." Herder was greatly beloved by his fellow-students; his character making him no less respected than his genius and his learning, which was indeed prodigious for a man of twenty. "His temper was always equal; he was always serene, cheerful even, and communicative, but ever of the strictest severity in his conduct," relates one of his fellow-disciples. If at times his friends were near forgetting themselves, "he would only smile, always contriving by some delicate turn in the conversation to bring it back to within the limits of propriety." Herder, although emancipating himself so far as to decline wearing the traditional professor's wig when at the Fridericianum, yet stood high in estimation both at the college and in the town. In spite of his extreme youth, he was already looked upon by his colleagues as well as his superiors as an eminent teacher, and notwithstanding the poverty of his circumstances he was received and made much of in society. And, indeed, it was not easy to recognize in the confident man of the world he had become when he left Königsberg, that "timid, taciturn individual with a bending figure and a hasty gait, with an exterior betokening want and penury," he was on his arrival there. "What a transformation!" says his old master, the deacon of Mohrungen, on seeing him again after an absence of two years; "there was not a trace left of his shyness in speaking. Where circumstances required, he could already assume the most distinguished yet perfectly natural and free court manners. There was no longer the slightest embarrassment in his look or his utterance. He who but two years before regarded any man wearing the surplice with awe, now calmly and boldly gazed upon breasts covered with stars and crosses. . . . . Unfortunately this young genius soon met with a degree of adulation and admiration which indeed would have spoilt him had his character been less firm." Throughout his whole life Herder kept the manners and good breeding which he had contracted at Königsberg, and which one was little prepared to find in the son of a poor country schoolmaster.

With all these triumphs, however, as a man of the world, as

an author, and as a professor, he felt himself ill at ease at Königsberg. He was forever complaining of the college and of the narrow, pedantic spirit which reigned there; he groaned under the weight of his own poverty, which at times was certainly overpowering; he grumbled at the general tone of society in the town, which, it must be owned, was not particularly favorable to poetic inspiration; in short, the real cause of his restlessness was his own febrile, impatient nature, ever prone to be dissatisfied with the present; nor did he ever quite throw off this morbid tendency to seek tranquillity and happiness rather in outward circumstances than inward feelings, and to expect that locomotion or change of condition would confer that peaceful satisfaction which is the exclusive privilege of nicely balanced dispositions. He grasped in turn every object of study under the sun, and planned work after work destined to remain fragments, like everything he ever wrote. Hamann came to the rescue, and tried at any rate to procure him the material independence he was constantly longing for. The rector of the Cathedral School at Riga happening at that time to be in want of an assistant professor, he warmly recommended Herder to him: "With tolerably wide views on history, philosophy, and æsthetics, together with an ardent desire to cultivate the most fertile of soils, with more than average experience in school-teaching, and a happy facility in treating the subjects he chooses, he unites the chaste soul of a Virgil and that delicacy of sentiment which renders Livonians so agreeable to me, and which inspired Winckelmann with his edifying epistle, 'On the Charm of Livonians.'" This business was speedily brought to a close, and Hamann was able to write to his Riga friend, on the 23d of November, 1764: "I accompanied your assistant to the gates of the town, yesterday morning, where the driver had appointed to meet him." Herder's first impressions of his new place of residence, the ancient Hanseatic town, were most satisfactory. Arriving as he did from an essentially military, bureaucratic country like Prussia, he was of course greatly struck by the independent spirit and patrician republicanism of a free town where life seemed to him so "easy and agreeable." It was the opulent merchant here who took the lead and gave the tone, and the *savant* who had to adapt himself

to it. "There is a due appreciation here of good breeding, accompanied by a certain amount of dignity and a strong dose of decorum." The spirit with which he found the school animated was equally to his taste: "The young men are gentle in disposition, ready to comprehend, ready to forget, and ready to obey. They require to be treated with affection, and for the most part have good and agreeable manners." The effect of his first sermon, delivered in March, 1765, was considerable, for it at once announced the eminent preacher. His talents as an author, which had already begun to develop and manifest themselves, obtained universal recognition and admiration. He was received with marked distinction at the houses of the first merchants in the city, who for the most part possessed cultivated minds, large ideas, and lived on a liberal footing. Many durable friendships were formed, foremost among which must be reckoned that of Hartknoch, the bookseller, which lasted during his whole life; and a rather sentimental one with Frau Busch, a lady but little older than the young preacher himself, who was no way displeased with the idea of being the Egeria of our Livonian Numa Pompilius. The young divine often passed whole weeks at the country-seats of rich patricians or chateaux of Livonian nobles, for even at that time — he was only twenty — Herder had something peculiarly aristocratic about him, which won him everywhere and at all times a deference and regard far above his station.

In this atmosphere of freedom his heart opened more and more, and he began to cherish the most lofty and ambitious views concerning humanitarian reform. He would fain have roused the spirit of independence which animated these burghers "in every village, nay, in every school!" He seriously contemplated founding a great national college for the education of future statesmen destined to complete the work of Catherine the Great, whose deeds and views inspired him with the greatest enthusiasm. His speech entitled "Have we still the same Audience and the same Country as the Ancients" (1765) is the reflection of these Riga impressions. "Livonia and Curland," says one of his Riga friends, "were in his eyes countries which, under a mild rule, in their perfect freedom and happy enjoyment of life, presented the spectacle of that ideal

felicity described in his discourse." "I fancy," writes another, afterwards mayor of Riga, "that Herder would never have written all he did in the fourth volume of his 'Ideas' concerning cities, corporations, traditions, and privileges, if he had not resided in a municipality like Riga at an age when he had yet to learn while teaching." "He found the last remnants of the old Hansa at Riga," says a third friend, "and it was here that his peculiar principles on civil and political matters were originated and found their first nourishment. His views continued to expand, and while he increased his stock of knowledge by studying humanity and life on a grand scale, his notions of civil liberty, the common welfare, and a wise, noble activity gradually became more and more elevated." Herder himself wrote, several years afterwards, to his affianced bride (22d September, 1770): —

"After a short time I had won the love of the whole town (Riga), the friendships of the best men I ever knew, and the regard of the most original minds I ever came across. On the other hand, however, I incurred the hatred of several ecclesiastics, who nevertheless either would not or could not raise a finger against me, and the pallid envy of a few creeping things. With all this I lived with a degree of freedom and independence in Livonia such as I shall perhaps never meet with again, either in my living, my teaching, or my actions. . . . . Beloved by the town and the parish, adored by my friends and a number of youths who saw in me their Messiah, I was besides a favorite with the government and knighthood, who destined me to grand projects and a great future."

It is not difficult to understand why, in such a situation as this, Herder declined most tempting offers which would have taken him far away from Riga. He refused, for instance, the post of tutor in a high family, because by accepting it he would have forfeited "the only benefit he really possessed, i. e. his liberty and independence; and one which he prized so highly that he had always dreaded entering into a private engagement of the kind, notwithstanding the hard privations he underwent at the University." He had a most advantageous position offered to him in St. Petersburg, which he also refused, and to this last refusal he owed his nomination at Riga to a curacy which had been specially created in his behalf.

We might be at a loss to account for Herder's tiring so speedily of such advantages, to which may be added the *prestige* of rising fame, were we less fully acquainted with his nature. His "Fragments" appeared in 1767, and, in spite of an anonymous incognito, their author was soon discovered. "Who is this modern Pindar who has just made his appearance amongst you?" wrote Winckelmann from Rome. "This to be sure is a madman or a genius," exclaimed Wieland. Lavater submitted theological difficulties to the young author, and the rising star was greeted by Gleim at Halberstadt and Nicolai at Berlin, to whom Lessing wrote: "Whoever may be the author, he is at any rate the only one for whom it is worth my while to publish my ideas." The work he here alludes to is "Laocoon," and we must not forget that Herder was but twenty-two! Henceforward his writings follow closely upon one another, stroke upon stroke. Next year it was the "Torso of a Monument to Thomas Abbt." Then came the second edition of the "Fragments," and at last, in 1769, the chief work of his youth, "Critical Sylvæ." Envy was of course not wanting beside so much admiration. Violent and perfidious attacks were made against such bold innovations. Klotz, the antiquarian, not satisfied with provoking Lessing's anger, set upon Herder as well, and by so doing caught a second chastisement, for his pains, not less merited than the first had been. Herder's friends were but too well acquainted with "his inclination to take offence and his extreme susceptibility, the traces of which were never lost." They trembled when they saw him thus exasperated, for they knew him to be nervous and discontented, and naturally dreaded lest these constant irritations should contribute to hasten his departure from the circle in which he then was. For some time past, indeed, he had given them to understand and made them feel that he no longer felt at his ease at Riga. As usual he persists in throwing the blame on outward circumstances, such as the absence of a library, the small number of learned men, his own profession. Although there can be no doubt that he never made a greater mistake than when he took holy orders, still it would be a gross exaggeration were we to admit his erroneous supposition that he might have been happier in

another profession. His own nature, his own discontented disposition, denied him contentment. Riga no longer sufficed to the ardor of his mind, which was forever desirous of change, and he merely searches for pretexts wherewith to justify himself in his own as well as his friends' eyes. He now writes to Kant that he regrets not having gone to St. Petersburg, begging him to look out for something for him in Germany. He considers his profession as no obstacle whatever. "I hardly feel myself held to it at all," he says. Little by little his complaints become more strongly accentuated. "Everything here bores me," he tells Hamann, "the place I live in, my profession, my labors, the society I am obliged to frequent; indeed I am at a loss to explain to myself how I could have tied myself down to Riga by my reverend condition as clergyman." He complains again to a third friend that "his sacred dignity does away with all wit, and hinders him from doing any other sort of work beyond writing sermons." He says to Nicolai: —

"What is a man to do who is reduced to be his own encouragement, his own preserver, his all in all? What is one to do when one is tied to one's desk, harnessed to one's work, and obliged to take up with the life of a respectable cart-horse? What can one do when one sees one's self deprived of all means of development, left without any elevated literary or social standard, without companions in one's studies, without libraries or museums, in short, what is one to do without any of these, and with dead books alone? Never, never would Lessing have been the man he is had he been reduced to the close atmosphere of a small country town, not to speak of that of a study. And, good God! what calling produces wrinkles and furrows sooner than that of a parson? I envy Lessing in more than one respect. He is a man of the world. He rushes from one art to another, from one situation to another, and always with his whole soul, which never seems to grow older!"

Yes, but this was just what was wanting in poor Herder; the robust health, the vigorous eternal youth and freshness of Lessing, who never lost *his* time in bewailing what was not to be altered, and when he found one situation ill-adapted to his nature, quickly and boldly threw himself without a regret into another. We never catch *him* grumbling or complaining; while Herder's correspondence is one eternal Jeremiad from beginning to end. At last he mustered up courage — others

will rather say he had the folly — "to tear himself from the arms of his unhappy friend" (Frau Busch), and to leave that Riga which he had loved so much and in which he now saw nothing beyond a mere "wilderness."

"In proportion as I get to know my position better, the spirit of this place, my own plans, my work, my intelligence, my melancholy, increases. What a wretched thing is the existence of a literary man, especially in a commercial town! The prophet will always say, 'That is the weight above Tyre'; but one must really be as shortsighted as a philosopher not to see this weight. Therefore, I seek to follow my calling, not to sing and to work hard. Pity me, whom Fate brought into the world at pedantic Mohrungen, whose first spark was kindled by a narrow-minded Trescho; who have had to earn my scanty hours of study at Königsberg by dint of hard labor with the sceptre of Dionysius of Corinth."

His long epistles are all full of reflections upon his fate, his talents, his nature, and his education; while Lessing, on the contrary, never alludes to himself, but, knowing his own mind, acts accordingly. Herder is forever taking resolutions, continually going to "avoid literature as much as possible and accustom himself to active life"; yet he never really acts. He frames huge projects in Michael Angelo's style, so vast, indeed, in their proportions that they are never carried out, and, like the works of the great Florentine, remain sketches or fragments, though, it is true, fragments of genius. A whole world is agitating his young heart; the superabundance and power of his ideas was such that they found no shape to manifest themselves in, no sphere of action to which they could be applied. He had a strong presentiment that there existed a wider, grander stage on which he ought to be acting, but he is secretly conscious that the genius of the statesman and of the poet has been denied him by nature, and he suffered much from this want of harmony in his nature. He writes on board the ship which was carrying him to France: —

"Neither the circle in which I lived nor the seclusion to which I had reduced myself were to my taste. I was not pleased with myself as a teacher; my sphere of action was too limited, too foreign to my nature, too uncongenial to me. I was too wide in my views, too strange and too busy for my sphere. I was displeased with myself as a citizen,

because my domestic arrangements suffered from privations, offered little that was useful, and obliged me to a repose which was distasteful to me. As an author I was still less pleased with myself. I had suffered myself to attract public attention in a manner which was unbecoming to my position as a clergyman, and disagreeable to me personally. I had neither courage nor strength to put an end to this false position by throwing myself headlong into a new career, and was, therefore, obliged to leave in as sudden, precipitate, and adventurous a manner as possible. . . . . Deaf to remonstrance, as to every offer, accompanied by the tears of all who knew me, I forsook the pinnacle of popularity because my genius appealed to me with irresistible accents, 'Employ thy best years in visiting the world'; nor have I ever for a moment repented having done so."

It was on the 3d of June, 1769, that, "without money, without assistance, careless of the morrow as an apostle or a philosopher," he went forth into the world "to see, to know, and to be of use to it," and that he set out on that journey of which it would have embarrassed him to state the exact object; forsaking tried friends, an honorable position, and easy circumstances. He thus proceeded to explore the West, assisted by the generosity of his friend Hartknoch, in order, as he said, to prepare himself for the grand mission of educational reform. For a moment, it is true, his mother's forlorn situation — she had lost her husband a few years before — was a source of anxiety to him; but the poor old lady, who was not to see her son again, tranquillized him on this score, saying: "Take no care on my account. If the Lord will only permit me to enter his mansion, that is all I desire, for God's peace is my greatest treasure. . . . . I recommend to you on your journey the words of Isaiah, 'Have no fear, for I have redeemed thee; if thou walkest upon the waters, I shall be with thee!' May the Lord impress these words on thy heart!"

"What a vast sphere for reflection a ship floating betwixt sky and ocean opens out! Everything there lends wings to thought. . . . . On shore one feels one's self bound to a small immovable spot; one is confined within the narrow circle of a social *position*. Life, ... one's whole mind, is cramped and warped. . . . . But only let us quit it suddenly, ... and that fixed limited speck vanishes at once, and we feel ourselves floating in open space, swimming in an atmosphere in which the world disappears!"

Herder was guilty of no exaggeration in writing the above words on board the vessel which was conveying him to the shores of France. This wearisome forty days' voyage was destined to be more than a mere episode in his life; it proved an intellectual crisis, as it were, a sudden revelation, of which the vestiges may be traced even to his latest years. The "Diary of his Journey," in which the runaway youth varies *ad infinitum* the theme of his regained liberty, is certainly the strangest document ever left behind him by any thinker as a clew to the birth and growth of his ideas. The germs of every one of those bold thoughts which were afterwards to regenerate history, theology, and literature in Germany may be discovered there. It was on the ocean that Herder learnt to seek reality and true life in poetry. His quick perception immediately discovered that the books to be read on this element were "the Odyssey and the Æneid, not Georgics and Idyls." But he also understood the spirit in which the ancients ought to be read to be thoroughly appreciated: "O ye pedants!" he exclaims, "read your Homer as if he sang in the streets, and your Cicero as if he spake within your council chambers!" The nebulous shores of Scandinavia revealed to him the poetry of the Edda. The sailors' superstitions and legends served to explain the origin of certain myths and the tales of Ulysses. The ship's crew, with its austere and simple government, puts him in mind of the small, primitive states which, surrounded by innumerable dangers, were only able to subsist by means of incessant vigilance and stern discipline. Even the shoals of herrings he sees crossing the sea represent in his imagination the barbarian inroads which he was afterwards to portray with so masterly an eloquence.

"You cannot imagine," he writes years after to a friend, "the effect such a prolonged sail can have upon one. Torn suddenly away from the business, the tumult, the hierarchical folly of civil life, from the sage's arm-chair, or from society's comfortable sofas, deprived of all diversion, of books and of newspapers whether ignorant or learned, and placed upon a plank in the very midst of the vast ocean open on all sides; with a diminutive state formed of men who are governed by laws severer than those of Lycurgus; before one's eyes the spectacle of an entirely new feature of nature living and moving around one; surrounded day after day by the same infinite element, and only occa-

sionally distinguishing a fresh cloud, a distant coast, an ideal shore; with the songs of the antique Skalds in one's hand and one's soul full of their feats, on the very spots which witnessed them; now sailing past the riffs of Olaf, the burden of so many wonderful tales; now gliding by the isles upon which the magic Rose and its four powerful bulls with stars on their foreheads descended . . . . ; now again passing over the sandy regions where Skalds and Vikings, sword in hand and song on lip, were wont formerly to cross the sea on their chargers over the girdle of the earth"; finally, "dimly discerning in the distance the shores where Fingal's exploits took place, where Ossian's songs shed their harmonies, beneath the same breezes, in the same world, in the same stillness, — believe me, Skalds and bards are altogether different read thus from what they are read under the shadow of a professor's desk!"

It was, however, not so much, as he himself fancied, the "exceptionally keen development of his senses," which rendered him thus accessible to vivid impressions, as the secret sympathy which led him towards the Scandinavian and Teutonic world as it did likewise towards other equally primitive epochs of mankind. Was he not himself, in fact, one of those bards of the olden time who had been recalled to life midst an artificial, decaying civilization, for the express purpose of presenting to mankind a lively contrast in the image of its youth, ere the freshness and genuine primitiveness of human nature had been destroyed by Reason's analysis? Was he not, moreover, at once priest and poet, thinker and seer, prophet and lawgiver, like those bards of yore? Did not his own poetry, his history, his philosophy, and his religion, all bear that vague, indistinct character by which the Edda and Ossian's poems are distinguished? Alike incapable of creating living, definite shapes and of producing clear, precise thoughts, was not Herder nevertheless the man of his age and nation who exercised the greatest influence upon both, precisely because he was content to open out distant horizons, abandoning the task of exploring them to others, because he merely tuned the chords which others were to strike, and which were to vibrate in the hearts of future generations, and because he was satisfied to awaken remembrances and presentiments which were to assume their definite forms, and exhibit their grandest outlines to the eyes of posterity only? The solitude, contemplation, or, if you

will, dreaminess of those long hours passed on the sea, while impressing the images of a departed world more deeply on his mind, revealed to him at the same time the superiority of intuition over "that false counsellor, cold reason," and the true worth of those fitful "flashes of vague, slumbering memory, which shine like unerring torches whilst the rest is all shrouded in darkness." Henceforward he learned to look upon "abstractions no longer as individual existences," and, "seated under the mast," he discovers the point of view at which it is desirable that "the true philosopher of nature" should place himself. It was during this voyage that the germ, or rather plan, of his "Ideas" was conceived. Their always somewhat too gigantic proportions were already forming into shape before his inward eye; he speaks of "an universal history of human civilization, ... not a mere series of kings, battles, wars, laws, or despicable characters." Not only the spirit of history and poetry, but the special requirements of the age were here revealed to him. His plan of reform continued to ripen; he was still meditating Livonia's regeneration. "Livonia!" he exclaims, "thou province of ignorance and false taste, freedom and slavery, what is there not to be done for thee?" He would fain be her reformer, her Luther.

"Can I? Have I the necessary talents, the character, the opportunity? How is it to be done? First, I must renounce sterile criticism, lifeless analysis, elevate myself above authors' controversies, devote myself to the living world, win the confidence of the Court, the government and the Lieutenancy. Then I am to visit Europe, learn their language and their manners from the French, their spirit of realism and liberty from the English, a more refined taste from the Italians, thoroughness from the Germans, and erudition from the Dutch, ... I must give a high idea of myself, accommodate myself to my times by studying legislation, commerce, and politics, ... ruminate by day and by night upon becoming the tutelar genius of Livonia, and acquiring a thorough knowledge of the country; only undertake what is really practicable; strive to persuade the nobility, society, and men in general, and to gain them over to my cause. All this, indeed, lies dormant within me, neglected and incomplete! Insufficiency of education, the slavery of my native country, the mania for trifles peculiar to the times, want of security in my career, all these have checked, deteriorated, cramped me to a degree that I can hardly recognize myself. .... I have wasted

the fire of my youth, the brightest flame of my genius, the greatest vigor of my passions, upon coarse, futile, worthless 'Critical Sylvæ.'"

His clerical profession, against which he constantly rebelled, will prove, on the contrary, a means to his becoming "the preacher of virtue" to his contemporaries. He enters into the minutest details concerning his extensive project of regenerative reform, for which he chooses Montesquieu as his guide, and which is to allow him to make "Rousseau's 'Emile' the national child of Livonia." He foresees and provides against every contingency, he even arranges the programme of the classes and lessons. In short, by these stray notes it is easy already to discern the pedagogue of genius. By far the greater portion of Herder's educational ideas would be considered as revolutionary innovations even in our enlightened days; and yet a practical application of them would produce far more beneficent, far richer effects than all those "organic laws" now discussed by our lawgivers put together. The sanguine mind of our youthful enthusiast appears to apprehend no difficulty whatever in carrying his plans into execution. Provided he shall be fully penetrated with the importance of his mission, he is certain of obtaining access to the great and influential in the Russian Empire, nay, even to the Empress herself. "O aim, sole great aim of my existence, lay thou hold of all my powers, all my passions, all my desires. . . . . I traverse the world, but of what avail is it to me, unless I render myself immortal by something?"

After forty days' sail, our traveller landed at Nantes, where he intended residing *incognito* for a time, in order to acquire a more thorough knowledge of the language, and to be better able to study at his leisure the manners and customs of the French people. He did not, however, succeed in accomplishing either of these objects completely; for he soon found it as difficult as most foreigners do to penetrate beneath the surface of French life. No nation is perhaps more inclined to be hospitable than the French, but they like to be free to fix the limits and even hours of their hospitality themselves. It is therefore far less easy to surprise them than Germans *en négligé* and force their privacy; whilst it is well known that reserve in social intercourse is usually interpreted unfavorably,

or looked upon at least as a sign of coldness and egotism in Herder's native country. Besides he was at that time living with one of his countrymen, a young Riga merchant, after whose departure for Bordeaux he by a mere chance fell into an intimate connection with another child of the North. Herder wished that his clerical profession as well as his literary fame should be kept secret, and, "as Frenchmen, with their amiable levity, never take a deep personal interest in strangers and look on them only in the light of more or less pleasant companions," he was enabled for some time to pass off as plain M. Erdèr. A young Swede, however, betrayed him to a lady of his acquaintance, and this "of course brought him at once attentions, but at the same time more constraint." Still he had every reason to rejoice in his "betrayer's" acquaintance, for he "possessed every qualification for the enjoyment of the beautiful wherever it might be found, a sure taste for art, and an ardent love of science." At five every morning this young Scandinavian was wont, before going to his office, to come and fetch the poet, and they would walk in the splendid woods near Nantes, sacrificing to the Muses. Herder was fond of "young minds" like this, "susceptible of training," and a "treasure-trove of so rare a soul" was rejoicing to his heart. The young clerk, in spite of his Swedish coldness, "looked upon his new Mentor as some good genius, expressly sent to Nantes on his account, to enlighten him." A letter of introduction to one of the first merchants in the place had sufficed to open the doors of the most distinguished houses to Herder. An agreeable intimacy had, moreover, sprung up between the young author and the lady to whom he was first presented. Madame Babut seems indeed to have been a woman of uncommon intellect, and Herder always entertained a *penchant* for delicate connections of this nature, in which he was wont alternately to play the part of the confessor and the confessed. His stay altogether at Nantes was most profitable to him in many ways, and plays an important part in his development.

He had come to France greatly prejudiced in favor of all that was French; yet it was precisely during his residence in the country that his mind decisively adopted a direction which was the exact opposite of the essentially French spirit of his

age. Like all new-comers, he had been delighted with all he saw on his first arrival; he had found everything far beyond his most sanguine expectations. "Je voudrais avoir abandonné tous mes fragments, et toutes les lucubrations critiques au diable, plutôt que d'avoir negligé une langue dont l'ignorance est une barbarie achevée dans notre siècle," he writes in a sort of French which serves indeed to illustrate strongly his own long neglect of this study. He very soon perceived that "one cannot know a French author well without knowing the nation," and that "one must learn to understand the nation by means of their language, and the language by means of the nation," — a thing, by the way, which is truer of the French than of any other people. "Now, after our mother-tongue, the French language is the most indispensable, the most universal, the most cultivated. It is moreover the easiest to handle, the most clearly defined, the best adapted to narrative as well as to argument." Notwithstanding which he soon becomes aware, in 1769, that the culminating point of French intellectual development has been reached and passed: —

"Louis's age has passed away; all the Montesquieus, D'Alemberts, Voltaires, and Rousseaus are no more. One dwells among ruins; .... the dearth of all original works is shown by the existing taste for encyclopædias, dictionaries, and extracts. .... Marmontel, Arnaud, and La Harpe are but gleaners; .... the principal harvest has already been gathered in."

Without being insensible to the fascination of French outward form, his German nature is disagreeably impressed in the long run by that lack of truthfulness and deficiency in living interest which lies beneath the brilliant surface of French cleverness.

"A certain distinction in their way of thought, a certain freedom in their mode of expressing themselves, polish in the choice of words and turn of phrase, are the stamps borne by the French language and manners. The principal thing with them is never what others are taught by them, but how much they themselves know and are able to teach, and what they owe to themselves. .... Hence the small number of French philosophers, politicians, and historians, the sole interest of these being truth. But what truth is there which Voltaire would not be ready to sacrifice to a clever speech, Rousseau to an eccentricity, or Marmontel to a well-turned period?"

Herder feels too that the French, with all their exquisite sense of the becoming, "lose in inward feeling."

"....Their generosity is politeness, their friendship not real nor deep. They never quite enter into the sentiments of others. It is the same with their pleasures, which are all amusements and diversions. They never enter into them heart and soul, and Yorick is right in calling the nation too serious. Their brightness is levity, not inward cheerfulness of heart."

No wonder therefore that Herder should write after a few months' sojourn at Nantes: "I am still striving to know the manners and the way of thinking of the French people; I say to know, not to adopt; for the more I see of them the further I retire from them." Nor is it difficult to conceive that this enthusiastic, reserved young North-German, whose pride bordered on haughtiness, whose sensitiveness was at times painful susceptibility, who was as serious as he was chaste, who worshipped truth, should soon feel ill at ease, in a thoroughly French *milieu*. He would indeed have required a pliability of character, a moral tolerance, a quickness and delicacy of perception, a keen sense of outward form and indifference to inward substance, which were utterly at variance with his nature and education, for him to have been able to feel happy among them. And so it came to pass that the chief national defect of the Germans and their principal national virtue combined together equally to induce Herder to keep aloof from French society, in which neither indiscreet intimacy — a condition *sine qua non* of all social intercourse among Germans — nor a disinterested love of their pursuits and professions, which forms the chief source of Germany's greatness, are to be found. Thus he continued retiring within himself and concentrating his thoughts more and more upon the primary object of his life, "working for his academy so as to be able to hope that he would not be misunderstood by posterity."

"Why should the period of Lycurgus, Solon, Calvin, and Zwingli, those originators of small, happy republics, be lost forever? Why should there not be an establishment founded to serve as a nursery and pattern for mankind, as well for the present as for the future? I have nothing in common with others in this world; no relish for comforts, voluptuousness, or avarice. What remains to me, therefore, besides my

activity and my personal merit? Let the ephemera and cockchafers of the literary world buzz away; suffice it to us that our genius do not condemn us, and success be one day our reward. I shall bless these woods of Nantes, where I have tasted hours resembling those of my youth in its dawn, and shall say that this at least was no lost time!"

It was certainly no lost time, although the ambitious schemes of the youth were never to be realized; for while he was thus maturing them, he was at the same time meditating a speculative work destined to create a sensation. The Berlin Academy had decreed a competition prize for the most skilful treatment of a question seemingly made expressly for Herder, namely, the origin of language. He at once set to work to prepare a masterpiece, which saw the light the following year. The necessary anonymity of such a work had in itself a charm for Herder. "Let me indulge this whim!" he wrote to his faithful Riga friend. "Is it not a good thing to strike one's arms together when the weather is cold; to summon thought to our help when the Muses abandon us? But do not forget that the aim of my journey cannot be attained unless I completely disappear without anybody knowing what I am doing, where I am, and how I live, until I tell it myself. If you are at a loss to understand this *éclipse*, read Thomas's *Eloge de Descartes;* that will explain it to you."

After a fresh operation on his eye, which, by the way, turned out as unsuccessfully as the preceding ones at Königsberg, and as soon as he deemed his acquaintance with the language sufficiently advanced, he set out for Paris, always with the generous help of his friend Hartknoch, who, although far from rich, considered a few hundred *louis* spent in assisting the development and furthering the career of a man of genius as no bad investment.

He quitted Nantes, as he would have wished one day to depart from life, "neither useless, nor without esteem," as he soon had occasion to convince himself on arriving in Paris; for his provincial letters of introduction opened all circles to him, and the preparatory studies he had made while at Nantes permitted him to take every advantage of these introductions. The first people with whom he became acquainted were the renowned Encyclopædists, the first volumes of whose publication

he had just devoured with his usual alacrity. He saw Diderot, D'Alembert, Arnaud, Thomas, Duclos, Barthélémy, De Guignes, D'Aubenton; and it is not surprising that Diderot the enthusiast should have been preferred by him to the others. Marmontel, Buffon, and Grimm were unfortunately in the country at the time of Herder's short visit to Paris, where, to say the truth, he felt extremely lonely, in spite of so many remarkable acquaintances. He was a thorough German in his craving for sentimental friendship; and even Wille, the celebrated German engraver, with whom he associated most, was too worldly and "fond of pleasure" for his taste. How, indeed, could the austere North-German be expected to relish so artistic a gypsy nature as that of Wille, in whom all that passionate sensuality was to be found which characterizes the South-German? And so, dividing his time "between intercourse with the learned, libraries and museums, study and digestion," Herder soon had enough of that huge Capharnaum wherein he felt himself completely bewildered. He soon came to the conclusion that there was very little real art to be found in that centre of "taste and magnificence"; for he says, "taste is but the lowest degree of beauty, and magnificence but its outward manifestation." While he greatly admired Le Kain, la Dumesnil, and la Clairon, he found too much of the conventional in that stage, which then, as now, was the completest work of art Paris has to offer. He began to "feel the weight of this light nation" oppress him, and inwardly approved all that Sterne had said concerning it; nor was it long before he owned that he was heartily tired of France. So, being already in this mood, he accepted a summons to go elsewhere which he just then received, albeit not without some hesitation. The Prince-Bishop of Lübeck, Holstein, and Eutin wished to send his son on a journey of three years' duration. He offered Herder a handsome salary, a great deal of liberty, and a professorship at the University of Kiel on his return, if he would agree to accompany the young prince on his travels. Now there was nothing Herder wished for more ardently than to travel about without expense to himself; but then it had been his desire "to travel freely and independently," and, besides, the professorship at Kiel was quite out of the question, for he could not accept it without relinquish-

ing his dearest scheme, — Livonia's regeneration. But there came a second proposal under conditions which were rendered yet more advantageous for him, in the hope of overcoming his scruples, and this time he decided to accept.

He left Paris after a stay of two months, embarked on board a vessel sailing from Calais to Holland, and was shipwrecked at midnight off the Belgian coast, — an event which made the deepest impression upon him, and which he describes in most vivid colors. Some fishing-boats came to the rescue in the early morning just in time to save the passengers, who from the shore where they had been safely landed had the melancholy spectacle of their ship going down. After visiting the treasures of Flemish art which are to be seen at Brussels, Antwerp, the Hague, and Amsterdam, and which did not prove to his idealistic taste, Herder proceeded by land to Hamburg to join the young prince, who was then completing his studies at Kiel. The great Hanseatic city possessed at that time an intellectual animation which seems since to have deserted it. Reimarus, the renowned Wolfenbüttel fragmentarian, was living there, and his daughter had the talent of collecting around him a select circle of friends. Claudius, the popular poet, and editor of the *Wandsbecker Bote*, had not yet been foolish enough to accept a clerk's situation at Darmstadt; the notorious pastor Göze had not yet betrayed his fanatical, orthodox tendencies, and was still living on good terms with Lessing, who, having settled in Hamburg a few years before, was making vain attempts to found a national theatre there, while unconsciously setting up a far more durable monument to his fame in his *Dramaturgie* than any national theatre could have become. "I passed a fortnight very pleasantly in his (Lessing's) company," wrote Herder. No very intimate relations seem, however, to have sprung up between the representative of common sense and the champion of intuition. The latter met with a distinguished reception at the Ducal court of Eutin, destined later to become the rallying-place of the Northern poets, and where several months were spent in preparation. Even in those times the Holstein nobility were wont to pride themselves on their literary taste, and the rising star of Herder was the object of the greatest attention and solicitude on their part. The

Duke and Duchess placed unbounded confidence in him, and his young charge, in spite of a reserved and gloomy disposition, became greatly attached to his teacher. "You are the man of all others I have ever known from whom I liked best to learn truth," he wrote to Herder years after they had separated. This affection nevertheless did not blind our poet to certain tendencies in his pupil's nature, the growth of which had been greatly encouraged by the education he had received from his noble tutor. A too pronounced taste for the outward observance of religion was what most displeased the young minister; and as it had been decided that the tutor should be of the travelling party, Herder reserved to himself the option of eventually resigning his post even during the journey, which he already foresaw would be of small avail to the prince, under the existing circumstances. However, the agreeable intercourse he enjoyed with the Holstein nobles and eminent University men, the beauty of the verdant landscape, the sea which he passionately loved, a few triumphs as an orator, counteracted, it is true, by some annoyances in consequence of the orthodox party scenting the "Socinian" in him, — all these things served to render his stay in the North pleasant to him.

The tourists set out on their travels towards the end of July, 1770, intending to pass the winter at Strasburg. Their route led them through Hanover, Göttingen, and Darmstadt. They appear to have made but a short stay at the Georgia Augusta, that focus of the scientific life of the age, which was beginning, with Bürger, Boie, and Gotter, to be also the head-quarters of those Northern poets who formed their fantastic league there two years later; while Darmstadt, on the contrary, was to prove eventful for Herder's after life. It was there, indeed, that he first met with Caroline Flachsland, the future partner of his life, and with Johann Heinrich Merck, Goethe's Mephistophelian friend. The literary annals of Germany contain few stranger individuals than Merck, the "Councillor of War," who united the satirist and the critic, the man of learning and the manufacturer, the eminent *connoisseur* of the fine arts, the *dilettante*, and the naturalist in the same person, who was strongly imbued with the then current "new ideas," and yet foremost in opposing that tyranny which would have forced

them upon others. A princess whom Frederick the Great in a letter to D'Alembert, calls one of the most remarkable women of her time, and to the memory of whom he erected a monument with epitaph, *sexâ femmina, ingenio vir*, the Landgravine Caroline, gave the lead at that time at Darmstadt. This eminent lady, whom Wieland would have wished to see "Queen of Europe," and whom Herder and Goethe used simply to call "the great Landgravine," had not been slow in detecting Merck's eminent qualities, and, albeit herself pious and devout in religious observance, greatly enjoyed listening to the conversation of this amiable sceptic. Persons presented by him were sure of a cordial reception from the Princess; and if she occasionally failed in her attempts to retain those men of distinction who visited Darmstadt mainly on account of the Councillor of War's presence, and persuade them to take up their residence in the dull little capital, the fault assuredly never lay with her or Merck. The latter's humble abode had indeed become a *rendezvous* for *literati* and sentimental ladies, then as now one of the specialties of Darmstadt. In this dwelling it was that Herder first met his tender Caroline, and that she formed an alliance with that Lila von Ziegler, who always, under the charm of some "virtuous" attachment, had her own tomb and a throne of roses erected in her garden, and divided her repasts with a little white lamb. That most amiable among the female Werthers of her time, Albertine von Grün, then in love with the impetuous poét Klinger, was wont to go in and out at her pleasure in this house where Madame Merck herself, a charming little Vaudoise, who became Herder's "ideal and idol of friendship," presided with feminine grace and a ready wit. Every person of distinction who passed through that part of Germany knocked at this hospitable door, which in turn opened to Gleim, Wieland, Sophie de la Roche, Jacobi, Basedow, Leuchsenring, and Lavater. On Goethe's return from Strasburg he became Merck's constant guest, and the direction of that literary publication in which Goethe and his brother-in-law, Schlosser, with the assistance of Herder and Merck, set to work so vigorously and mercilessly to attack ancient literary routine had its seat here. What proves the ascendency which Merck had quickly obtained over Herder is

the fact that the latter, although a celebrity and a good deal spoilt by admiration, susceptible by nature and impatient of criticism, authorized "Socrates-Addison," as he used to call Merck, who was senior by only three years, at all times to curtail and modify his articles. When we see how Merck was wont to knock "the powder out of the wigs" in his young friend's journal, it is not difficult to imagine that his censure was greatly dreaded in Germany. His criticism, at times harsh and even crude, nevertheless always contrived to hit the right point, nor would there have been any one belonging to that generation inclined to gainsay Wieland's opinion of him when he says: "Merck is among critics what Klopstock is among poets, Herder among the learned, Lavater among Christians, and Goethe among all human beings." While he stood far higher above his generation than any of his contemporaries, Merck yet belonged essentially to his age. This satirist could at times be even sentimental, as is shown by his tender and enthusiastic friendship for Herder's affianced bride, though, in the main, the language in which his letters are couched is that of true, unpainted feeling. His style is occasionally too dry, and in his choice of strongly popular and picturesque phraseology he might have served as a pattern to the poets and letter-writers of his time, as fertile in epistolary effusions as our own age in musical dreaminess. Still Merck, in spite of his appreciation of that simple, unaffected poetry which Herder had brought into fashion, never suffered himself to be deceived by counterfeit nature. He lent the money to print *Götz von Berlichingen*, that dramatic manifestation of contempt for rules; he deterred Goethe from correcting and revising "Werther," which had been written without interruption as a spontaneous inspiration, — for which act of good sense he assuredly deserves a national monument, — and told him not to write any more such "stuff" as "Clavigo." He had a mania for raillery, — nearly all that he has written was more or less of a satirical character, — but he only laughed at what was affected, and his sarcasm had no other source beyond an ardent love of truth and nature. True, he ridiculed the powdered and tight-laced poetry of the times; he had no mercy for classical buskin, and "Ma'mzelle la Règle" did not impose upon him in the

least; but he was quite as severe upon the two impetuous Stolbergs' prim elevation, upon whimsical Lenz's intentional eccentricity, and tender-hearted Jacobi's mystic languor. In the midst of all these young folks giving themselves the airs of tribunes or seers, and more than one of whom had a deceptive resemblance with genius, he did not hesitate a moment in distinguishing the only real genius, and he put him forthwith on his guard against his Northern enthusiastic friends, in which this spiritual Mentor had soon scented the depths of unconscious affectation hidden beneath the surface of vehement eloquence. "Do not commit yourself with them; your unmistakable tendency is to clothe reality in a poetical form, while they, on the contrary, seek to realize what they call poetical, and this can only lead to the absurd." From the year 1771, Goethe and Merck never parted. "We were inseparable, like Faust and Mephistopheles," says the poet; and there can be little doubt that Merck involuntarily, though scarcely unconsciously, was the original of Goethe's delineation of the "ever-denying" spirit, at any rate for that part of it which illustrates the opposition of realistic common sense to dreamy idealism. Whereas these young Titans viewed things as they would from their studies, or from the midst of a solitary wood, Merck knew the world and its realities, having lived in various countries and frequented different kinds of society, and having had to deal with men and with money. His mind was extraordinarily cultivated, and his reading was extensive enough to embrace modern and foreign as well as ancient and German writers. His knowledge of osteology was held in great esteem; and Karl August, Duke of Weimar, never bought a picture or an engraving without consulting him. He wrote and spoke both English and French quite fluently, and his manners were those of the highest society. Unfortunately, Merck not only divided the tastes and ideas of his age, but there was in him also a strong dose of the hypochondriacal, not to say misanthropical, element, which was to be his ruin, as it had been that of so many others belonging to that feverish and stray generation. "He was an original," said Herder of him thirty years later, "austere in many points, often paradoxical, at times gloomy, at others again full of bright, glorious views. He was literally consumed by the fire of his

own intellect. Gradually he fell to pieces inwardly, as it were; the flame shot up again from time to time, it flickered, and at last went out altogether. Merck committed suicide" (1791). The mystery in which his death was shrouded at the time has never since been satisfactorily cleared up. It is beyond doubt, however, that some great financial calamity contributed to hasten the catastrophe. A domestic interior which became more and more disunited, less by the fault of his wife than that of Merck himself; some disagreements with the despotic government of Moser, who, ever since the great Landgravine's decease, had been playing the Pombal in that lilliputian empire, and met with retribution far more cruel than that of the Portuguese reformer; the intellectual stagnation which followed upon the life of former years, as soon as Goethe and Herder had left Darmstadt; the excitement produced within him by the spectacle of the French Revolution, of which he was an eye-witness; — each and all of these circumstances may have tended to predispose him to a gloomy end; but it is equally certain that a positive fact to which he frequently alludes in his correspondence, and which must have been of a terrible or even criminal nature, together with his morbid, unconquerable melancholy, can alone sufficiently account for his tragic end, which plunged the whole of Germany into consternation. It was most keenly felt at Weimar, where the friends and companions of his brightest days now resided, and Karl August himself, as well as his illustrious mother, had kept up lively and cordial relations with the writer.

KARL HILLEBRAND.

ART. VI. — *The Shadow of Dante, being an Essay towards studying himself, his World, and his Pilgrimage.* By MARIA FRANCESCA ROSSETTI.

> Se Dio te lasci, lettor prender frutto
> Di tua lezione.

Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872. 8vo. pp. 296.

ON the banks of a little river so shrunken by the suns of summer that it seems fast passing into a tradition, but swollen by the autumnal rains with an Italian suddenness of passion till the massy bridge shudders under the impatient heap of waters behind it, stands a city, which, in its period of bloom not so large as Boston, may well rank next to Athens in the history which teaches *come l' uom s' eterna.*

Originally only a convenient spot in the valley where the fairs of the neighboring Etruscan city of Fiesole were held, it gradually grew from a huddle of booths to a town, and then to a city, which absorbed its ancestral neighbor and became a cradle for the arts, the letters, the science, and the commerce * of modern Europe. For her Cimabue wrought, who infused Byzantine formalism with a suggestion of nature and feeling; for her the Pisani, who divined at least, if they could not conjure with it, the secret of Greek supremacy in sculpture; for her the marvellous boy Ghiberti proved that unity of composition and grace of figure and drapery were never beyond the reach of genius; † for her Brunelleschi curved the dome which Michel Angelo hung in air on St. Peter's; for her Giotto reared the bell-tower graceful as an Horatian ode in marble;

* The Florentines would seem to have invented banks, book-keeping by double-entry, and bills of exchange. The last, by endowing Value with the gift of fern-seed and enabling it to walk invisible, turned the flank of the baronial tariff-system and made the roads safe for the great liberalizer Commerce. This made Money omnipresent, and prepared the way for its present omnipotence. Fortunately it cannot usurp the third attribute of Deity, — omniscience. But whatever the consequences, this Florentine invention was at first nothing but admirable, securing to brain its legitimate advantage over brawn. The latter has begun its revolt, but whether it will succeed better in its attempt to restore mediæval methods than the barons in maintaining them remains to be seen.

† Ghiberti's designs have been criticised by a too systematic æstheticism, as confounding the limits of sculpture and painting. But is not the *rilievo* precisely the bridge by which the one art passes over into the territory of the other?

and the great triumvirate of Italian poetry, good sense, and culture called her mother. There is no modern city about which cluster so many elevating associations, none in which the past is so contemporary with us in unchanged buildings and undisturbed monuments. The house of Dante is still shown; children still receive baptism at the font (*il mio bel San Giovanni*) where he was christened before the acorn dropped that was to grow into a keel for Columbus; and an inscribed stone marks the spot where he used to sit and watch the slow blocks swing up to complete the master-thought of Arnolfo. In the convent of St. Mark hard-by lived and labored Beato Angelico, the saint of Christian art, and Fra Bartolommeo, who taught Raphael dignity. From the same walls Savonarola went forth to his triumphs, short-lived almost as the crackle of his martyrdom. The plain little chamber of Michel Angelo seems still to expect his return; his last sketches lie upon the table, his staff leans in the corner, and his slippers wait before the empty chair. On one of the vine-clad hills, just without the city walls, one's feet may press the same stairs that Milton climbed to visit Galileo. To an American there is something supremely impressive in this cumulative influence of the past full of inspiration and rebuke, something saddening in this repeated proof that moral supremacy is the only one that leaves monuments and not ruins behind it. Time, who with us obliterates the labor and often the names of yesterday, seems here to have spared almost the prints of the *care piante* that shunned the sordid paths of worldly honor.

Around the court-yard of the great Museum of Florence stand statues of her illustrious dead, her poets, painters, sculptors, architects, inventors, and statesmen; and as the traveller feels the ennobling lift of such society, and reads the names or recognizes the features familiar to him as his own threshold, he is startled to find Fame as commonplace here as Notoriety everywhere else, and that this fifth-rate city should have the privilege thus to commemorate so many famous men her sons whose claim to pre-eminence the world would concede. Among them is one before which every scholar, every man who has been touched by the tragedy of life, lingers with reverential pity. The haggard cheeks, the lips clamped together in unfaltering

resolve, the scars of lifelong battle, and the brow whose sharp outline seems the monument of final victory, this, at least is a face that needs no name beneath it. This is he who among literary fames finds only two that for growth and immutability can parallel his own. The suffrages of highest authority would now place him second in that company where he with proud humility took the sixth place.*

The range of Dante's influence is not less remarkable than its intensity. Minds, the antipodes of each other in temper and endowment, alike feel the force of his attraction, the pervasive comfort of his light and warmth. Boccaccio and Lamennais are touched with the same reverential enthusiasm. The imaginative Ruskin calls him "the central man of all the world, as representing in perfect balance the imaginative, moral, and intellectual faculties, all at their highest"; and the matter-of-fact Schlosser tells us that "he, who was wont to contemplate earthly life wholly in an earthly light, has made use of Dante, Landino, and Velutello in his solitude to bring a heavenly light into his inward life." Almost all other poets have their seasons, but Dante penetrates to the moral core of those who once fairly come within his sphere, and possesses them wholly. His readers turn students, his students zealots, and what was a taste becomes a religion. The homeless exile finds a home in thousands of grateful hearts. *E venne da esilio in questa pace!*

Every kind of objection, æsthetic and other, may be, and has been, made to the *Divina Commedia*, especially by critics who have but a superficial acquaintance with it, or rather with the *Inferno*, which is as far as most English critics go. Coleridge himself, who had a way of divining what was in books, may be justly suspected of not going further, though with Carey to help him. Mr. Carlyle, who has said admirable things of Dante the man, was very imperfectly read in Dante the author, or he would never have put Sordello in hell and the meeting with Beatrice in paradise. In France it was not much better (though Rivarol has said the best thing hitherto of Dante's parsimony of epithet†) before Ozanam, who, if with de-

* *Inferno*, IV. 102.

† Rivarol characterized only a single quality of Dante's style, who knew how to spend as well as spare. Even the *Inferno*, on which he based his remark,

cided ultramontane leanings, has written excellently well of our poet and after careful study. Voltaire, though not without relentings toward a poet who had put popes heels-upward in hell, regards him on the whole as a stupid monster and barbarian. It was no better in Italy, if we may trust Foscolo, who affirms that "neither Pelli nor others deservedly more celebrated than he ever read attentively the poem of Dante, perhaps never ran through it from the first verse to the last."* Accordingly we have heard that the *Commedia* was a sermon, a political pamphlet, the revengeful satire of a disappointed Ghibelline, nay, worse, of a turncoat Guelph. It is narrow, it is bigoted, it is savage, it is theological, it is mediæval, it is heretical, it is scholastic, it is obscure, it is pedantic, its Italian is not that of *la Crusca*, its ideas are not those of an enlightened eighteenth century, it is everything in short that a poem should not be; and yet, singularly enough, the circle of its charm has widened in proportion as men have receded from the theories of Church and State which are supposed to be its foundation, and as the modes of thought of its author have become more alien to those of his readers. In spite of all objections, some of which are well founded, the *Commedia* remains one of the three or four universal books that have ever been written.

We may admit, with proper limitations, the modern distinction between the Artist and the Moralist. With the one Form is all in all, with the other Tendency. The aim of the one is to delight, of the other to convince. The one is master of his purpose, the other mastered by it. The whole range of perception and thought is valuable to the one as it will minister to imagination, to the other only as it is available for argument. With the moralist use is beauty, good only as it serves an ulterior purpose; with the artist beauty is use, good in and for itself. In the fine arts, the vehicle makes part of the thought, coalesces with it. The living conception shapes itself a body in marble,

might have put him on his guard. Dante understood very well the use of ornament in its fitting place. *Est enim exornatio alicujus convenientis additio*, he tells us in his *De vulgari Eloquio* (L. ii. c. 2). His simile of the doves (*Inferno*, V. 82, *seqq.*), perhaps the most exquisite in all poetry, quite oversteps Rivarol's narrow limit of "substantive and verb."

* *Discorso sul testo, ec.* § XVIII.

color, or modulated sound, and henceforth the two are inseparable. The results of the moralist pass into the intellectual atmosphere of mankind, it matters little by what mode of conveyance. But where, as in Dante, the religious sentiment and the imagination are both organic, something interfused with the whole being of the man, so that they work in kindly sympathy, the moral will insensibly suffuse itself with beauty as a cloud with light. Then that fine sense of remote analogies, awake to the assonance between facts seemingly remote and unrelated, between the outward and inward worlds, though convinced that the things of this life are shadows, will be persuaded also that they are not fantastic merely, but imply a substance somewhere, and will love to set forth the beauty of the visible image because it suggests the ineffably higher charm of the unseen original. Dante's ideal of life,—the enlightening and strengthening of that native instinct of the soul which leads it to strive backward toward its divine source, may sublimate the senses till each becomes a window for the light of truth and the splendor of God to shine through. In him as in Calderon the perpetual presence of imagination not only glorifies the philosophy of life and the science of theology, but idealizes both in symbols of material beauty. Though Dante's conception of the highest end of man was that he should climb through every phase of human experience to that transcendental and supersensual region where the true, the good, and the beautiful blend in the white light of God, yet the prism of his imagination forever resolved the ray into color again, and he loved to show it also where, entangled and obstructed in matter, it became beautiful once more to the eye of sense. Speculation, he tells us, is the use, without any mixture, of our noblest part (the reason). And this part cannot in this life have its perfect use, which is to behold God (who is the highest object of the intellect), except inasmuch as the intellect considers and beholds him in his effects.* Underlying Dante the metaphysician, statesman, and theologian was always Dante the poet,†

* *Convito*, B. IV. c. 22.

† It is remarkable that when Dante, in 1297, as a preliminary condition to active politics, enrolled himself in the guild of physicians and apothecaries, he is qualified only with the title *poeta*. The arms of the Alighieri (curiously suitable to him who *sovra gli altri come aquila vola*) were a wing of gold in a field of azure. His

irradiating and vivifying, gleaming through in a picturesque phrase, or touching things unexpectedly with that ideal light which softens and subdues like distance in the landscape. The stern outline of his system wavers and melts away before the eye of the reader in a mirage of imagination that lifts from beyond the sphere of vision and hangs in serener air images of infinite suggestion projected from worlds not realized, but substantial to faith, hope, and aspiration. Beyond the horizon of speculation floats, in the passionless splendor of the empyrean, the city of our God, the Rome whereof Christ is a Roman,* the citadel of refuge, even in this life, for souls purified by sorrow and self-denial, transhumanized † to the divine abstraction of pure contemplation. "And it is called Empyrean," he says in his letter to Can Grande, "which is the same as a heaven blazing with fire or ardor, not because there is in it a material fire or burning, but a spiritual one which is blessed love or charity." But this splendor he bodies forth, if sometimes quaintly, yet always vividly and most often in types of winning grace.

Dante was a mystic with a very practical turn of mind. A Platonist by nature, an Aristotelian by training, his feet keep closely to the narrow path of dialectics, because he believed it the safest, while his eyes are fixed on the stars and his brain is busy with things not demonstrable, save by that grace of God which passeth all understanding, nor capable of being told unless by far-off hints and adumbrations. Though he himself has directly explained the scope, the method, and the larger meaning of his greatest work,‡ though he has indirectly pointed out the way to its interpretation in the *Convito*, and though everything he wrote is but an explanatory comment on his own character and opinions, unmistakably clear and precise, yet both man and poem continue not only to be misunderstood popularly, but also by such as should know better.§ That those

vivid sense of beauty even hovers sometimes like a *corposant* over the somewhat stiff lines of his Latin prose. For example, in his letter to the kings and princes of Italy on the coming of Henry VII.: "A new day brightens, revealing the dawn which already scatters the shades of long calamity; already the breezes of morning gather; *the lips of heaven are reddening!*"

* *Purgatorio*, XXXII. 100. † *Paradiso*, I. 70.

‡ In the letter to Can Grande (XI. of the *Epistolæ*).

§ Witte, Wegele, and Ruth in German, and Ozanam in French, have rendered ignorance of Dante inexcusable among men of culture.

who confined their studies to the *Commedia* should have interpreted it variously is not wonderful, for out of the first or literal meaning others open, one out of another, each of wider circuit and purer abstraction, like Dante's own heavens, giving and receiving light.* Indeed, Dante himself is partly to blame for this. "The form or mode of treatment," he says, "is poetic, fictive, descriptive, digressive, transumptive, and withal definitive, divisive, probative, improbative, and positive of examples." Here are conundrums enough, to be sure! To Italians at home, for whom the great arenas of political and religious speculation were closed, the temptation to find a subtler meaning than the real one was irresistible. Italians in exile, on the other hand, made Dante the stalking-horse from behind which they could take a long shot at Church and State, or at obscurer foes.† Infinitely touching and sacred to us is the instinct of intense sympathy which draws these latter toward their great forerunner, *exul immeritus* like themselves.‡ But they have too often wrung a meaning from Dante which is injurious to the man and out of keeping with the ideas of his age. The aim in expounding a great poem should be, not to discover an endless variety of meanings often contradictory, but whatever it has of great and perennial significance, for such it must have or it would long ago have ceased to be living and operative, would long ago have taken refuge in the Chartreuse of great libraries, dumb thenceforth to all mankind. We

* *Inferno*, VII. 75. "Nay, his style," says Miss Rossetti, "is more than concise: it is elliptical, it is recondite. A first thought often lies coiled up and hidden under a second; the words which state the conclusion involve the premises and develop the subject." (p. 3.)

† A complete vocabulary of Italian billingsgate might be selected from Biagioli. Or see the concluding pages of Naunucci's excellent tract *Intorno alle voci usate da Dante*, Corfù, 1840 Even Foscolo could not always refrain. Dante should have taught them to shun such vulgarities. See *Inferno*, XXX. 131 – 148.

‡ "My Italy, my sweetest Italy, for having loved thee too much I have lost thee, and, perhaps, ... ah, may God avert the omen! But more proud than sorrowful, for an evil endured for thee alone, I continue to consecrate my vigils to thee alone. . . . . An exile full of anguish, perchance, availed to sublime the more in thy Alighieri that lofty soul which was a beautiful gift of thy smiling sky; and an exile equally wearisome and undeserved now avails, perhaps, to sharpen my small genius so that it may penetrate into what he left written for thy instruction and for his glory." Rossetti, *Disamina*, *ec.* p. 405. Rossetti is himself a proof that a noble mind need not be narrowed by misfortune. His "Comment" (unhappily incomplete) is one of the most valuable and suggestive.

do not mean to say that this minute exegesis is useless or unpraiseworthy, but only that it should be subsidiary to the larger way. It serves to bring out more clearly what is very wonderful in Dante, namely, the omnipresence of his memory throughout the work, so that its intimate coherence does not exist in spite of the reconditeness and complexity of allusion, but is woven out of them. The poem has many senses, he tells us, and there can be no doubt of it, but it has also, and this alone will account for its fascination, a living soul behind them all and informing all, an intense singleness of purpose, a core of doctrine simple, human, and wholesome, though it be also, to use his own phrase, the bread of angels.

Nor is this unity characteristic only of the *Divina Commedia.* All the works of Dante, with the possible exception of the *De vulgari Eloquio* (which is unfinished), are component parts of a Whole Duty of Man mutually completing and interpreting each other. They are also, as truly as Wordsworth's "Prelude," a history of the growth of a poet's mind. Like the English poet he valued himself at a high rate, the higher no doubt after Fortune had made him outwardly cheap. *Sempre il magnanimo si magnifica in suo cuore; e così lo pusillanimo per contrario sempre si tiene meno che non è.** As in the prose of Milton, whose striking likeness to Dante in certain prominent features of character has been remarked by Foscolo, there are in Dante's minor works continual allusions to himself of great value as material for his biographer. Those who read attentively will discover that the tenderness he shows toward Francesca and her lover did not spring from any friendship for her family, but was a constant quality of his nature, and that what is called his revengeful ferocity is truly the implacable resentment of a lofty mind and a lover of good against evil, whether showing itself in private or public life; perhaps hating the former manifestation of it the most because he believed it to be the root of the latter, — a faith which those who have watched the course of politics in a democracy, as he had, will be inclined to share. His gentleness is all the more striking by contrast, like that silken compensation which blooms out of

* The great-minded man ever magnifies himself in his heart, and in like manner the pusillanimous holds himself less than he is. *Convito*, Tr. I. c. 11.

the thorny stem of the cactus. His moroseness,* his party spirit, and his personal vindictiveness are all predicated upon the *Inferno*, and upon a misapprehension or careless reading even of that. Dante's zeal was not of that sentimental kind, quickly kindled and as soon quenched, that hovers on the surface of shallow minds,

> "Even as the flame of unctuous things is wont
> To move upon the outer surface only";†

it was the steady heat of an inward fire heating the whole character of the man through and through, like the minarets of his own city of Dis.‡ He was, as seems, distinctive in some degree of the Latinized races, an unflinching *à priori* logician, not unwilling to "syllogize invidious verities," § wherever they might lead him, like Sigier whom he has put in paradise, though more than suspected of heterodoxy. But at the same time, as we shall see, he had something of the practical good sense of that Teutonic stock whence he drew a part of his blood, which prefers a malleable syllogism that can yield without breaking to the inevitable, but incalculable pressure of human nature and the stiffer logic of events. His theory of Church and State was not merely a fantastic one, but intended for the use and benefit of men as they were; and he allowed accordingly for aberrations, to which even the law of gravitation is forced to give place; how much more then any scheme whose very starting-point is the freedom of the will!

We are thankful for a commentator at last who passes dry-shod over the *turbide orde* of inappreciative criticism, and, quietly waving aside the thick atmosphere which has gathered about the character of Dante both as man and poet, opens for us his City of Doom with the divining-rod of reverential study. Miss Rossetti comes commended to our interest not only as one of a family which seems to hold genius by the tenure of

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* Dante's notion of virtue was not that of an ascetic, nor has any one ever painted her in colors more soft and splendid than he in the *Convito*. She is "sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes," and he dwells on the delights of her love with a rapture which kindles and purifies. So far from making her an inquisitor, he says expressly that she "should be gladsome and not sullen in all her works." (*Convito*, Tr. I. c. 8.) "Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose"!

† *Inferno*, XIX. 28, 29.

‡ *Inferno*, VIII. 70 – 75.

§ *Paradiso*, X. 138.

gavelkind, but as having a special claim by inheritance to a love and understanding of Dante. She writes English with a purity that has in it something of feminine softness with no lack of vigor or precision. Her lithe mind winds itself with surprising grace through the metaphysical and other intricacies of her subject. She brings to her work the refined enthusiasm of a cultivated woman and the penetration of sympathy. She has chosen the better way (in which Germany took the lead) of interpreting Dante out of himself, the pure spring from which, and from which alone, he drew his inspiration, and not from muddy Fra Alberico or Abbate Giovacchino, from stupid visions of Saint Paul or voyages of Saint Brandan. She has written by far the best comment that has appeared in English, and we should say the best that has been done in England, were it not for her father's *Comento analitico*, for excepting which her filial piety will thank us. Students of Dante in the original will be grateful to her for many suggestive hints, and those who read him in English will find in her volume a travelling map in which the principal points and their connections are clearly set down. In what we shall say of Dante we shall endeavor only to supplement her interpretation with such side-lights as may have been furnished us by twenty years of assiduous study. Dante's thought is multiform, and like certain street signs, once common, presents a different image according to the point of view. Let us consider briefly what was the plan of the *Divina Commedia* and Dante's aim in writing it, which, if not to justify, was at least to illustrate for warning and example the ways of God to man. The higher intention of the poem was to set forth the results of sin, or unwisdom, and of virtue, or wisdom, in this life, and consequently in the life to come, which is but the continuation and fulfilment of this. The scene accordingly is the spiritual world, of which we are as truly denizens now as hereafter. The poem is a diary of the human soul in its journey upwards from error through repentance to atonement with God. To make it apprehensible by those whom it was meant to teach, nay, from its very nature as a poem, and not a treatise of abstract morality, it must set forth everything by means of sensible types and images.

"To speak thus is adapted to your mind,
Since only from the sensible it learns
What makes it worthy of intellect thereafter.
On this account the Scripture condescends
Unto your faculties, and feet and hands
To God attributes, and means something else." *

Whoever has studied mediæval art in any of its branches need not be told that Dante's age was one that demanded very palpable and even revolting types. As in the old legend, a drop of scalding sweat from the damned soul must shrivel the very skin of those for whom he wrote, to make them wince if not to turn them away from evil-doing. To consider his hell a place of physical torture, is to take Circe's herd for real swine. Its mouth yawns not only under Florence, but before the feet of every man everywhere who goeth about to do evil. His hell is a condition of the soul, and he could not find images loathsome enough to express the moral deformity which is wrought by sin on its victims, or his own abhorrence of it. Its inmates meet you in the street every day.

"Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is there we must ever be." †

It is our own sensual eye that gives evil the appearance of good, and out of a crooked hag makes a bewitching siren. The reason enlightened by the grace of God sees it as it truly is, full of stench and corruption.‡ It is this office of reason which Dante undertakes to perform, by divine commission, in the *Inferno*. There can be no doubt that he looked upon himself as invested with the prophetic function, and the Hebrew forerunners in whose society his soul sought consolation and sustainment certainly set him no example of observing the conventions of good society in dealing with the enemies of God. Indeed his notions of good society were not altogether those of this world in any generation. He would have defined it as meaning "the peers" of Philosophy, "souls free from wretched and vile delights and from vulgar habits, endowed with genius

* *Paradiso*, IV. 40 - 45 (Longfellow's version).

† Marlowe's *Faustus*. "Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell." — *Paradise Lost*, IV. 75. In the same way, *ogni dove in cielo è Paradiso*. — *Paradiso*, III. 88, 89.

‡ *Purgatorio*, XIX. 7 - 33.

and memory."* Dante himself had precisely this endowment, and in a very surprising degree. His genius enabled him to see and to show what he saw to others; his memory neither forgot nor forgave. Very hateful to his fervid heart and sincere mind would have been the modern theory which deals with sin as involuntary error, and by shifting off the fault to the shoulders of Society, personified for purposes of excuse, but escaping into impersonality again from the grasp of retribution, weakens that sense of personal responsibility which is the root of self-respect and the safeguard of character. Dante indeed saw clearly enough that the Divine justice did at length overtake Society in the ruin of States caused by the corruption of private, and thence of civic, morals; but a personality so intense as his could not be satisfied with such a tardy and generalized penalty as this. "It is Thou," he says sternly, "who hast done this thing, and Thou, not Society, shalt be damned for it; nay, damned all the worse for this paltry subterfuge. This is not my judgment, but that of universal Nature † from before the beginning of the world." ‡ Accordingly the highest reason typified in his guide Virgil rebukes him for bringing compassion to the judgments of God,§ and again embraces him and calls the mother that bore him blessed, when he bids Filippo Argenti begone among the other dogs.‖ This latter case shocks our modern feelings the more rudely for the simple pathos with which Dante makes Argenti answer when asked who he was, "Thou seest I am one that weep." It is also the one that makes most strongly for the theory of Dante's per-

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* *Convito*, Tr. II. c. 16.

† *La natura universale, cioè Iddio. Convito*, Tr. III. c. 4.

‡ *Inferno*, III. 7, 8.

§ *Inferno*, XX. 30. Mr. W. M. Rossetti strangely enough renders this verse "Who hath a passion for God's judgeship." *Compassion porta* is the reading of the best texts, and Witte adopts it. Buti's comment is "*cioè porta pena e dolore di colui che giustamente è condannato da Dio che è sempre giusto.*" There is an analogous passage in "The Revelation of the Apostle Paul," printed in the "Proceedings of the American Oriental Society" (Vol. VIII. pp. 213, 214). "And the angel answered and said, 'Wherefore dost thou weep? Why! art thou more merciful than God?' And I said, 'God forbid, O my lord; for God is good and long-suffering unto the sons of men, and he leaves every one of them to his own will, and he walks as he pleases.'" This is precisely Dante's view.

‖ *Inferno*, VIII. 40.

sonal vindictiveness,* and it may count for what it is worth. We are not greatly concerned to defend him on that score, for he believed in the righteous use of anger, and that baseness was its legitimate quarry. He did not think the Tweeds and Fisks, the political wire-pullers and convention-packers, of his day merely amusing, and he certainly did think it the duty of an upright and thoroughly-trained citizen to speak out severely and unmistakably. He believed firmly, almost fiercely, in a divine order of the universe, a conception whereof had been vouchsafed him, and that whatever and whoever hindered or jostled it, whether wilfully or blindly it mattered not, was to be got out of the way at all hazards; because obedience to God's law, and not making things generally comfortable, was the highest duty of man, as it was also his only way to true felicity. It has been commonly assumed that Dante was a man soured by undeserved misfortune, that he took up a wholly new outfit of political opinions with his fallen fortunes, and that his theory of life and of man's relations to it was altogether reshaped for him by the bitter musings of his exile. This would be singular, to say the least, in a man who tells us that he "felt himself indeed four-square against the strokes of chance," and whose convictions were so intimate that they were not merely intellectual conclusions, but parts of his moral being. Fortunately we are called on to believe nothing of the kind. Dante himself has supplied us with hints and dates which enable us to watch the germination and trace the growth of his double theory of government, applicable to man as he is a citizen of this world, and as he hopes to become hereafter a freeman of the celestial city. It would be of little consequence to show in which of two equally selfish and short-sighted parties a man enrolled himself six hundred years ago, but it is worth something to know that a man of ambitious temper and violent passions, aspiring to office in a city of factions, could rise to a level of principle so far above them all. Dante's opinions have

* "I following her (Moral Philosophy) in the work as well as the passion, so far as I could, abominated and disparaged the errors of men, not to the infamy and shame of the erring, but of the errors." — *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 1. "Wherefore in my judgment as he who defames a worthy man ought to be avoided by people and not listened to, so a vile man descended of worthy ancestors ought to he hunted out by all." — *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 29.

life in them still, because they were drawn from living sources of reflection and experience, because they were reasoned out from the astronomic laws of history and ethics, and were not weather-guesses snatched in a glance at the doubtful political sky of the hour.

> Swiftly the politic goes: is it dark? he borrows a lantern;
> Slowly the statesman and sure, guiding his feet by the stars.

It will be well, then, to clear up the chronology of Dante's thought. When his ancestor Cacciaguida prophesies to him the life which is to be his after 1300,* he says, speaking of his exile: —

> "And that which most shall weigh upon thy shoulders
> Will be the bad and foolish company
> With which into this valley thou shalt fall;
> . . . . .
> Of their bestiality their own proceedings
> Shall furnish proof; *so 't will be well for thee*
> *A party to have made thee by thyself.*"

Here both context and grammatical construction (infallible guides in a writer so scrupulous and exact) imply irresistibly that Dante had become a party by himself before his exile. The measure adopted by the Priors of Florence while he was one of them (with his assent and probably by his counsel), of sending to the frontier the leading men of both factions, confirms this implication. Among the persons thus removed from the opportunity of doing mischief was his dearest friend Guido Cavalcanti, to whom he had not long before addressed the *Vita Nuova*.† Dante evidently looked back with satisfaction on his conduct at this time and thought it both honest and patriotic, as it certainly was disinterested. "We whose country is the world, as the ocean to the fish," he tells us, "though we drank of the Arno in infancy, and love Florence so much, that, *because we loved her, we suffer exile unjustly*, support the shoulders of our judgment rather upon reason than the senses."‡ And again, speaking of old age, he says, "And

* *Paradiso*, XVII. 61 – 69.

† It is worth mentioning that the sufferers in his *Inferno* are in like manner pretty exactly divided between the two parties. This is answer enough to the charge of partiality. He even puts persons there for whom he felt affection (as Brunetto Latini) and respect (as Farinati degli Uberti and Frederick II.). Till the French looked-up their MSS. it was taken for granted that the *beccajo di Parigi* (*Purgatorio*, XX. 52) was a drop of Dante's gall.

‡ *De vulgari Eloquio*, L. I. c. 6. Cf. *Inferno*, XV. 61 – 64.

the noble soul at this age blesses also the times past, and well may bless them, because, revolving them in memory, she recalls her righteous conduct, without which she could not enter the port to which she draws nigh, with so much riches and so great gain." This language is not that of a man who regrets some former action as mistaken, still less of one who repented it for any disastrous consequences to himself. So in justifying a man for speaking of himself, he alleges two examples, — that of Boethius, who did so to "clear himself of the perpetual infamy of his exile"; and that of Augustine, "for, by the process of his life, which was from bad to good, from good to better, and from better to best, he gave us example and teaching." * After middle life, at least, Dante had that wisdom "whose use brings with it marvellous beauties, that is, contentment with every condition of time, and contempt of those things which others make their masters." † If Dante, moreover, wrote his treatise *De Monarchia* before 1302, and we think Witte's inference, ‡ from its style and from the fact that he nowhere alludes to his banishment in it, conclusive on this point, then he was already a Ghibelline in the same larger and unpartisan sense which ever after distinguished him from his Italian contemporaries.

> "Let, let the Ghibellines ply their handicraft
> Beneath some other standard; for this ever
> Ill follows he who it and justice parts,"

he makes Justinian say, speaking of the Roman eagle. § His Ghibellinism, though undoubtedly the result of what he had seen of Italian misgovernment, embraced in its theoretical application the civilized world. His political system was one which his reason adopted, not for any temporary expediency, but because it conduced to justice, peace, and civilization, the three conditions on which alone freedom was possible in any sense which made it worth having. Dante was intensely Italian, nay, intensely Florentine, but on all great questions he was by the logical structure of his mind and its philosophic

* *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 28. *Ib.*, Tr. I. c. 2.

† *Convito*, Tr. III., c. 13.

‡ Opp. Min. ed. Fraticelli, Vol. II. pp. 281 and 283. Witte is inclined to put it even earlier than 1300, and we believe he is right.

§ *Paradiso*, VI. 103 - 105.

impartiality incapable of intellectual provincialism.* If the circle of his affections, as with persistent natures commonly, was narrow, his thought swept a broad horizon from that tower of absolute self which he had reared for its speculation. Even upon the principles of poetry, mechanical and other,† he had reflected more profoundly than most of those who criticise his work, and it was not by chance that he discovered the secret of that magical word too few, which not only distinguishes his verse from all other, but so strikingly from his own prose. He never took the bridle of art‡ between his teeth where only poetry, and not doctrine, was concerned.

If Dante's philosophy on the one hand was practical, a guide for the conduct of life, it was on the other a much more transcendent thing, whose body was wisdom, her soul love, and her efficient cause truth. It is a practice of wisdom from the mere love of it, for so we must interpret his *amoroso uso di sapienzia*, when we remember how he has said before§ that "the love of wisdom for its delight or profit is not true love of wisdom." And this love must embrace knowledge in all its branches, for Dante is content with nothing less than a pancratic training, and has a scorn of *dilettanti*, specialists, and quacks. "Wherefore none ought to be called a true philosopher who for any delight loves any part of knowledge, as there are

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* Some Florentines have amusingly enough doubted the genuineness of the *De vulgari Eloquio*, because Dante therein denies the pre-eminence of the Tuscan dialect.

† See particularly the second book of the *De vulgari Eloquio*.

‡ *Purgatorio*, XXXIII. 141. "That thing one calls beautiful whose parts answer to each other, because pleasure results from their harmony." — *Convito*, Tr. I. c. 5. Carlyle says that "he knew too, partly, that his work was great, the greatest a man could do." He knew it fully. Telling us how Giotto's fame as a painter had eclipsed that of Cimabue, he takes an example from poetry also, and selecting two Italian poets, one the most famous of his predecessors, the other of his contemporaries, calmly sets himself above them both (*Purgatorio*, XI. 97–99), and gives the reason for his supremacy. (*Purgatorio*, XXIV. 49–62.) It is to be remembered that *Amore* in the latter passage does not mean love in the ordinary sense, but in that transcendental one set forth in the *Convito*, — that state of the soul which opens it for the descent of God's spirit, to make it over into his own image. "Therefore it is manifest that in this love the Divine virtue descends into men in the guise of an angel, ... and it is to be noted that the descending of the virtue of one thing into another is nothing else than reducing it to its own likeness." — *Convito*, Tr. III. c. 14.

§ *Convito*, Tr. III. c. 11. *Ib.*, Tr. I. c. 11.

many who delight in composing *Canzoni*, and delight to be studious in them, and who delight to be studious in rhetoric and in music, and flee and abandon the other sciences which are all members of wisdom." * "Many love better to be held masters than to be so." With him wisdom is the generalization from many several knowledges of small account by themselves, results therefore from breadth of culture, and would be impossible without it. Philosophy is a noble lady (*donna gentil* †), partaking of the divine essence by a kind of eternal marriage, while with other intelligences she is united in a less measure "as a mistress of whom no lover takes complete joy." ‡ The eyes of this lady are her demonstrations, and her smile is her persuasion. "The eyes of wisdom are her demonstrations by which truth is beheld most certainly; and her smile is her persuasions in which the interior light of wisdom is shown under a certain veil, and in these two is felt that highest pleasure of beatitude which is the greatest good in paradise." § "It is to be known that the beholding this lady was so largely ordained for us not merely to look upon the face which she shows us, but that we may desire to attain the things which she keeps concealed. And as through her much thereof is

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* *Convito*, Tr. III. c. 12 – 15.

† *Inferno*, II. 94, the *donna gentil* is Lucia, the pre-venient Grace, the *light* of God which shows the right path and guides the feet in it. With Dante God is always the sun, "which leadeth others right by every road." — *Inferno*, I. 18. "The spiritual and unintelligible Sun, which is God." — *Convito*, Tr. III. c. 12. His light "enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," but his dwelling is in the heavens. He who wilfully deprives himself of this light is spiritually dead in sin. So when in Mars he beholds the glorified spirits of the martyrs he exclaims, "O Elios, who so arrayest them!" — *Paradiso*, XIV. 96. Blanc (Vocabolario, *sub voce*) rejects this interpretation. But Dante, entering the abode of the Blessed, invokes the "good Apollo," and shortly after calls him *divina virtù*. We shall have more to say of this hereafter.

‡ *Convito*, Tr. III. c. 12.

§ *Convito*, Tr. III. c. 15. Recalling how the eyes of Beatrice lift her servant through the heavenly spheres, and that smile of hers so often dwelt on with rapture, we see how Dante was in the habit of commenting and illustrating his own works. We must remember always that with him the allegorical exposition is the true one (*Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 1), the allegory being a truth which is hidden under a beautiful falsehood (*Convito*, Tr. II. c. 1), and that Dante thought his poems without this exposition "under some shade of obscurity, so that to many their beauty was more grateful than their goodness" (*Convito*, Tr. I. c. 1), "because the goodness is in the meaning, and the beauty in the ornament of the words." — *Convito*, Tr. II. c. 12.

seen by reason, so by her we believe that every miracle may have its reason in a higher intellect, and consequently may be. Whence our good faith has its origin, whence comes the hope of those unseen things which we desire, and through that the operation of charity, by the which three virtues we rise to philosophize in that celestial Athens where the Stoics, Peripatetics, and Epicureans through the art of eternal truth accordingly concur in one will." *

As to the double scope of Dante's philosophy we will cite a passage from the *Convito*, all the more to our purpose as it will illustrate his own method of allegorizing. "Verily the use of our mind is double, that is, practical and speculative, the one and the other most delightful, although that of contemplation be the more so. That of the practical is for us to act virtuously, that is, honorably, with prudence, temperance, fortitude, and justice. [These are the four stars seen by Dante, *Purg.*, I. 22–27.] That of the speculative is not to act for ourselves, but to consider the works of God and nature. . . . . Verily of these uses one is more full of beatitude than the other, as it is the speculative, which without any admixture is the use of our noblest part. . . . . And this part in this life cannot have its use perfectly, which is to see God, except inasmuch as the intellect considers him and beholds him through his effects. And that we should seek this beatitude as the highest, and not the other, the Gospel of Mark teaches us if we will look well. Mark says that Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, and Mary Salome went to find the Saviour at the tomb and found him not, but found a youth clad in white who said to them, 'Ye seek the Saviour, and I say unto you that he is not here; and yet fear ye not, but go and say unto his disciples and Peter that he will go before them into Galilee, and there ye shall see him even as he told you.' By these three women may be understood the three sects of the active life, that is, the Epicureans, the Stoics, and the Peripatetics, who go to the tomb, that is, to the present life, which is a receptacle of things corruptible, and seek the Saviour, that is, beatitude, and find him not, but they find a youth in white raiment, who, according to the testimony of Matthew and the rest, was an

* *Convito*, Tr. III. c. 14.

angel of God. This angel is that nobleness of ours which comes from God, as hath been said, which speaks in our reason and says to each of these sects, that is, to whoever goes seeking beatitude in this life, that it is not here, but go and say to the disciples and to Peter, that is, to those who go seeking it and those who are gone astray (like Peter who had denied), that it will go before them into Galilee, that is, into speculation. Galilee is as much as to say Whiteness. Whiteness is a body full of corporeal light more than any other, and so contemplation is fuller of spiritual light than anything else here below. And he says, 'it will go before,' and does not say, 'it will be with you,' to give us to understand that God always goes before our contemplation, nor can we ever overtake here Him who is our supreme beatitude. And it is said, 'There ye shall see him as he told you,' that is, here ye shall have of his sweetness, that is, felicity, as is promised you here, that is, as it is ordained that ye can have. And thus it appears that we find our beatitude, this felicity of which we are speaking, first imperfect in the active life, that is, in the operations of the moral virtues, and afterwards wellnigh perfect in the operation of the intellectual ones, the which two operations are speedy and most direct ways to lead to the supreme beatitude, the which cannot be had here, as appears by what has been said." *

At first sight there may seem to be some want of agreement in what Dante says here of the soul's incapacity of the vision of God in this life with the triumphant conclusion of his own poem, the most truly sublime flight in all poetry. But here as elsewhere Dante must be completed and explained by himself. "We must know that everything most greatly desires its own perfection, and in that its every desire is appeased, and by that everything is desired. [That is, the one is drawn toward, the other draws.] And this is that desire which makes every delight maimed, for no delight is so great in this life that it can take away from the soul this thirst so that desire remain not in the thought." † "And since it is most natural to wish to be in God, the human soul naturally wills it with all longing. And since its being depends on God and is preserved there

* *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 22.

† *Convito*, Tr. III. c 6.

by, it naturally desires and wills to be united with God in order to fortify its being. And since in the goodnesses of human nature is shown some reason for those of the Divine, it follows that the human soul unites itself in a spiritual way with those so much the more strongly and quickly as they appear more perfect, and this appearance happens according as the knowledge of the soul is clear or impeded. And this union is what we call Love, whereby may be known what is within the soul, seeing those it outwardly loves. . . . . And the human soul which is ennobled with the ultimate potency, that is, reason, participates in the Divine nature after the manner of an eternal Intelligence, because the soul is so ennobled and denuded of matter in that sovran potency that the Divine light shines in it as in an angel."* This union with God may therefore take place before the warfare of life is over, but is only possible for souls *perfettamente naturati*, perfectly endowed by nature.† This depends on the virtue of the generating soul and the concordant influence of the planets. "And if it happen that through the purity of the recipient soul, the intellectual virtue be well abstracted and absolved from every corporeal shadow, the Divine bounty is multiplied in it as in a thing sufficient to receive the same."‡ "And there are some who believe that if all the aforesaid virtues [powers] should unite for the production of a soul in their best disposition, so much of the Deity would descend into it that it would be almost another incarnate God."§ Did Dante believe himself to be one of these? He certainly gives us reason to think so. He was born under fortunate stars as he twice tells us,‖ and he puts the middle of his own life at the thirty-fifth year, which is the period he assigns for it in the diviner sort of men.¶

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* *Convito*, Tr. III. c. 2. By *potenzia* and *potenza* Dante means the faculty of receiving influences or impressions. (*Paradiso*, XIII. 61; XXIX. 34.) Reason is the "sovran potency" because it makes us capable of God.

† "O thou *well-born*, unto whom Grace concedes
To see the thrones of the Eternal triumph,
Or ever yet the warfare be abandoned." — *Paradiso*, V. 115–118.

‡ *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 21.

§ *Convito*, Tr. III. c. 7.

‖ *Inferno*, XV. 55, 56; *Paradiso*, XXII. 112–117.

¶ *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 23 (cf. *Inferno*, I. 1).

The stages of Dante's intellectual and moral growth may, we think, be reckoned with some approach to exactness from data supplied by himself. In the poems of the *Vita Nuova*, Beatrice, until her death, was to him simply a poetical ideal, a type of abstract beauty, chosen according to the fashion of the day after the manner of the Provençal poets, but in a less carnal sense than theirs. "And by the fourth nature of animals, that is, the sensitive, man has another love whereby he loves according to sensible appearance, even as a beast. . . ... And by the fifth and final nature, that is, the truly human, or, to speak better, angelic, that is, rational, man has a love for truth and virtue. . . . . Wherefore, since this nature is called *mind*, I said that love discoursed in my mind to make it understood that this love was that which is born in that noblest of natures, that is, [the love] of truth and virtue, and *to shut out every false opinion by which it might be suspected that my love was for the delight of sense*." * This is a very weighty affirmation, made, as it is, so deliberately by a man of Dante's veracity, who would and did speak truth at every hazard. Let us dismiss at once and forever all the idle tales of Dante's amours, of la Montanina, Gentucca, Pietra, Lisetta, and the rest, to that outer darkness of impure thoughts *là onde la stoltezza dipartille*.† We think Miss Rossetti a little hasty in allowing that in

* *Convito*, Tr. III. c. 3; *Paradiso*, XVIII. 108–130.

† See an excellent discussion and elucidation of this matter by Witte, who so highly deserves the gratitude of all students of Dante, in *Dante Alighieri's Lyrische Gedichte*, Theil II. pp. 48–57. It was kindly old Boccaccio, who, without thinking any harm, first set this nonsense agoing. His "Life of Dante" is mainly a rhetorical exercise. After making Dante's marriage an excuse for revamping all the old slanders against matrimony, he adds gravely, "Certainly I do not affirm these things to have happened to Dante, for I do not know it, though it be true that (whether things like these or others were the cause of it), once parted from her, he would never come where she was nor suffer her to come where he was, for all that she was the mother of several children by him." That he did not come to her is not wonderful, for he would have been burned alive if he had. Dante could not send for her because he was a homeless wanderer. She remained in Florence with her children because she had powerful relations and perhaps property there. It is plain, also, that what Boccaccio says of Dante's *lussuria* had no better foundation. It gave him a chance to turn a period. He gives no particulars, and his general statement is simply incredible. Lionardo Bruni and Vellutello long ago pointed out the trifling and fictitious character of this "Life." Those familiar with Dante's allegorical diction will not lay much stress on the literal meaning of *pargoletta* in *Purgatorio*, XXXI. 59. Gentucca, of course, was a real person, one of those who

the years which immediately followed Beatrice's death Dante gave himself up "more or less to sensual gratification and earthly aim." The earthly aim we in a certain sense admit; the sensual gratification we reject as utterly inconsistent not only with Dante's principles but with his character and indefatigable industry. Miss Rossetti illustrates her position by a subtle remark on "the lulling spell of an intellectual and sensitive delight in good running parallel with a voluntary and actual indulgence in evil." The dead Beatrice beckoned him toward the life of contemplation, and it was precisely during this period that he attempted to find happiness in the life of action. "Verily it is to be known that we may in this life have two felicities, following two ways, good and best, which lead us thither. The one is the active, the other the contemplative life, the which (though by the active we may attain, as has been said, unto good felicity) leads us to the best felicity and blessedness."* "The life of my heart, that is, of my inward self, was wont to be a sweet thought which went many times to the feet of God, that is to say, in thought I contemplated the kingdom of the Blessed. And I tell the final cause why I mounted thither in thought when I say, 'Where it [the sweet thought] beheld a lady in glory,' that I might make it understood that I was and am certain, by *her gracious revelation, that she was in heaven*, [not on earth, as I had vainly imagined,] whither I went in thought, so often as was possible to me, as it were rapt."† This passage exactly answers to another in *Purgatorio*, XXX. 115 – 138: —

> "Not only by the work of those great wheels
> That destine every seed unto some end,
> According as the stars are in conjunction,
> *But by the largess of celestial graces*,
> . . . . .
> Such had this man become in his New Life
> Potentially, that every righteous habit
> Would have made admirable proof in him;
> . . . . .

had shown hospitality to the exile. Dante remembers them all somewhere, for gratitude (which is quite as rare as genius) was one of the virtues of his unforgetting nature. Boccaccio's *Comment* is later and far more valuable than the *Life*.

* *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 17; *Purgatorio*, XXVII. 100 – 108.

† *Convito*, Tr. II. c. 8.

Some time I did sustain him with my look ; (*volto*)
Revealing unto him my youthful eyes,
I led him with me turned in the right way.
As soon as ever of my second age
I was upon the threshold and changed life,
Himself from me he took and gave to others.
When from the flesh to spirit I ascended,
And beauty and virtue were in me increased,
I was to him less dear and less delightful,
And into ways untrue he turned his steps,
Pursuing the false images of good
That never any promises fulfil (i. e. *wholly* fulfil, *rendono intera*).
Nor prayer for inspiration me availed,*
By means of which in dreams and otherwise
I called him back, so little did he heed them.
So low he fell, that all appliances
For his salvation were already short
Save showing him the people of perdition."

Now Dante himself, we think, gives us the clew, by following which we may reconcile the contradiction, what Miss Rossetti calls "the astounding discrepancy," between the Lady of the *Vita Nuova* who made him unfaithful to Beatrice, and the same Lady in the *Convito*, who in attributes is identical with Beatrice herself. We must remember that the prose part of the *Convito*, which is a comment on the *Canzoni*, was written after the *Canzoni* themselves. How long after we cannot say with certainty, but it was plainly composed at intervals, a part of it probably after Dante had entered upon old age (which began, as he tells us, with the forty-fifth year), consequently after 1310. Dante had then written a considerable part of the *Divina Commedia* in which Beatrice was to go through her final and most ethereal transformation in his mind and memory. We say in his memory, for such idealizations have a very subtle retrospective action, and the new condition of feeling or thought is uneasy till it has half unconsciously brought into harmony whatever is inconsistent with it in the past. The inward life unwillingly admits any break in its con-

* We should prefer here,

"Nor inspirations *won by prayer* availed,"

as better expressing *Nè l' impetrare spirazion*. Mr. Longfellow's translation is so admirable for its exactness as well as its beauty that it may be thankful for the minutest criticism, such only being possible.

tinuity, and nothing is more common than to hear a man, in venting an opinion taken up a week ago, say with perfect sincerity, "I have always thought so and so." Whatever belief occupies the whole mind soon produces the impression on us of having long had possession of it, and one mode of consciousness blends so insensibly with another that it is impossible to mark by an exact line where one begins and the other ends. Dante in his exposition of the *Canzoni* must have been subject to this subtlest and most deceitful of influences. He would try to reconcile so far as he conscientiously could his present with his past. This he could do by means of the allegorical interpretation. "For it would be a great shame to him," he says in the *Vita Nuova*, "who should poetize something under the vesture of some figure or rhetorical color, and afterwards, when asked, could not strip his words of that vesture in such wise that they should have a true meaning." Now in the literal exposition of the *Canzone* beginning, "Voi che intendendo il terzo ciel movete," * he tells us that the *grandezza* of the *Donna Gentil* was "temporal greatness" (one certainly of the felicities attainable by way of the *vita attiva*), and immediately after gives us a hint by which we may comprehend why a proud † man might covet it. "How much wisdom and how great a persistence in virtue (*abito virtuoso*) are hidden for want of this lustre!" ‡ When Dante reaches the Terrestrial Paradise (*Purgatorio*, XXVIII.), which is the highest felicity of this world, and therefore the consummation of the Active Life, he is welcomed by a Lady who is its symbol,

> "Who went along
> Singing and culling floweret after floweret,"

and warming herself in the rays of Love, or "actual speculation," that is, "where love makes its peace felt." § That she was the symbol of this is evident from the previous dream of Dante (*Purgatorio*, XXVII. 94–105), in which he sees Leah, the universally accepted type of it,

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* Which he cites in the *Paradiso*, VIII. 37.

† Dante confesses his guiltiness of the sin of pride, which (as appears by the examples he gives of it) included ambition, in *Purgatorio*, XIII. 136, 137.

‡ *Convito*, Tr. II. c. 11.

§ *Purgatorio*, XXVIII. 40–44; *Convito*, Tr. III. c. 13.

"Walking in a meadow,
Gathering flowers; and singing she was saying,
'Know whosoever may my name demand
That I am Leah, who go moving round
My beauteous hands to make myself a garland,'"

that is to say, of good works. She, having "washed him thoroughly from sin," *

"All dripping brought
Into the dance of the four beautiful," †

who are the intellectual virtues Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude, the four stars, guides of the Practical Life, which he had seen when he came out of the Hell where he had beheld the results of sin, and arrived at the foot of the Mount of Purification. That these were the special virtues of practical goodness Dante had already told us in a passage before quoted from the *Convito*.‡ That this was Dante's meaning is confirmed by what Beatrice says to him (*Purgatorio*, 100–102),

"Short while shalt thou be here a forester (*silvano*)
And thou shalt be with me forevermore
A citizen of that Rome where Christ is Roman";

for by a "forest" he always means the world of life and action.§ At the time when Dante was writing the *Canzoni* on which the *Convito* was a comment, he believed science to be the "ultimate perfection itself, and not the way to it," ‖ but before the *Convito* was composed he had become aware of a higher and purer light, an inward light, in that Beatrice, already clarified wellnigh to a mere image of the mind, "who lives in heaven with the angels, and on earth with my soul." ¶

So spiritually does Dante always present Beatrice to us, even where most corporeal, as in the *Vita Nuova*, that many, like

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* Psalm li. 2. "And therefore I say that her [Philosophy's] beauty, that is, morality, rains flames of fire, that is, a righteous appetite which is generated in the love of moral doctrine, the which appetite removes us from the natural as well as other vices." — *Convito*, Tr. III. c. 15.

† *Purgatorio*, XXXI. 103, 104.

‡ Tr. IV. c. 22.

§ Such is the *selva oscura* (*Inferna*, I. 2), such the *selva erronea di questa vita* (*Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 24).

‖ *Convito*, Tr. I. c. 13.

¶ *Convito*, Tr. II. c. 2.

Biscione and Rossetti, have doubted her real existence. But surely we must consent to believe that she who speaks of

> "The fair limbs wherein
> I was enclosed, which scattered are in earth,"

was once a creature of flesh and blood, —

> "A creature not too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food."

When she died, Dante's grief, like that of Constance, filled her room up with something fairer than the reality had ever been. There is no idealizer like unavailing regret, all the more if it be a regret of fancy as much as of real feeling. She early began to undergo that change into something rich and strange in the sea* of his mind which so completely supernaturalized her at last. It is not impossible, we think, to follow the process of transformation. During the period of the *Convito Canzoni*, when he had so given himself to study that to his weakened eyes "the stars were shadowed with a white blur," † this star of his imagination was eclipsed for a time with the rest. As his love had never been of the senses (which is bestial ‡), so his sorrow was all the more ready to be irradiated with celestial light, and to assume her to be the transmitter of it who had first awakened in him the nobler impulses of his nature,

> ("Such had this man become in his New Life
> Potentially,")

and given him the first hints of a higher, nay, of the highest, good. With that turn for double meaning and abstraction which was so strong in him, her very name helped him to allegorize her into one who makes blessed (*beat*), and thence the step was a short one to personify in her that Theosophy which enables man to see God and to be mystically united with him even in the flesh. Already, in the *Vita Nuova*,§ she appears to him as afterwards in the Terrestrial Paradise, clad in that color of flame which belongs to the seraphim who

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* *Mar di tutto il senno*, he calls Virgil (*Inferno*, VIII. 7). Those familiar with his own works will think the phrase singularly applicable to himself.

† *Convito*, Tr. III. c. 9.

‡ *Convito*, Tr. III. c. 3.

§ *Vita Nuova*, XI.

contemplate God in himself, simply, and not in his relation to the Son or the Holy Spirit.* When misfortune came upon him, when his schemes of worldly activity failed, and science was helpless to console, as it had never been able wholly to satisfy, she already rose before him as the lost ideal of his youth, reproaching him with his desertion of purely spiritual aims. It is, perhaps, in allusion to this that he fixes the date of her death with such minute precision on the 9th June, 1390, most probably his own twenty-fifth birthday, on which he passed the boundary of adolescence.†

That there would seem to be a discrepancy between the Lady of the *Vita Nuova* and her of the *Convito*, Dante himself was already aware when writing the former and commenting it. Explaining the sonnet beginning *Gentil pensier*, he says, "In this sonnet I make two parts of myself according as my thoughts were divided in two. The one part I call *heart*, that is, the appetite, the other *soul*, that is, reason. . . . . It is true that in the preceding sonnet I take side with the heart against the eyes [which were weeping for the lost Beatrice], and that appears contrary to what I say in the present one; and therefore I say that in that sonnet also I mean by *heart* the appetite, because my desire to remember me of my most gentle Lady was still greater than to behold this one, albeit I had already some appetite for her, but slight as should seem: whence it appears that the one saying is not contrary to the other."‡ When, therefore, Dante speaks of the love of this Lady as the "adversary of *Reason*," he uses the word in its highest sense, not as understanding (*Intellectus*), but as synonymous with *soul*. Already, when the latter part of the *Vita Nuova*, nay, perhaps the whole of the explanatory portion of it, was written, the plan of the *Commedia* was complete, a poem the higher aim of which was to keep the soul alive both in this world and for the next. As Dante tells us, the contradiction in his mind was,

* *Vita Nuova*, Tr. II. c. 6.

† *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 24. The date of Dante's birth is uncertain, but the period he assigns for it (*Paradiso*, XXII. 112 - 117) extends from the middle of May to the middle of June. If we understand Buti's astrological comment, the day would fall in June rather than May.

‡ *Vita Nuova*, XXXIX. Compare for a different view, "The New Life of Dante, an Essay with Translations," by C. E. Norton, pp. 92 *seqq*.

though he did not become aware of it till afterwards, more apparent than real. He sought consolation in study, and failing to find it in Learning (*scienza*), he was led to seek it in Wisdom (*sapienza*), which is the love of God and the knowledge of him.* He had sought happiness, through the understanding; he was to find it through intuition. The lady Philosophy (according as she is moral or intellectual) includes both. Her gradual transfiguration is exemplified in passages already quoted (*ante*, pp. 154, 155). The active life leads indirectly by a knowledge of its failures and sins (*Inferno*), or directly by a righteous employment of it (*Purgatorio*), to the same end. The use of the sciences is to induce in us the ultimate perfection, that of speculating upon truth; the use of the highest of them, theology, the contemplation of God.† To this they all lead up. In one of those curious chapters of the *Convito*,‡ where he points out the analogy between the sciences and the heavens, Dante tells us that he compares moral philosophy with the crystalline heaven or *Primum Mobile*, because it communicates life and gives motion to all the others below it.

* There is a passage in the *Convito* (Tr. III. c. 15) in which Dante seems clearly to make the distinction asserted above, "And therefore the desire of man is limited in this life to that *knowledge* (*scienzia*) which may here be had, and passes not save by error that point which is beyond our natural understanding. And so is limited and measured in the angelic nature the amount of that *wisdom* which the nature of each is capable of receiving." Man is, according to Dante, superior to the angels in this, that he is capable both of reason and contemplation, while they are confined to the latter. That Beatrice's reproaches refer to no human *pargoletta*, the context shows where Dante asks,

> "But wherefore so beyond my power of sight
> Soars your desirable discourse that aye
> The more I strive, so much the more I lose it?
> That thou mayst recognize, she said, the school
> Which thou hast followed, and mayst see how far
> Its doctrine follows after my discourse,
> And mayst behold your path from the divine
> Distant as far as separated is
> From earth the heaven that highest hastens on."
>
> *Purgatorio*, XXXIII. 82–90.

The *pargoletta* in its ordinary sense was necessary to the literal and human meaning, but it is shockingly discordant with that non-natural interpretation which, according to Dante's repeated statement, lays open the true and divine meaning.

† "So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God. But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you." Romans viii. 8, 9.

‡ *Convito*, Tr. II. c. 14, 15.

But what gives motion to the crystalline heaven (moral philosophy) itself? "The most fervent appetite which it has in each of its parts to be conjoined with each part of that most divine quiet heaven" (Theology).* Theology, the divine science, corresponds with the Empyrean, "because of its peace, the which, through the most excellent certainty of its subject, which is God, suffers no strife of opinions or sophistic arguments." † No one of the heavens is at rest but this, and in none of the inferior sciences can we find repose, though he likens physics to the heaven of the fixed stars, in whose name is a suggestion of the certitude to be arrived at in things demonstrable. Dante had this comparison in mind, it may be inferred, when he said,

"Well I perceive that never sated is
Our intellect unless the Truth illume it
Beyond which nothing true [i. e. no partial truth] expands itself.
It rests therein as wild beast in his lair;
When it attains it, and it can attain it;
If not, then each desire would frustrate be.
Therefore springs up, in fashion of a shoot,
Doubt at the foot of truth; and this is nature
Which to the top from height to height impels us." ‡

The contradiction, as it seems to us, resolves itself into an essential, easily apprehensible, if mystical, unity. Dante at first gave himself to the study of the sciences (after he had lost the simple unquestioning faith of youth) as the means of arriving at certainty. From the root of every truth to which he attained sprang this sucker (*rampollo*) of doubt, drawing out of it the very sap of its life. In this way was Philosophy truly an adversary of his soul, and the reason of his remorse for fruitless studies which drew him away from the one that alone was and could be fruitful is obvious enough. But by and by out of the very doubt came the sweetness § of a higher and truer insight. He became aware that there were "things in heaven and earth undreamt of in your philosophy," as another doubter said, who had just finished *his* studies, but could not

* *Convito*, Tr. II. c. 4. Compare *Paradiso*, I. 76, 77.

† "Vain babblings and oppositions of science falsely so called." 1 Tim. vi. 20.

‡ *Paradiso*, IV. 124–132.

§ "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness. Judges xiv. 14.

find his way out of the scepticism they engendered as Dante did.

> "Insane is he who hopeth that our reason
> Can traverse the illimitable way
> Which the one Substance in three Persons follows!
> Mortals, remain contented at the *Quia;*
> For, if ye had been able to see all,
> No need there were [had been] for Mary to bring forth.
> And ye have seen desiring without fruit,
> Those whose desire would have been quieted
> Which evermore is given them for a grief.
> I speak of Aristotle and of Plato
> And many others."*

Whether at the time when the poems of the *Vita Nuova* were written the Lady who withdrew him for a while from Beatrice was (which we doubt) a person of flesh and blood or not, she was no longer so when the prose narrative was composed. Any one familiar with Dante's double meanings will hardly question that by putting her at a window, which is a place to look out of, he intended to imply that she personified Speculation, a word which he uses with a wide range of meaning, sometimes as *looking for*, sometimes as *seeing* (like Shakespeare's

> "There is no *speculation* in those eyes"),

sometimes as *intuition*, or the beholding all things in God who is the cause of all. This is so obvious, and the image in this

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* *Purgatorio*, III. 34–44. The allusions in this passage are all to sayings of Saint Paul, of whom Dante was plainly a loving reader. "Remain contented at the *Quia*," that is, be satisfied with knowing *that* things are, without inquiring too nicely *how* or *why*. "Being justified by faith we have peace with God" (Rom. v. 1). *Infinita via:* "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" (Rom. xi. 33.) *Aristotle and Plato:* "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness. . . . . For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead, so that *they are without excuse*. Because that when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened." (Rom. i. 18–21.) He refers to the Greeks. The Epistle to the Romans, by the way, would naturally be Dante's favorite. As Saint Paul made the Law, so he would make Science, "our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith" (Gal. iii. 24). He puts Aristotle and Plato in his *Inferno*, because they did not "adore God duly" (*Inferno*, IV. 38), that is, they "held the truth in unrighteousness." Yet he calls Aristotle "the master and guide of human reason" (*Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 6), and Plato "a most excellent man" (*Convito*, Tr. II. c. 5).

sense so familiar, that we are surprised it should have been hitherto unremarked. It is plain that, even when the *Vita Nuova* was written, the Lady was already Philosophy, but philosophy applied to a lower range of thought, not yet ascended from flesh to spirit. The Lady who seduced him was the science which looks for truth in second causes, or even in effects, instead of seeking it, where alone it can be found, in the First Cause; she was the Philosophy which looks for happiness in the visible world (of shadows), and not in the spiritual (and therefore substantial) world. The guerdon of his search was doubt. But Dante, as we have seen, made his very doubts help him upward toward certainty; each became a round in the ladder by which he climbed to clearer and clearer vision till the end.* Philosophy had made him forget Beatrice; it was Philosophy who was to bring him back to her again, washed clean in that very stream of forgetfulness that had made an impassable barrier between them.† Dante had known how to find in her the gift of Achilles's lance,

> "Which used to be the cause
> First of a sad and then a gracious boon."‡

There is another possible, and even probable, theory which would reconcile the Beatrice of the *Purgatorio* with her of the *Vita Nuova*. Suppose that even in the latter she signified Theology, or at least some influence that turned his thoughts

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* It is to be remembered that Dante has typified the same thing when he describes how Reason (Virgil) first carries him down by clinging to the fell of Satan, and then in the same way upwards again *a riveder le stelle*. Satan is the symbol of materialism, fixed at the point

> "To which things heavy draw from every side";

as God is Light and Warmth, so is he "cold obstruction"; the very effort which he makes to rise by the motion of his wings begets the chilly blast that freezes him more immovably in his place of doom. The danger of all science save the highest (theology) was that it led to materialism. There appears to have been a great deal of it in Florence in the time of Dante. Its followers called themselves Epicureans, and burn in living tombs (*Inferno*, X). Dante held them in special horror. "Of all bestialities that is the most foolish and vile and hurtful which believes there is no other life after this." "And I so believe, so affirm, and so am certain that we pass to another better life after this" (*Convito*, Tr. II. c. 9). It is a fine divination of Carlyle from the *Non han speranza di morte* that "one day it had risen sternly benign in the scathed heart of Dante that he, wretched, never resting, worn as he was, would [should] full surely *die*."

† *Purgatorio*, XXXI. 103.

‡ *Inferno*, XXXI. 5, 6.

to God? Pietro di Dante, commenting the *pargoletta* passage in the *Purgatorio*, says expressly that the poet had at one time given himself to the study of theology and deserted it for poesy and other mundane sciences. This must refer to a period beginning before 1290. Again there is an early tradition that Dante in his youth had been a novice in a Franciscan convent, but never took the vows. Buti affirms this expressly in his comment on *Inferno*, XVI. 106–123. It is perhaps slightly confirmed by what Dante says in the *Convito* (Tr. IV. c. 28), that "one can not only turn to Religion by making himself like in habit and life to St. Benedict, St. Augustine, St. Francis, and St. Dominic, but likewise one may turn to good and true religion in a state of matrimony, for God wills no religion in us but of the heart." If he had ever thought of taking monastic vows, his marriage would have cut short any such intention. If he ever wished to wed the real Beatrice Portinari, and was disappointed, might not this be the time when his thoughts took that direction? If so, the impulse came indirectly, at least, from her.

We have admitted that Beatrice Portinari was a real creature,

> "Col sangue suo e con le sue giunture";

but *how* real she was, and whether as real to the poet's memory as to his imagination may fairly be questioned. She shifts, as the controlling emotion or the poetic fitness of the moment dictates, from a woman loved and lost to a gracious exhalation of all that is fairest in womanhood or most divine in the soul of man, and ere the eye has defined the new image it has become the old one again, or another mingled of both.

> "Nor one nor other seemed now what it was,
> E'en as proceedeth on before the flame
> Upward along the paper a brown color,
> Which is not black as yet, and the white dies." *

As the mystic Griffin in the eyes of Beatrice (her demonstrations), so she in his own,

> "Now with the one, now with the other nature;
> Think, Reader, if within myself I marvelled
> When I beheld the thing itself stand still
> And in its image it transformed itself." †

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* *Inferno*, XXV. 64–67.

† *Purgatorio*, XXXI. 123–126.

At the very moment when she had undergone her most sublimated allegorical evaporation, his instinct as poet, which never failed him, realized her into woman again in those scenes of almost unapproached pathos which make the climax of his *Purgatorio*. The verses tremble with feeling and shine with tears.* Beatrice recalls her own beauty with a pride as natural as that of Fair Annie in the old ballad, and compares herself as advantageously with the "brown, brown bride" who had supplanted her. If this be a ghost, we do not need be told that she is a woman still. † We must remember, however,

* Spenser, who had, like Dante, a Platonizing side, and who was probably the first English poet since Chaucer that had read the *Commedia*, has imitated the pictorial part of these passages in the "Faerie Queene" (B. VI. c. 10). He has turned it into a compliment, and a very beautiful one, to a living mistress. It is instructive to compare the effect of his purely sensuous verses with that of Dante's, which have such a wonderful reach behind them. They are singularly pleasing, but they do not stay by us as those of his model had done by him. Spenser was as Milton called him, a "sage and serious poet"; he would be the last to take offence if we draw from him a moral not without its use now that Priapus is trying to persuade us that pose and drapery will make him as good as Urania. Better far the naked nastiness; the more covert the indecency, the more it shocks. Poor old god of gardens! Innocent as a clownish symbol, he is simply disgusting as an ideal of art. In the last century, they set him up in Germany and in France as befitting an era of enlightment, the light of which came too manifestly from the wrong quarter to be long endurable.

† This touch of nature recalls another. The Italians claim humor for Dante. We have never been able to find it, unless it be in that passage (*Inferno*, XV. 119) where Brunetto Latini lingers under the burning shower to recommend his *Tesoro* to his former pupil. There is a comical touch of nature in an author's solicitude for his little work, not, as in Fielding's case, after *its*, but his own damnation. We are not sure, but we fancy we catch the momentary flicker of a smile across those serious eyes of Dante's. There is something like humor in the opening verses of the XVI *Paradiso*, where Dante tells us how even in heaven he could not help glorying in being gently born, — he who had devoted a *Canzone* and a book of the *Convito* to proving that nobility consisted wholly in virtue. But there is after all something touchingly natural in the feeling. Dante, unjustly robbed of his property, and with it of the independence so dear to him, seeing

"Needy nothings trimmed in jollity,
And captive Good attending Captain Ill,"

would naturally fall back on a distinction which money could neither buy nor replace. There is a curious passage in the *Convito* which shows how bitterly he resented his undeserved poverty. He tells us that buried treasure commonly revealed itself to the bad rather than the good. "Verily I saw the place on the flanks of a mountain in Tuscany called Falterona, where the basest peasant of the whole countryside digging found there more than a bushel of pieces of the finest silver, which perhaps had awaited him more than a thousand years." Tr. IV. c. 11. One can see the grimness of his face as he looked and thought, "how salt a savor hath the bread of others!"

that Beatrice had to be real that she might be interesting, to be beautiful that her goodness might be persuasive, nay, to be beautiful at any rate, because beauty has also something in it of divine. Dante has told, in a passage already quoted, that he would rather his readers should find his doctrine sweet than his verses, but he had his relentings from this Stoicism.

> "Canzone, I believe those will be rare
> Who of thine inner sense can master all,
> Such toil it costs thy native tongue to learn;
> Wherefore, if ever it perchance befall
> That thou in presence of such men shouldst fare
> As seem not skilled thy meaning to discern,
> I pray thee then thy grief to comfort turn,
> Saying to them, O thou my new delight,
> 'Take heed at least how fair I am to sight.'" *

We believe all Dante's other Ladies to have been as purely imaginary as the Dulcinea of Don Quixote, useful only as *motives*, but a real Beatrice is as essential to the human sympathies of the *Divina Commedia* as her glorified Idea to its allegorical teaching, and this Dante understood perfectly well. † Take *her* out of the poem, and the heart of it goes with her; take out her ideal, and it is emptied of its soul. She is the menstruum in which letter and spirit dissolve and mingle into unity. Those who doubt her existence must find Dante's graceful sonnet ‡ to Guido Cavalcante as provoking as Sancho's story of his having seen Dulcinea winnowing wheat was to his master, "so alien is it from all that which eminent persons, who are constituted and preserved for other exercises and entertainments, do and ought to do." § But we should always remember in reading Dante that with him the allegorical interpretation is the true one (*verace sposizione*), and that he represents himself (and that at a time when he was known to the world only by his minor poems) as having made righteousness (*rettitudine*, in other words, moral philosophy) the sub-

* *L'Envoi* of *Canzone* XIV. of the *Canzoniere*, I. of the *Convito*. Dante cites the first verse of this *Canzone*, *Paradiso*, VIII. 37.

† How Dante himself could allegorize even historical personages may be seen in a curious passage of the *Convito* (Tr. IV. c. 28), where, commenting on a passage of Lucan, he treats Martia and Cato as mere figures of speech.

‡ II. of the *Canzoniere*. See Fraticelli's preface.

§ *Don Quixote*, P. II. c. VIII.

ject of his verse.* Love with him seems first to have meant the love of truth and the search after it (*speculazione*), and afterwards the contemplation of it in its infinite source (*speculazione* in its higher and mystical sense). This is the divine love "which where it shines darkens and wellnigh extinguishes all other loves." † Wisdom is the object of it, and the end of wisdom to contemplate God the true mirror (*verace speglio*, *speculum*), wherein all things are seen as they truly are. Nay, she herself "is the brightness of the eternal light, the unspotted mirror of the majesty of God." ‡

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* *De vulgari Eloquio*, LII. c. 2. He says the same of Giraud de Borneil, many of whose poems are moral and even devotional. See, particularly, *Al honor Dieu torn en mon chan* (Raynouard, *Lex Rom.*, I. 388), *Ben es dregz pos en aital port* (*Ib.*, 393), *Jois sia comensamens* (*Ib.*, 395), and *Be veg e conosc e say* (*Ib.*, 398). Another of his poems (*Ar ai grant joy*, Raynouard, *Choix*, III. 304) may *possibly* be a mystical profession of love for the Blessed Virgin, for whom, as Dante tells us, Beatrice had a special devotion.

† *Convito*, Tr. III. c. 14. In the same chapter is perhaps an explanation of the two rather difficult verses which follow that in which the *verace speglio* is spoken of (*Paradiso*, XXVI. 107, 108).

"Che fa di sè pareglie l' altre cose
E nulla face lui di sè pareglio."

Buti's comment is, "that is, makes of itself a receptacle to other things, that is, to all things that exist, which are all seen in it." Dante says (*ubi supra*), "The descending of the virtue of one thing into another is a reducing that other into a likeness of itself. . . . . Whence we see that the sun sending his ray down hitherward reduces things to a likeness with his light in so far as they are able by their disposition to receive light from his power. So I say that God reduces this love to a likeness with himself as much as it is possible for it to be like him." In Provençal *pareilh* means *like*, and Dante may have formed his word from it. But the four earliest printed texts read: —

"Che fa di sè pareglio all' altre cose."

Accordingly we are inclined to think that the next verse should be corrected thus: —

"E nulla face a lui di sè pareglio."

We would form *pareglio* from *parere* (a something in which things *appear*), as *miraglio* from *mirare* (a something in which they are *seen*). God contains all things in himself, but nothing can wholly contain him. The blessed behold all things in him as if reflected, but not one of the things so reflected is capable of his image in its completeness. This interpretation is confirmed by *Paradiso*, XIX. 49–51.

"E quinci appar *ch' ogni minor natura*
È corto recettacolo a quel bene
Che non ha fine, e sè con sè misura."

‡ "Wisdom of Solomon," VII. 26, quoted by Dante (*Convito*, Tr. III. c. 15). There are other passages in the "Wisdom of Solomon" besides that just cited which

There are two beautiful passages in the *Convito*, which we shall quote, both because they have, as we believe, a close application to Dante's own experience, and because they are good specimens of his style as a writer of prose. In the manly simplicity which comes of an earnest purpose, and in the eloquence of deep conviction, this is as far beyond that of any of his contemporaries as his verse; nay, more, has hardly been matched by any Italian from that day to this. Illustrating the position that "the highest desire of everything and the first given us by nature is to return to its first cause," he says: "And since God is the beginning of our souls and the maker of them like unto himself, according as was written, 'Let us make man in our image and likeness,' this soul most greatly desires to return to him. And as a pilgrim who goes by a way he has never travelled, who believes every house he sees afar off to be

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we may well believe Dante to have had in his mind when writing the *Canzone* beginning,

"Amor che nella mente mi ragiona,"

and the commentary upon it, and some to which his experience of life must have given an intenser meaning. The writer of that book also personifies Wisdom as the mistress of his soul: "I loved her and sought her out from my youth, I desired to make her my spouse, and I was a lover of her beauty." He says of Wisdom that she was "present when thou (God) madest the world," and Dante in the same way identifies her with the divine Logos, citing as authority the "beginning of the Gospel of John." He tells us, "I perceived that I could not otherwise obtain her except God gave her me," and Dante came at last to the same conclusion. Again, "For the very true beginning of her is the desire of discipline; and the care of discipline is love. And love is the keeping of her laws; and the giving heed unto her laws is the assurance of incorruption." But who can doubt that he read with a bitter exultation, and applied to himself passages like these which follow? "When the righteous *fled from his brother's wrath, she guided him in right paths, showed him the kingdom of God, and gave him knowledge of holy things.* She defended him from his enemies and kept him safe from those that lay in wait, ... that he might know that godliness is stronger than all. . . . . She forsook him not, but delivered him from sin; *she went down with him into the pit* and left him not in bonds till she brought him the sceptre of the kingdom, ... and gave him perpetual glory." It was, perhaps from this book that Dante got the hint of making his punishments and penances typical of the sins that earned them, "Wherefore, whereas men lived dissolutely and unrighteously, thou hast tormented them with their own abominations." Dante was intimate with the Scriptures. They do even a scholar no harm. M. Victor Le Clerc, in his *Histoire Littéraire de la France au quatorzième siècle* (Tom. II. p. 72), thinks it "not impossible" that a passage in the Lamentations of Jeremiah, paraphrased by Dante, may have been suggested to him by Rutebeuf or Tristan, rather than by the prophet himself! Dante would hardly have found himself so much at home in the company of *jongleurs* as in that of prophets.

his inn, and not finding it to be so directs his belief to another, and so from house to house till he come to the inn, so our soul forthwith on entering upon the new and never-travelled road of this life directs its eyes to the goal of its highest good, and therefore believes whatever thing it sees that seems to have in it any good to be that. And because its first knowledge is imperfect by reason of not being experienced nor indoctrinated, small goods seem to it great. Wherefore we see children desire most greatly an apple, and then proceeding further on desire a bird, and then further yet desire fine raiment, and then a horse, and then a woman, and then riches not great, and then greater and greater. And this befalls because in none of these things it finds that which it goes seeking, and thinks to find it further on. By which it may be seen that one desirable stands before another in the eyes of our soul in a fashion as it were pyramidal, for the smallest at first covers the whole of them, and is as it were the apex of the highest desirable, which is God, as it were the base of all; so that the further we go from the apex toward the base the desirables appear greater; and this is the reason why human desires become wider one after the other. Verily this way is lost through error as the roads of earth are; for as from one city to another there is of necessity one best and straightest way, and one that always leads farther from it, that is, the one which goes elsewhere, and many others, some less roundabout and some less direct, so in human life are divers roads whereof one is the truest and another the most deceitful, and certain ones less deceitful, and certain less true. And as we see that that which goes most directly to the city fulfils desire and gives repose after weariness, and that which goes the other way never fulfils it and never can give repose, so it falls out in our life. The good traveller arrives at the goal and repose, the erroneous never arrives thither, but with much weariness of mind, always with greedy eyes looks before him." * If we may apply Dante's own method of exposition to this passage, we find him telling us that he first sought felicity in knowledge,

> "That apple sweet which through so many branches
> The care of mortals goeth in pursuit of," †

* *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 12. † *Purgatorio*, XXVII. 115, 116.

then in fame, a bird that flits before us as we follow,* then in being esteemed of men ("to be clothed in purple, ... to sit next to Darius, ... and be called Darius his cousin"), then in power,† then in the riches of the Holy Spirit in larger and larger measure.‡ He, too, had found that there was but one straight road, whether to the Terrestrial Paradise or the Celestial City, and may come to question by and by whether they be not parallel one with the other, or even parts of the same road, by which only repose is to be reached at last. Then, when in old age "the noble soul returns to God as to that port whence she set forth on the sea of this life, ... just as to him who comes from a long journey, before he enters into the gate of his city, the citizens thereof go forth to meet him, so the citizens of the eternal life go to meet *her*, and do so because of her good deeds and contemplations, who, having already betaken herself to God, seems to see those whom she believes to be nigh unto God." § This also was to be the experience of Dante, for who can doubt that the *Paradiso* was something very unlike a poetical exercise to him who appeals to the visions even of sleep as proof of the soul's immortality?

When did his soul catch a glimpse of that certainty in which "the mind that museth upon many things" can find assured rest? We have already said that we believed Dante's political opinions to have taken their final shape and the *De Monarchia* to have been written before 1300.‖ That the revision of the

* That Dante loved fame we need not be told. He several times confesses it, especially in the *De vulgari Eloquio*, I. 17. "How glorious she (the Vulgar Tongue) makes her intimates (*familiares*, those of her household), we ourselves have known, who in the sweetness of this glory put our exile behind our backs."

† Dante several times uses the sitting a horse as an image of rule. See especially *Purgatorio*, VI. 99, and *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 11.

‡ "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God!" Dante quotes this in speaking of the influence of the stars, which, interpreting it presently "by the theological way," he compares to that of the Holy Spirit. "And thy counsel who hath known, except thou give wisdom and send thy Holy Spirit from above?" (Wisdom of Solomon, IX. 17.) The last words of the *Convito* are, "her (Philosophy) whose proper dwelling is in the depths of the divine mind." The ordinary reading is *ragione* (reason), but it seems to us an obvious blunder for *magione* (mansion, dwelling).

§ *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 28.

‖ He refers to a change in his own opinions (L. II. § 1), where he says, "When I knew the nations to have murmured against the pre-eminence of the Roman people, and saw the people imagining vain things *as I myself was wont.*" He was a Guelf by inheritance, he became a Ghibelline by conviction.

Vita Nuova was completed in that year seems probable from the last sonnet but one, which is addressed to pilgrims on their way to the Santa Veronica at Rome.* In this sonnet he still laments Beatrice as dead; he would make the pilgrims share his grief. It is the very folly of despairing sorrow, that calls on the first comer, stranger though he be, for a sympathy which none can fully give, and he least of all. But in the next sonnet, the last in the book, there is a surprising change of tone. The transfiguration of Beatrice has begun, and we see completing itself that natural gradation of grief which will erelong bring the mourner to call on the departed saint to console him for her own loss. The sonnet is remarkable in more senses than one, first for its psychological truth, and then still more for the light it throws on Dante's inward history as poet and thinker. Hitherto he had celebrated beauty and goodness in the creature; henceforth he was to celebrate them in the Creator whose praise they were.† We give an extempore translation of this sonnet, in which the meaning is preserved so far as is possible where the grace is left out. We remember with some compunction as we do it, that Dante has said, "know every one that nothing harmonized by a musical band can be transmuted from its own speech to another with-

* It should seem from Dante's words ("at the time when much people went to see the blessed image," and "ye seem to come from a far-off people") that this was some extraordinary occasion, and what so likely as the jubilee of 1300? (Compare *Paradiso*, XXXI. 103–108.) Dante's comparisons are so constantly drawn from actual eyesight, that his allusion (*Inferno*, XVIII. 28–33) to a device of Boniface VIII. for passing the crowds quietly across the bridge of Saint Angelo, renders it not unlikely that he was in Rome at that time, and perhaps conceived his poem there as Giovanni Villani his chronicle. That Rome would deeply stir his mind and heart is beyond question. "And certes I am of a firm opinion that the stones that stand in her walls are worthy of reverence, and the soil where she sits worthy beyond what is preached and admitted of men." — *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 5.

† *Beatrice, loda di Dio vera*, *Inferno*, II. 103. "Surely vain are all men by nature who are ignorant of God, and could not out of the good things that are seen know him that is, neither by considering the works did they acknowledge the work-master. . . . . For, being conversant in his works they search diligently and believe their sight, because the things are beautiful that are seen. Howbeit, neither are they to be pardoned." (Wisdom of Solomon, XIII. 1, 7, 8.) *Non adorar debitamente Dio.* "For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead; so that they are without excuse." It was these "invisible things" whereof Dante was beginning to get a glimpse.

out breaking all its sweetness and harmony," * and Cervantes was of the same mind: † —

> "Beyond the sphere that hath the widest gyre
> Passeth the sigh ‡ that leaves my heart below;
> A new intelligence doth love bestow
> On it with tears that ever draws it higher;
> When it wins thither where is its desire,
> A Lady it beholds who honor so
> And light receives, that, through her splendid glow,
> The pilgrim spirit § sees her as in fire;
> It sees her such, that, telling me again
> I understand it not, it speaks so low
> Unto the mourning heart that bids it tell;
> Its speech is of that noble One I know,
> For 'Beatrice' I often hear full plain,
> So that, dear ladies, I conceive it well."

No one can read this in its connection with what goes before and what follows without feeling that a new conception of Beatrice had dawned upon the mind of Dante, dim as yet, or purposely made to seem so, and yet the authentic forerunner of the fulness of her rising as the light of his day and the guide of his feet, the divine wisdom whose glory pales all meaner stars. The conception of a poem in which Dante's creed in politics and morals should be picturesquely and attractively embodied, and of the high place which Beatrice should take in it, had begun vaguely to shape itself in his thought. As he brooded over it, of a sudden it defined itself clearly. "Soon after this sonnet there appeared to me a marvellous vision || wherein I saw things which made me propose

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* *Convito*, Tr. I. c. 7.

† "And here we would have forgiven Mr. Captain if he had not betrayed him (*traido, traduttore traditore*) to Spain and made him a Castilian, for he took away much of his native worth, and so will all those do who shall undertake to turn a poem into another tongue; for with all the care they take and ability they show, they will never reach the height of its original conception," says the Curate, speaking of a translation of Ariosto. *Don Quixote*, P. I. c. 6.

‡ In his own comment Dante says, "I tell whither goes my thought calling it by the name of one of its effects."

§ *Spirito* means in Italian both breath (*spirto ed acqua fessi, Purgatorio*, XXX. 98) and spirit

|| By *visione* Dante means something seen waking by the inner eye. He believed also that dreams were divinely inspired, and argues from such the immortality of the soul. (*Convito*, Tr. II. c. 9.)

not to say more of that blessed one until I could treat of her more worthily. And to arrive at that I study all I can, as she verily knows. So that, if it be the pleasure of Him through whom all things live, that my life hold out yet a few years, I hope to say that of her which was never yet said of any (woman). And then may it please Him who is the Lord of Courtesy that my soul may go to see the glory of her Lady, that is, of that blessed Beatrice who gloriously beholds the face of Him *qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus.*" It was the method of presentation that became clear to Dante at this time, — the plan of the great poem for whose completion the experience of earth and the inspiration of heaven were to combine, and which was to make him lean for many years.* The doctrinal scope of it was already determined. Man, he tells us, is the only creature who partakes at once of the corruptible and incorruptible nature; " and since every nature is ordained to some ultimate end, it follows that the end of man is double. And as among all beings he alone partakes of the corruptible and incorruptible, so alone among all beings he is ordained to a double end, whereof the one is his end as corruptible, the other as incorruptible. That unspeakable Providence therefore foreordered two ends to be pursued by man, to wit, beatitude in this life, which consists in the operation of our own virtue, and is figured by the Terrestrial Paradise, and the beatitude of life eternal, which consists in a fruition of the divine countenance, whereto our own virtue cannot ascend unless aided by divine light, which is understood by the Celestial Paradise." The one we attain by practice of the moral and intellectual virtues as they are taught by philosophers, the other by spiritual teachings transcending human reason, and the practice of the theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity. For one, Reason suffices (" which was wholly made known to us by philosophers "), for the other we need the light of supernatural truth revealed by the Holy Spirit and " needful for us." Men led astray by cupidity turn their backs on both, and in their bestiality need bit and rein to keep them in the way. " Wherefore to man was a double guidance needful according to the

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* *Paradiso*, XXV. 1-3.

double end," the Supreme Pontiff in spiritual, the Emperor in temporal things.*

But how to put this theory of his into a poetic form which might charm while it was teaching? He would typify Reason in Virgil (who would serve also as a symbol of political wisdom as having celebrated the founding of the Empire), and the grace of God in that Beatrice whom he had already supernaturalized into something that "passed all understanding." In choosing Virgil he was sure of that interest and sympathy which his instinct led him to seek in the predisposition of his readers, for the popular imagination of the Middle Ages had busied itself particularly with the Mantuan poet. The Church had given him a quasi orthodoxy by interpreting his *jam redit et virgo* as a prophecy of the birth of Christ. At Naples he had become a kind of patron saint, and his bones were exhibited as relics. Dante himself may have heard at Mantua the hymn sung on the anniversary of Saint Paul, in which the apostle to the Gentiles is represented as weeping at the tomb of the greatest of poets. Above all Virgil had described the descent of Æneas to the under world. Dante's choice of a guide was therefore made, in a certain degree, for him. But the mere Reason † of man without the illumination of the divine Grace

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* *De Monarchia*, L. III. § *ult.* See the whole passage in Miss Rossetti, p. 39. It is noticeable that Dante says that the Pope is to *lead* (by example), the Emperor to *direct* (by the enforcing of justice). The duty, we are to observe, was a double but not a divided one. To exemplify this unity was indeed the object of the *Commedia*.

† "What Reason seeth here
Myself [Virgil] can tell thee; beyond that await
For Beatrice, since 't is a work of Faith." — *Purgatorio*, XVIII. 46 – 48.

Beatrice here evidently impersonates Theology. It would be interesting to know what was the precise date of Dante's theological studies. The earlier commentators all make him go to Paris, the great fountain of such learning, after his banishment. Boccaccio indeed says that he did not return to Italy till 1311. Wegele (Dante's *Leben und Werke*, p. 85) puts the date of his journey between 1292 and 1297. Ozanam, with a pathos comically touching to the academic soul, laments that poverty compelled him to leave the university without the degree he had so justly earned. He consoles himself with the thought that "there remained to him an incontestable erudition and the love of serious studies." (*Dante et la philosophie catholique*, p. 112.) It *is* sad that we cannot write *Dantes Alighierius, S. T. D.!* Dante seems to imply that he began to devote himself to Philosophy and Theology shortly after Beatrice's death. (*Convito*, Tr. II. c. 13.) He compares himself to one who, "seeking silver, should, without meaning it, find gold, which an occult cause presents to him, not perhaps without the divine command." Here again

cannot be trusted, and accordingly the intervention of Beatrice was needed, — of Beatrice, as Miss Rossetti admirably well expresses it, "already transfigured, potent not only now to charm and soothe, potent to rule; to the Intellect a light, to the Affections a compass and a balance, a sceptre over the Will."

The wood obscure in which Dante finds himself is the world. The three beasts who dispute his way are the sins that most easily beset us, Pride, the Lusts of the Flesh, and Greed. We are surprised that Miss Rossetti should so localize and confine Dante's meaning as to explain them by Florence, France, and Rome. Had he written in so narrow a sense as this, it would indeed be hard to account for the persistent power of his poem. But it was no political pamphlet that Dante was writing. *Subjectum est Homo*, and it only takes the form of a diary by Dante Alighieri because of the intense realism of his imagination, a realism as striking in the *Paradiso* as the *Inferno*, though it takes a different shape. Everything, the most supersensual, presented itself to his mind, not as abstract idea, but as visible type. As men could once embody a quality of good in a saint and *see* it, as they even now in moments of heightened fantasy or enthusiasm can personify their country and speak of England, France, or America as if they were real beings, so did Dante habitually.* He saw all his thoughts as distinctly as the hypochondriac sees his black dog, and, as in that, their form and color were but the outward form of an inward and spiritual condition. Whatever subsidiary interpretations the poem is capable of, its great and primary value is as the autobiography of a human soul, of yours and mine, it may be, as well as Dante's. In that lie its profound meaning and its permanent force. That an exile, a proud man forced to be dependent, should have found some consolation in brooding over the justice of God, weighed in such different scales from those of man, in contrasting the outward prosperity of the sinner with the awful spiritual ruin within, is not wonder-

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apparently is an allusion to his having found Wisdom while he sought Learning. He had thought to find God in the beauty of his works, he learned to seek all things in God.

* As we have seen, even a sigh becomes *He*. This makes one of the difficulties of translating his minor poems. The modern mind is incapable of this subtlety.

ful, nay, we can conceive of his sometimes finding the wrath of God sweeter than his mercy. But it is wonderful that out of the very wreck of his own life he should have built this three-arched bridge, still firm against the wash and wear of ages, stretching from the Pit to the Empyrean, by which men may pass from a doubt of God's providence to a certainty of his long-suffering and loving-kindness.

> "The Infinite Goodness hath such ample arms
> That it receives whatever turns to it." *

A tear is enough to secure the saving clasp of them.† It cannot be too often repeated that Dante's Other World is not in its first conception a place of *departed* spirits. It is the Spiritual World, whereof we become denizens by birth and citizens by adoption. It is true that for artistic purposes he makes it conform so far as possible with vulgar preconceptions, but he himself has told us again and again what his real meaning was. Virgil tells Dante,—

> "Thou shalt behold the people dolorous
> Who have foregone the good of intellect." ‡

The "good of the intellect," Dante tells us after Aristotle, is Truth.§ He says that Virgil has led him "through the deep night of the *truly dead*." ‖ Who are they? Dante had in mind the saying of the Apostle, "to be carnally-minded is death." He says: "In man to live is to use reason. Then if living is the being of man, to depart from that use is to depart from being, and so to be dead. And doth not he depart from the use of reason who doth not reason out the object of his life?" "I say that so vile a person is dead, seeming to be alive. For we must know *that the wicked man may be called truly dead*." "He is dead who follows not the teacher. And of such a one some might say, how is he dead and yet goes about? I answer that the man is dead and the beast remains." ¶ Accordingly he has put living persons in the *In-*

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* *Purgatorio*, III. 122, 123.
† *Purgatorio*, V. 107.
‡ *Inferno*, III. 17, 18 (*hanno perduto* = thrown away).
§ *Convito*, Tr. II. c. 14.
‖ *Purgatorio*, XXIII. 121, 122.
¶ *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 7.

ferno, like Frate Alberigo and Branca d' Oria, of whom he says with bitter sarcasm that he still "eats and drinks and puts on clothes," as if that were his highest ideal of the true ends of life.* There is a passage in the first canto of the *Inferno* † which has been variously interpreted: —

> "The ancient spirits disconsolate
> Who cry out each one for the *second death*."

Miss Rossetti cites it as an example of what she felicitously calls "an ambiguity, not hazy, but prismatic, and therefore not really perplexing." She gives us accordingly our choice of two interpretations, "'each cries out on account of the second death which he is suffering,' and 'each cries out for death to come a second time and ease him of his sufferings.'" ‡ Buti says: "Here one doubts what the author meant by the second death, and as for me I think he meant the last damnation, which shall be at the day of judgment, because they would wish through envy that it had already come, that they might have more companions, since the first death is the first damnation, when the soul parted from the body is condemned to the pains of hell for its sins. The second is when, resuscitated at the judgment day, they shall be finally condemned, soul and body together. . . . . It may otherwise be understood as annihilation." Imola says, "Each would wish to die again, if he could, to put an end to his pain. Do not hold with some who think that Dante calls the second death the day of judgment," and then quotes a passage from St. Augustine which favors that view. Pietro di Dante gives us four interpretations among which to choose, the first being that, "allegorically, depraved and vicious men are in a certain sense dead in reputation, and this is the first death; the second is that of the body." This we believe to be the true meaning. Dante himself, in a letter to the "most rascally (*scelestissimis*) dwellers in Florence," gives us the key: "but you, transgressors of the laws of God and man, whom the direful maw of cupidity hath enticed not unwilling to every

* *Inferno*, XXXIII. 118, *seqq.*

† *Inferno*, 116, 117.

‡ Mr. Longfellow's *for*, like the Italian *per*, gives us the same privilege of election. We "freeze for cold," we "hunger for food."

crime, does not the terror of the *second death* torment you?" Their first death was in their sins, the second is what they may expect from the just vengeance of the Emperor Henry VII. The world Dante leads us through is that of his own thought, and it need not surprise us therefore if we meet in it purely imaginary beings like Tristrem* and Renoard of the club.† His personality is so strongly marked that it is nothing more than natural that his poem should be interpreted as if only he and his opinions, prejudices, or passions were concerned. He would not have been the great poet he was if he had not felt intensely and humanly, but he could never have won the cosmopolitan place he holds had he not known how to generalize his special experience into something mediatorial for all of us. Pietro di Dante in his comment on the thirty-first canto of the *Purgatorio* says that "unless you understand him and his figures allegorically, you will be deceived by the bark," and adds that our author made his pilgrimage as the representative of the rest (*in persona ceterorum*).‡ To give his vision reality, he has adapted it to the vulgar mythology, but to understand it as the author meant, it must be taken in the larger sense. To confine it to Florence or to Italy is to banish it from the sympathies of mankind. It was not from the campanile of the Badia that Dante got his views of life and man.

The relation of Dante to literature is monumental, and marks the era at which the modern begins. He is not only the first great poet, but the first great prose writer who used a language not yet subdued to literature, who used it moreover

* *Inferno*, V. 67.

† *Paradiso*, XVIII. 46. Renoard is one of the heroes (a rudely humorous one) in *la Bataille d'Alischans*, an episode of the measureless *Guillaume d'Orange*. It was from the graves of those supposed to have been killed in this battle that Dante draws a comparison, *Inferno*, IX. Boccaccio's comment on this passage might have been read to advantage by the French editors of *Alischans*.

‡ We cite this comment under its received name, though it is uncertain if Pietro were the author of it. Indeed, we strongly doubt it. It is at least one of the earliest, for it appears by the comment on *Paradiso*, XXVI., that the greater part of it was written before 1341. It is remarkable for the strictness with which it holds to the spiritual interpretation of the poem, and deserves much more to be called *Ottimo* than the comment which goes by that name. Its publication is due to the zeal and liberality of the late Lord Vernon, to whom students of Dante are also indebted for the parallel-text reprint of the four earliest editions of the *Commedia*.

for scientific and metaphysical discussion, thus giving an incalculable impulse to the culture of his countrymen by making the laity free of what had hitherto been the exclusive guild of clerks.* Whatever poetry had preceded him, whether in the Romance or Teutonic tongues, is interesting mainly for its simplicity without forethought, or, as in the *Nibelungen*, for a kind of savage grandeur that rouses the sympathy of whatever of the natural man is dormant in us. But it shows no trace of the creative faculty either in unity of purpose or style, the proper characteristics of literature. If it have the charm of wanting artifice, it has not the higher charm of art. We are in the realm of chaos and chance, nebular, with phosphorescent gleams here and there, star-stuff, but uncondensed in stars. The *Nibelungen* is not without far-reaching hints and forebodings of something finer than we find in it, but they are a glamour from the vague darkness which encircles it, like the whisper of the sea upon an unknown shore at night, powerful only over the more vulgar side of the imagination, and leaving no thought, scarce even any image (at least of beauty) behind them. Such poems are the amours, not the lasting friendships and possessions of the mind. They thrill and cannot satisfy.

But Dante is not merely the founder of modern literature. He would have been that if he had never written anything more than his *Canzoni*, which for elegance, variety of rhythm, and fervor of sentiment were something altogether new. They are of a higher mood than any other poems of the same style in their own language, or indeed in any other. In beauty of phrase and subtlety of analogy they remind one of some of the Greek tragic choruses. We are constantly moved in them by a nobleness of tone, whose absence in many admired lyrics of the kind is poorly supplied by conceits. So perfect is Dante's mastery of his material, that in compositions, as he himself has shown, so artificial,† the form seems rather organic than

* See Wegele, *ubi supra*, p. 174, *seqq.* The best analysis of Dante's opinions we have ever met with is Emil Ruth's *Studien über Dante Alighieri*, Tübingen, 1853. Unhappily it wants an index, and accordingly loses a great part of its usefulness for those not already familiar with the subject. Nor are its references sufficiently exact. We always respect Dr. Ruth's opinions, if we do not wholly accept them, for they are all the results of original and assiduous study.

† See the second book of the *De Vulgari Eloquio*. "I the writer heard Dante

mechanical, which cannot be said of the best of the Provençal poets who led the way in this kind. Dante's sonnets also have a grace and tenderness which have been seldom matched. His lyrical excellence would have got him into the Collections, and he would have made here and there an enthusiast as Donne does in English, but his great claim to remembrance is not merely Italian. It is that he was the first Christian poet, in any proper sense of the word, the first who so subdued dogma to the uses of plastic imagination as to make something that is still poetry of the highest order after it has suffered the disenchantment inevitable in the most perfect translation. Verses of the kind usually called *sacred* (reminding one of the adjective's double meaning) had been written before his time in the vulgar tongue, — such verses as remain inviolably sacred in the volumes of specimens, looked at with distant reverence by the pious, and with far other feelings by the profane reader. There were cycles of poems in which the physical conflict between Christianity and Paganism * furnished the subject, but in which the theological views of the authors, whether doctrinal or historical, could hardly be reconciled with any system of religion ancient or modern. There were Church legends of saints and martyrs versified, fit certainly to make any other form of martyrdom seem amiable to those who heard them, and to suggest palliative thoughts about Diocletian. Finally, there were the romances of Arthur and his knights, which later, by means of allegory, contrived to be both entertaining and edifying; every one who listened to them paying the minstrel his money, and having his choice whether he would take them as song or sermon. In the heroes of

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say that never verse had drawn him to say other than what he meant, but that many a time and oft he had made words say in his verses other than that they were wont to express in other poets." (*Ottimo Comento, Inferno,* X. 85.) The only other Italian poet who reminds us of Dante in sustained dignity is Guido Guinicelli. Dante esteemed him highly, calls him *maximus* in the *De Vulgari Eloquio,* and "the father of me and of my betters," in the XXVI *Purgatorio.* See some excellent specimens of him in Mr. D. G. Rossetti's remarkable volume of translations from the early Italian poets. Mr. Rossetti would do a real and lasting service to literature by employing his singular gift in putting Dante's minor poems into English.

* The old French poems confound all unbelievers together as Pagans and worshippers of idols.

some of these certain Christian virtues were typified, and around a few of them, as the Holy Grail, a perfume yet lingers of cloistered piety and withdrawal. Wolfram von Eschenbach, indeed, has divided his *Parzival* into three books, of Simplicity, Doubt, and Healing, which has led Gervinus to trace a not altogether fanciful analogy between that poem and the *Divina Commedia.* The doughty old poet, who says of himself, —

> "Of song I have some slight control,
> But deem her of a feeble soul
> That doth not love my naked sword
> Above my sweetest lyric word,"

tells us that his subject is the choice between good and evil;

> "Whose soul takes Untruth for its bride
> And sets himself on Evil's side,
> Chooses the Black, and sure it is
> His path leads down to the abyss;
> But he who doth his nature feed
> With steadfastness and loyal deed
> Lies open to the heavenly light
> And takes his portion with the White."

But Wolfram's poem has no system, and shows good feeling rather than settled conviction. Above all it is wandering (as he himself confesses), and altogether wants any controlling purpose. But to whatever extent Christianity had insinuated itself into and colored European literature, it was mainly as mythology. The Christian idea had never yet incorporated itself. It was to make its avatar in Dante. To understand fully what he accomplished we must form some conception of what is meant by the Christian idea. To bring it into fuller relief, let us contrast it with the Greek idea as it appears in poetry; for we are not dealing with a question of theology so much as with one of æsthetics.

Greek art at its highest point is doubtless the most perfect that we know. But its circle of motives was essentially limited; and the Greek drama in its passion, its pathos, and its humor is primarily Greek, and secondarily human. Its tragedy chooses its actors from certain heroic families, and finds its springs of pity and terror in physical suffering and worldly misfortune. Its best examples, like the *Antigone*, illustrate a

single duty, or, like the *Hippolytus*, a single passion, on which, as on a pivot, the chief character, statuesquely simple in its details, revolves as pieces of sculpture are sometimes made to do, displaying its different sides in one invariable light. The general impression left on the mind (and this is apt to be a truer one than any drawn from single examples) is that the duty is one which is owed to custom, that the passion leads to a breach of some convention settled by common consent,* and accordingly it is an outraged society whose figure looms in the background, rather than an offended God. At most it was one god of many, and meanwhile another might be friendly. In the Greek epic, the gods are partisans, they hold caucuses, they lobby and log-roll for their candidates. The tacit admission of a revealed code of morals wrought a great change. The complexity and range of passion is vastly increased when the offence is at once both crime and sin, a wrong done against order and against conscience at the same time. The relation of the Greek Tragedy to the higher powers is chiefly antagonistic, struggle against an implacable destiny, sublime struggle, and of heroes, but sure of defeat at last. And that defeat is final. Grand figures are those it exhibits to us, in some respects unequalled, and in their severe simplicity they compare with modern poetry as sculpture with painting. Considered merely as works of art, however, these products of the Greek imagination satisfy our highest conception of form. They suggest inevitably a feeling of perfect completeness, isolation, and independence, of something rounded and finished in itself. The secret of those old shapers died with them; their wand is broken, their book sunk deeper than ever plummet sounded. The type of their work is the Greek Temple, which leaves nothing to hope for in unity and perfection of design, in harmony and subordination of parts, and in entireness of impression. But in this æsthetic completeness it ends. It rests solidly and complacently on the earth, and the mind rests there with it.

Now the Christian idea has to do with the human soul, which

* Dante is an ancient in this respect as in many others, but the difference is that with him society is something divinely ordained. He follows Aristotle pretty closely, but on his own theory crime and sin are identical.

Christianity may be almost said to have invented. While all Paganism represents a few pre-eminent families, the founders of dynasties or ancestors of races, as of kin with the gods, Christianity makes every pedigree end in Deity, makes monarch and slave the children of one God. Its heroes struggle not against, but upward and onward *toward*, the higher powers who are always on their side. Its highest conception of beauty is not æsthetic, but moral. With it prosperity and adversity have exchanged meanings. It finds enemies in those worldly good-fortunes where Pagan and even Hebrew literature saw the highest blessing, and invincible allies in sorrow, poverty, humbleness of station, where the former world recognized only implacable foes. While it utterly abolished all boundary lines of race or country and made mankind unitary, its hero is always the individual man whoever and wherever he may be. Above all, an entirely new conception of the Infinite and of man's relation to it came in with Christianity. That, and not the finite, is always the background, consciously or not. It changed the scene of the last act of every drama to the next world. Endless aspiration of all the faculties became thus the ideal of Christian life, and to express it more or less perfectly the ideal of essentially Christian art. It was this which the Middle Ages instinctively typified in the Gothic cathedral, — no accidental growth, but the visible symbol of an inward faith, — which soars forever upward, and yearns toward heaven a like martyr-flame suddenly turned to stone.

It is not without significance that Goethe, who, like Dante, also absorbed and represented the tendency and spirit of his age, should during his youth and while Europe was alive with the moral and intellectual longing which preluded the French Revolution, have loved the Gothic architecture. It is no less significant that in the period of reaction toward more positive thought which followed he should have preferred the Greek. His greatest poem, conceived during the former era, is Gothic. Dante, endeavoring to conform himself to literary tradition, began to write the *Divina Commedia* in Latin, and had elaborated several cantos of it in that dead and intractable material. But that poetic instinct, which is never the instinct of an individual, but of his age, could not so be satisfied, and leaving the classic

structure he had begun to stand as a monument of failure, he completed his work in Italian. Instead of endeavoring to manufacture a great poem out of what was foreign and artificial, he let the poem make itself out of him. The epic which he wished to write in the universal language of scholars, and which might have had its ten lines in the history of literature, would sing itself in provincial Tuscan, and turns out to be written in the universal dialect of mankind. Thus all great poets have been in a certain sense provincial, — Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Burns, Scott in the "Heart of Midlothian" and "Bride of Lammermoor," — because the office of the poet is always vicarious, because nothing that has not been living experience can become living expression, because the collective thought, the faith, the desire of a nation or a race, is the cumulative result of many ages, is something organic, and is wiser and stronger than any single person, and will make a great statesman or a great poet out of any man who can entirely surrender himself to it.

As the Gothic cathedral, then, is the type of the Christian idea, so is it also of Dante's poem. And as that in its artistic unity is but the completed thought of a single architect, which yet could never have been realized except out of the faith and by the contributions of an entire people, whose beliefs and superstitions, whose imaginations and fancy, find expression in its statues and its carvings, its calm saints and martyrs now at rest forever in the seclusion of their canopied niches, and its wanton grotesques thrusting themselves forth from every pinnacle and gargoyle, so in Dante's poem, while it is as personal and peculiar as if it were his private journal and autobiography, we can yet read the diary and the autobiography of the thirteenth century and of the Italian people. Complete and harmonious in design as his work is, it is yet no Pagan temple enshrining a type of the human made divine by triumph of corporeal beauty; it is not a private chapel housing a single saint and dedicate to one chosen bloom of Christian piety or devotion; it is truly a cathedral, over whose high altar hangs the emblem of suffering, of the Divine made human to teach the beauty of adversity, the eternal presence of the spiritual, not overhanging and threatening,

but informing and sustaining the material. In this cathedral of Dante's there are side-chapels as is fit, with altars to all Christian virtues and perfections; but the great impression of its leading thought is that of aspiration, for ever and ever. In the three divisions of the poem we may trace something more than a fancied analogy with a Christian basilica. There is first the ethnic forecourt, then the purgatorial middle-space, and last the holy of holies dedicated to the eternal presence of the mediatorial God.

But what gives Dante's poem a peculiar claim to the title of the first Christian poem is not merely its doctrinal truth or its Christian mythology, but the fact that the scene of it is laid, not in this world, but in the soul of man; that it is the allegory of a human life, and therefore universal in its significance and its application. The genius of Dante has given to it such a self-subsistent reality, that one almost gets to feel as if the chief value of contemporary Italian history had been to furnish it with explanatory foot-notes, and the age in which it was written assumes towards it the place of a satellite. For Italy, Dante is the thirteenth century.

Most men make the voyage of life as if they carried sealed orders which they were not to open till they are in sight of their port. But Dante had made up his mind as to the true purpose and meaning of our existence in this world, shortly after he had passed his twenty-fifth year. He had already conceived the system about which as a connecting thread the whole experience of his life, the whole result of his studies, was to cluster in imperishable crystals. The corner-stone of his system was the Freedom of the Will, (in other words, the right of private judgment,) which Beatrice calls the "noble virtue."* As to every man is offered his choice between good and evil, and as, even upon the root of a nature originally a habit of

* *Purgatorio*, XVIII. 73. He defines it in the *De Monarchia* (L. I. § 14). Among other things he calls it "the first beginning of our liberty." *Paradiso* V. 19, 20, he calls it "the greatest gift that in his largess God creating made." "Dico quod judicium medium est apprehensionis et appetitus." — (*De Monarchia, ubi supra.*)

"Right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides."
Troilus and Cressida.

virtue may be engrafted,* no man is excused. "All hope abandon ye who enter in," for they have thrown away reason which is the good of the intellect, "and it seems to me no less a marvel to bring back to reason him in whom it is wholly spent than to bring back to life him who has been four days in the tomb." † As a guide of the will in civil affairs the Emperor; in spiritual, the Pope. ‡ Dante is not one of those reformers who would assume the office of God to "make all things new." He knew the power of tradition and habit, and wished to utilize it for his purpose. He found the Empire and the Papacy already existing, but both needing reformation that they might serve the ends of their original institution. Bad leadership was to blame; men fit to gird on the sword had been turned into priests, and good preachers spoiled to make bad kings. § The spiritual had usurped to itself the prerogatives of the temporal power.

> "Rome, that reformed the world, accustomed was
> Two suns to have which one road and the other,
> Of God and of the world, made manifest.
> One has the other quenched, and to the crosier
> The sword is joined, and ill beseemeth it,
> . . . . .
> Because, being joined one feareth not the other." ‖

Both powers held their authority directly from God, "not so, however, that the Roman Prince is not in some things subject to the Roman Pontiff, since that human felicity [to be attained only by peace, justice, and good government, possible only under a single ruler] is in some sort ordained to the end of immortal felicity. Let Cæsar use that reverence toward Peter which a first-born son ought to use toward a father; that, shone upon by the light of paternal grace, he may more powerfully illumine the orb of earth over which he is set by him alone

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* *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 22.

† *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 7. "Qui descenderit ad inferos, non ascendet." — Job vii. 9.

‡ But it may be inferred that he put the interests of mankind above both. "For citizens," he says, "exist not for the sake of consuls, nor the people for the sake of the king, but, on the contrary, consuls for the sake of citizens, and the king for the sake of the people."

§ *Paradiso*, VIII. 145, 146.

‖ *Purgatorio*, XVI. 106 – 112.

who is the ruler of all things spiritual and temporal."* As to the fatal gift of Constantine, Dante demonstrates that an Emperor could not alienate what he held only in trust; but if he made the gift, the Pope should hold it as a feudatory of the Empire, for the benefit, however, of Christ's poor.† Dante is always careful to distinguish between the Papacy and the Pope. He prophesies for Boniface VIII. a place in hell,‡ but acknowledges him as the Vicar of Christ, goes so far even as to denounce the outrage of Guillaume de Nogaret at Anagni as done to the Saviour himself.§ But in the Spiritual World Dante acknowledges no such supremacy, and, when he would have fallen on his knees before Adrian V., is rebuked by him in a quotation from the Apocalypse: —

> "Err not, fellow-servant am I
> With thee and with the others to one power."‖

So impartial was this man whose great work is so often represented as a kind of bag in which he secreted the gall of personal prejudice, so truly Catholic is he, that both parties find their arsenal in him. The Romanist proves his soundness in doctrine, the anti-Romanist claims him as the first Protestant; the Mazzinist and the Imperialist can alike quote him for their purpose. Dante's ardent conviction would not let him see that both Church and Empire were on the wane. If an ugly suspicion of this would force itself upon him, perhaps he only clung to both the more tenaciously. But he was no blind theorist. He would reform the Church through the Church, and is less anxious for Italian independence than for Italian good government under an Emperor from Germany rather than from Utopia.

The Papacy was a necessary part of Dante's system, as a supplement to the Empire, which we strongly incline to believe

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* *De Monarchia*, § *ult.*

† *De Monarchia*, L. III. § 10. "Poterat tamen Inferator in patrocinium Ecclesiæ patrimonium et alia deputare immoto semper superiori dominio cujus unitas divisio non patitur. Poterat et Vicarius Dei recipere, non tanquam possessor, sed tanquam fructuum pro Ecclesia proque Christi pauperibus dispensator." He tells us that St. Dominic did not ask for the tithes which belong to the poor of God. (*Paradiso*, XII. 93, 94.) "Let them return whence they came," he says (*De Monarchia*, L. II. § 10); "they came well, let them return ill, for they were well given and ill held."

‡ *Inferno*, XIX. 53; *Paradiso*, XXX. 145 – 148.

§ *Purgatorio*, XX. 86 – 92.

‖ *Purgatorio*, XIX. 134, 135.

was always foremost in his mind. In a passage already quoted, he says that "the soil where Rome sits is worthy beyond what men preach and admit," that is, as the birthplace of the Empire. Both in the *Convito* and the *De Monarchia* he affirms that the course of Roman history was providentially guided from the first. Rome was founded in the same year that brought into the world David, ancestor of the Redeemer after the flesh. St. Augustine said that "God showed in the most opulent and illustrious Empire of the Romans how much the civil virtues might avail even without true religion, that it might be understood how, this added, men became citizens of another city whose king is truth, whose law charity, and whose measure eternity." Dante goes further than this. He makes the Romans as well as the Jews a chosen people, the one as founders of civil society, the other as depositaries of the true faith.* One side of Dante's mind was so practical and positive, and his pride in the Romans so intense,† that he sometimes seems to regard their mission as the higher of the two. Without peace, which only good government could give, mankind could not arrive at the highest virtue, whether of the active or contemplative life. "And since what is true of the part is true of the whole, and it happens in the particular man that by sitting quietly he is perfected in prudence and wisdom, it is clear that the human race in the quiet or tranquillity of peace is most freely and easily disposed for his proper work which is almost divine, as it is written, 'Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels.'‡ Whence it is manifest that universal peace is the best of those things which are ordained for our

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* This results from the whole course of his argument in the second book of *De Monarchia*, and in the VI. *Paradiso* he calls the Roman eagle "the bird of God" and "the scutcheon of God." We must remember that with Dante God is always the "Emperor of Heaven," the barons of whose court are the apostles. (*Paradiso*, XXIV. 115; *Ib.*, XXV. 17.)

† Dante seems to imply (though his name be German) that he was of Roman descent. He makes the original inhabitants of Florence (*Inferno*, XV. 77, 78) of Roman seed; and Cacciaguida, when asked by him about his ancestry, makes no more definite answer than that their dwelling was in the most ancient part of the city. (*Paradiso*, XVI. 40.)

‡ Man was created, according to Dante (*Convito*, Tr. II. c. 6), to supply the place of the fallen angels, and is in a sense superior to the angels, inasmuch as he has reason, which they do not need.

beatitude. Hence it is that not riches, not pleasures, not honors, not length of life, not health, not strength, not comeliness, was sung to the shepherds from on high, but peace." * It was Dante's experience of the confusion of Italy, where

> " One doth gnaw the other
> Of those whom one wall and one fosse shut in," †

that suggested the thought of a universal umpire, for that after all was to be the chief function of his Emperor. He was too wise to insist on a uniformity of political institutions *a priori*,‡ for he seems to have divined that the surest stay of order, as of practical wisdom, is habit, which is a growth, and cannot be made offhand. He believed with Aristotle that vigorous minds were intended by nature to rule, § and that certain races, like certain men, are born to leadership. ‖ He calls democracies, oligarchies, and petty princedoms (*tyrannides*) " oblique policies which drive the human race to slavery, as is patent in all of them to one who reasons." ¶ He has nothing but pity for mankind when it has become a many-headed beast, " despising the higher intellect irrefragable in reason, the lower which hath the face of experience." ** He had no faith in a turbulent equality asserting the divine right of *I 'm as good as you*. He thought it fatal to all discipline: " The confounding of persons hath ever been the beginning of sickness in the state." †† It is the same thought which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Ulysses: —

> " Degree being vizarded,
> The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
> . . . . . When degree is shaked,
> Which is the ladder to all high designs,
> The enterprise is sick." ‡‡

Yet no one can read Dante without feeling that he had a high

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* *De Monarchia*, L. I. § 5.
† *Purgatorio*, VI. 83, 84.
‡ *De Monarchia*, L. I. § 16.
§ *De Monarchia*, L. I. § 5.
‖ *De Monarchia*, L. II. § 7.
¶ *De Monarchia*, L. I. § 14.
** *De Monarchia*, L. I. § 18.
†† *Purgatorio*, XVI. 67, 68.
‡‡ " Troilus and Cressida," Act I. s. 3. The whole speech is very remarkable both in thought and phrase.

sense of the worth of freedom, whether in thought or government. He represents, indeed, the very object of his journey through the triple realm of shades as a search after liberty.* But it must not be that scramble after undefined and indefinable rights which ends always in despotism, equally degrading, whether crowned with a red cap or an imperial diadem. His theory of liberty has for its corner-stone the Freedom of the Will, and the will is free only when the judgment wholly controls the appetite.† On such a base even a democracy may rest secure, and on such alone.

Rome was always the central point of Dante's speculation. A shadow of her old sovereignty was still left her in the primacy of the Church, to which unity of faith was essential. He accordingly has no sympathy with heretics of whatever kind. He puts the ex-troubadour Bishop of Marseilles, chief instigator of the horrors of Provence, in paradise.‡ The Church is infallible in spiritual matters, but this is an affair of outward discipline merely, and means the Church as a form of polity. Unity was Dante's leading doctrine, and therefore he puts Mahomet among the schismatics, not because he divided the Church, but the faith.§ Dante's Church was of this world, but he surely believed in another and spiritual one. It has been questioned whether he was orthodox or not. There can be no doubt of it so far as outward assent and conformity are concerned, which he would practise himself and enforce upon others as the first postulate of order, the prerequisite for all happiness in this life. In regard to the Visible Church he was a reformer, but no revolutionist; it is sheer ignorance to speak of him as if there were anything new or exceptional in his denunciation of the corruptions of the clergy. They were the commonplaces of the age, nor were they confined to laymen.‖ To the absolute authority of the Church Dante admitted some exceptions. He denies that the supreme Pontiff has the unlimited power of binding and loosing claimed for him. "Other-

* *Purgatorio*, I. 71.

† *De Monarchia*, L. I. § 14.

‡ *Paradiso*, IX.

§ *Inferno*, XXXVIII.; *Purgatorio*, XXXII.

‖ See the poems of Walter Mapes (who was Archdeacon of Oxford); the *Bible Guiot*, and the *Bible au Seignor de Berze*, Barbazan and Méon, II.

wise he might absolve me impenitent, which God himself could not do."*

> "By malison of theirs is not so lost
> Eternal Love that it cannot return."†

Nor does the sacredness of the office extend to him who chances to hold it. Philip the Fair himself could hardly treat Boniface VIII. worse than he. With wonderful audacity, he declares the Papal throne vacant by the mouth of Saint Peter himself.‡ Even if his theory of a dual government were not in question, Dante must have been very cautious in meddling with the Church. It was not an age that stood much upon ceremony. He himself tells us he had seen men burned alive, and the author of the *Ottimo Comento* says: "I the writer saw followers of his [Fra Dolcino] burned at Padua to the number of twenty-two together."§ Clearly, in such a time as this, one must not make "the veil of the mysterious verse" *too* thin.‖

In the affairs of this life Dante was, as we have said, supremely practical, and he makes prudence the chief of the cardinal virtues.¶ He has made up his mind to take things as they come, and to do at Rome as the Romans do.

> "Ah, savage company! but in the Church
> With saints, and in the tavern with the gluttons!"**

In the world of thought it was otherwise, and here Dante's doctrine, if not precisely esoteric, was certainly not that of his day, and must be gathered from hints rather than direct statements. The general notion of God was still (perhaps is largely even now) of a provincial, one might almost say a denominational, Deity. The popular poets always represent Macon, Apolin, Tervagant, and the rest as quasi-deities unable to resist the superior strength of the Christian God. The Paynim answers the arguments of his would-be converters with the taunt that he would never worship a divinity who could not save himself from being done ignominiously to death. Dante

* *De Monarchia*, L. III. § 8.
† *Purgatorio*, III. 133, 134.
‡ *Paradiso*, XXVII. 22.
§ *Purgatorio*, XXVII. 18; *Ottimo*, *Inferno*, XXVIII. 55.
‖ *Inferno*, IX. 63; *Purgatorio*, VIII. 20.
¶ *Purgatorio*, XXIX. 131, 132.
** *Inferno*, XXII. 13, 14.

evidently was not satisfied with the narrow conception which limits the interest of the Deity to the affairs of Jews and Christians. That saying of Saint Paul, "Whom, therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you," had perhaps influenced him, but his belief in the divine mission of the Roman people probably was conclusive. "The Roman Empire had the help of miracles in perfecting itself," he says, and then enumerates some of them. The first is that "under Numa Pompilius, the second king of the Romans, when he was sacrificing according to the rite of the Gentiles, a shield fell from heaven into the city chosen of God."* In the *Convito*, we find "Virgil, speaking in the person of God," and Æacus "wisely having recourse to God," the god being Jupiter.† Ephialtes is punished in hell for rebellion against "the Supreme Jove,"‡ and, that there may be no misunderstanding, Dante invokes the

> "Jove Supreme,
> Who upon earth for us wast crucified."§

It is noticeable also that Dante, with evident design, constantly alternates examples drawn from Christian and Pagan tradition or mythology.‖ He had conceived a unity in the human race, all of whose branches had worshipped the same God under divers names and aspects, had arrived at the same truth by different roads. We cannot understand a passage in the twenty-sixth *Paradiso*, where Dante inquires of Adam concerning the names of God, except as a hint that the Chosen People had done in this thing even as the Gentiles did.¶ It is true that he puts all Pagans in Limbo, "where without hope they live in longing," and that he makes baptism essential to salvation.** But

* *De Monarchia*, L. II. § 4.

† *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 4; *Ib.* c. 27; *Æneid*, I. 178, 179; Ovid's Met. VII.

‡ *Inferno*, XXXI. 92.

§ *Purgatorio*, VI. 118, 119. Pulci, not understanding, has parodied this. (*Morgante*, Canto II. st. 1.)

‖ See, for example, *Purgatorio*, XX. 100–117.

¶ We believe that Dante, though he did not understand Greek, knew something of Hebrew. He would have been like to study it as the sacred language, and opportunities of profiting by the help of learned Jews could not have been wanting to him in his wanderings. In the above-cited passage some of the best texts read *I s' appellava*, and others *Un s' appellava*. God was called I (the *Je* in Jehovah) or *One*, and afterwards *El*, — the strong, — an epithet given to many gods. Whichever reading we adopt, the meaning and the inference from it are the same.

** *Inferno*, IV.

it is noticeable that his Limbo is the Elysium of Virgil, and that he particularizes Adam, Noah, Moses, Abraham, David, and others as prisoners there with the rest till the descent of Christ into hell.* But were they altogether without hope? and did baptism mean an immersion of the body or a purification of the soul? The state of the heathen after death had evidently been to Dante one of those doubts that spring up at the foot of every truth. In the *De Monarchia* he says: "There are some judgments of God to which, though human reason cannot attain by its own strength, yet is it lifted to them by the help of faith and of those things which are said to us in Holy Writ, — as to this, that no one, however perfect in the moral and intellectual virtues both as a habit [of the mind] and in practice, can be saved without faith, it being granted that he shall never have heard anything concerning Christ; for the unaided reason of man cannot look upon this as just; nevertheless, with the help of faith, it can." † But faith, it should seem, was long in lifting Dante to this height; for in the nineteenth canto of the *Paradiso*, which must have been written many years after the passage just cited, the doubt recurs again, and we are told that it was "a cavern," concerning which he had "made frequent questioning." The answer is given here: —

> "Truly to him who with me subtilizes,
> *If so the Scripture were not over you,*
> For doubting there were marvellous occasion."

But what Scripture? Dante seems cautious, tells us that the eternal judgments are above our comprehension, postpones the answer, and when it comes, puts an orthodox prophylactic before it: —

> "Unto this kingdom never
> Ascended one who had not faith in Christ
> Before or since he to the tree was nailed.
> But look thou, *many crying are, 'Christ, Christ!'*
> *Who at the judgment shall be far less near*
> *To him than some shall be who knew not Christ.*"

There is, then, some hope for the man born on the bank of Indus who has never heard of Christ? Dante is still cautious, but answers the question indirectly in the next canto by putting the Trojan Ripheus among the blessed: —

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* Dante's *Limbo*, of course, is the *Limbus Patrum*.

† *De Monarchia*, L. II. § 8.

"Who would believe, down in the errant world,
That e'er the Trojan Ripheus in this round
Could be the fifth one of these holy lights?
Now knoweth he enough of what the world
Has not the power to see of grace divine,
Although *his* sight may not discern the bottom."

Then he seems to hesitate again, brings in the Church legend of Trajan brought back to life by the prayers of Gregory the Great that he might be converted; and after an interval of fifty lines tells us how Ripheus was saved: —

"The other one, through grace that from so deep
A fountain wells that never hath the eye
Of any creature reached its primal wave,
Set all his love below on righteousness;
Wherefore from grace to grace did God unclose
His eye to our redemption yet to be,
Whence he believed therein, and suffered not
From that day forth the stench of Paganism,
And he reproved therefor the folk perverse.
Those maidens three, whom at the right-hand wheel*
Thou didst behold, were unto him for baptism
More than a thousand years before baptizing."

If the reader recall a passage already quoted from the *Convito*,† he will perhaps think with us that the gate of Dante's *Limbo* is left ajar even for the ancient philosophers to slip out. The divine judgments are still inscrutable, and the ways of God past finding out, but faith would seem to have led Dante at last to a more merciful solution of his doubt than he had reached when he wrote the *De Monarchia*. It is always humanizing to see how the most rigid creed is made to bend before the kindlier instincts of the heart. The stern Dante thinks none beyond hope save those who are dead in sin and have made evil their good. But we are by no means sure that he is not right in insisting rather on the implacable severity of the law than on the possible relenting of the judge. Exact justice is commonly more merciful in the long run than pity, for it tends to foster in men those stronger qualities which make them good citizens, an object second only with the Roman-minded Dante

* Faith, Hope, and Charity. (*Purgatorio*, XXIX. 121.) Mr. Longfellow has translated the last verse literally. The meaning is,

"More than a thousand years ere baptism was."

† In which the *celestial Athens* is mentioned.

to that of making them spiritually regenerate, nay, perhaps even more important as a necessary preliminary to it. The inscription over the gate of hell tells us that the terms on which we receive the trust of life were fixed by the Divine Power (which can what it wills), and are therefore unchangeable, by the Highest Wisdom, and therefore for our truest good, by the Primal Love, and therefore the kindest. These are the three attributes of that justice which moved the maker of them. Dante is no harsher than experience, which always exacts the uttermost farthing; no more inexorable than conscience, which never forgives nor forgets. No teaching is truer or more continually needful than that the stains of the soul are ineffaceable, and that though their growth may be arrested, their nature is to spread insidiously till they have brought all to their own color. Evil is a far more cunning and persevering propagandist than Good, for it has no inward strength, and is driven to seek countenance and sympathy. It must have company, for it cannot bear to be alone in the dark, while

> "Virtue can see to do what Virtue would
> By her own radiant light."

There is one other point which we will dwell on for a moment as bearing on the question of Dante's orthodoxy. His nature was one in which, as in Swedenborg's, a clear practical understanding was continually streamed over by the northern lights of mysticism, through which the familiar stars shine with a softened and more spiritual lustre. Nothing is more interesting than the way in which the two qualities of his mind alternate, and indeed play into each other, tinging his matter-of-fact sometimes with unexpected glows of fancy, sometimes giving an almost geometrical precision to his most mystical visions. In his letter to Can Grande he says: "It behooves not those to whom it is given to know what is best in us to follow the footprints of the herd; much rather are they bound to oppose its wanderings. For the vigorous in intellect and reason, endowed with a certain divine liberty, are constrained by no customs. Nor is it wonderful, since they are not governed by the laws, but much more govern the laws themselves." It is not impossible that Dante, whose love of

knowledge was all-embracing, may have got some hint of the doctrine of the Oriental Sufis. With them the first and lowest of the steps that lead upward to perfection is the law, a strict observance of which is all that is expected of the ordinary man whose mind is not open to the conception of a higher virtue and holiness. But the Sufi puts himself under the guidance of some holy man [Virgil in the *Inferno*], whose teaching he receives implicitly, and so arrives at the second step, which is the Path [*Purgatorio*] by which he reaches a point where he is freed from all outward ceremonials and observances, and has risen from an outward to a spiritual worship. The third step is Knowledge [*Paradiso*], endowed by which with supernatural insight, he becomes like the angels about the throne, and has but one farther step to take before he reaches the goal and becomes one with God. The analogies of this system with Dante's are obvious and striking. They become still more so when Virgil takes leave of him at the entrance of the Terrestrial Paradise with the words: —

> "Expect no more a word or sign from me;
> Free and upright and sound is thy free-will,
> And error were it not to do its bidding;
> Thee o'er thyself I therefore crown and mitre,"*

that is, "I make thee king and bishop over thyself; the inward light is to be thy law in things both temporal and spiritual." The originality of Dante consists in his not allowing any divorce between the intellect and the soul in its highest sense, in his making reason and intuition work together to the same end of spiritual perfection. The unsatisfactoriness of science leads Faust to seek repose in worldly pleasure; it led Dante to find it in faith, of whose efficacy the short-coming of all logical substitutes for it was the most convincing argument. That we cannot know, is to him a proof that there is some higher plane on which we can believe and see. Dante had discovered the incalculable worth of a single idea as compared with the largest heap of facts ever gathered. To a man more interested in the soul of things than in the body of them, the little finger of Plato is thicker than the loins of Aristotle.

We cannot but think that there is something like a fallacy in

* *Purgatorio*, XXVII. 139 - 142.

Mr. Buckle's theory that the advance of mankind is necessarily in the direction of science, and not in that of morals. No doubt the laws of morals existed from the beginning, but so also did those of science, and it is by the application, not the mere recognition, of both that the race is benefited. No one questions how much science has done for our physical comfort and convenience, and with the mass of men these perhaps must of necessity precede the quickening of their moral instincts; but such material gains are illusory, unless they go hand in hand with a corresponding ethical advance. The man who gives his life for a principle has done more for his kind than he who discovers a new metal or names a new gas, for the great motors of the race are moral, not intellectual, and their force lies ready to the use of the poorest and weakest of us all. We accept a truth of science so soon as it is demonstrated, are perfectly willing to take it on authority, can appropriate whatever use there may be in it without the least understanding of its processes, as men send messages by the electric telegraph, but every truth of morals must be redemonstrated in the experience of the individual man before he is capable of utilizing it as a constituent of character or a guide in action. A man does not receive the statements that "two and two make four," and that "the pure in heart shall see God," on the same terms. The one can be proved to him with four grains of corn; he can never arrive at a belief in the other till he realize it in the intimate persuasion of his whole being. This is typified in the mystery of the incarnation. The divine reason must forever manifest itself anew in the lives of men, and that as individuals. This atonement with God, this identification of the man with the truth,* so that right action shall not result from the lower reason of utility, but from the higher of a will so purified of self as to sympathize by instinct with the eternal laws,† is not something that can be done once for all, that can become historic and traditional, a dead flower

* "I conceived myself to be now," says Milton, "not as mine own person, but as a member incorporate into that truth whereof I was persuaded."

† "But now was turning my desire and will,
Even as a wheel that equally is moved,
The Love that moves the sun and other stars."
(*Paradiso*, XXXIII., closing verses of the *Divina Commedia*.)

pressed between the leaves of the family Bible, but must be renewed in every generation, and in the soul of every man that it may be valid. Certain sects show their recognition of this in what are called revivals, a gross and carnal attempt to apply truth, as it were, mechanically, and to accomplish by the etherization of excitement and the magnetism of crowds what is possible only in the solitary exaltations of the soul. This is the high moral of Dante's poem. We have likened it to a Christian basilica; and as in that so there is here also, painted or carven, every image of beauty and holiness the artist's mind could conceive for the adornment of the holy place. We may linger to enjoy these if we will, but if we follow the central thought that runs like the nave from entrance to choir, it leads us to an image of the divine made human, to teach us how the human might also make itself divine. Dante beholds at last an image of that Power, Love, and Wisdom, one in essence, but trine in manifestation, to answer the needs of our triple nature and satisfy the senses, the heart, and the mind.

> "Within the deep and luminous subsistence
> Of the High Light appeared to me three circles
> Of threefold color and of one dimension,
> And by the second seemed the first reflected
> As iris is by iris, and the third
> Seemed fire that equally by both is breathed.
> . . . . .
> Within itself, of its own very color,
> Seemed to me painted with our effigy,
> Wherefore my sight was all absorbed therein."

He had reached the high altar where the miracle of transubstantiation is wrought, itself also a type of the great conversion that may be accomplished in our own nature (the lower thing assuming the qualities of the higher), not by any process of reason, but by the very fire of the divine love.

> "Then there smote my mind
> A flash of lighting wherein came its wish." *

* Dante seems to allude directly to this article of the Catholic faith when he says, on entering the Celestial Paradise, "to signify transhumanizing by words could not be done," and questions whether he was there in the renewed spirit only or in the flesh also: —

> "If I was merely *what of me thou newly*
> *Created'st,* Love who governest the heavens,
> Thou knowest who didst lift me with thy light." — *Paradiso,* I. 70 – 75.

Perhaps it seems little to say that Dante was the first great poet who ever made a poem wholly out of himself, but, rightly looked at, it implies a wonderful self-reliance and originality in his genius. His is the first keel that ever ventured into the silent sea of human consciousness to find a new world of poetry.

"L' acqua ch' io prendo giammai non si corse." *

He discovered that not only the story of some heroic person, but that of any man might be epical; that the way to heaven was not outside the world but through it. Living at a time when the end of the world was still looked for as imminent,† he believed that the second coming of the Lord was to take place on no more conspicuous stage than the soul of man; that his kingdom would be established in the surrendered will. A poem, the precious distillation of such a character and such a life as his through all those sorrowing but undespondent years, must have a meaning in it which few men have meaning enough in themselves wholly to penetrate. That its allegorical form belongs to a past fashion, with which the modern mind has little sympathy, we should no more think of denying than of whitewashing a fresco of Giotto. But we may take it as we may nature, which is also full of double meanings, either as picture or as parable, either for the simple delight of its beauty or as a shadow of the spiritual world. We may take it as we may history, either for its picturesqueness or its moral, either for the variety of its figures, or as a witness to that perpetual presence of God in his creation of which Dante was so profoundly sensible. He had seen and suffered much, but it is only to the man who is himself of value that experience is valuable. He had not looked on man and nature as most of us do, with less interest than into the columns of our daily newspaper. He saw in them the latest authentic news of the God who made them, for he carried everywhere that vision washed clear with tears which detects the meaning under the mask, and, beneath the casual and transitory, the eternal keeping

* *Paradiso*, II. 7. Lucretius makes the same boast: —

"Avia Pieridum peragro loca nullius ante
Trita solo."

† *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 15.

its sleepless watch. The secret of Dante's power is not far to seek. Whoever can express *himself* with the full force of unconscious sincerity will be found to have uttered something ideal and universal. Dante intended a didactic poem, but the most picturesque of poets could not escape his genius, and his sermon sings and glows and charms in a manner that surprises more at the fiftieth reading than the first, such variety of freshness is in imagination.

There are no doubt in the *Divina Commedia* (regarded merely as poetry) sandy spaces enough both of physics and metaphysics, but with every deduction Dante remains the first of descriptive as well as moral poets. His verse is as various as the feeling it conveys; now it has the terseness and edge of steel, and now palpitates with iridescent softness like the breast of a dove. In vividness he is without a rival. He drags back by its tangled locks the unwilling head of some petty traitor of an Italian provincial town, lets the fire glare on the sullen face for a moment, and it sears itself into the memory forever. He shows us an angel glowing with that love of God which makes him a star even amid the glory of heaven, and the holy shape keeps lifelong watch in our fantasy constant as a sentinel. He has the skill of conveying impressions indirectly. In the gloom of hell his bodily presence is revealed by his stirring something, on the mount of expiation by casting a shadow. Would he have us feel the brightness of an angel? He makes him whiten afar through the smoke like a dawn,* or, walking straight toward the setting sun, he finds his eyes suddenly unable to withstand a greater splendor against which his hand is unavailing to shield him. Even its reflected light, then, is brighter than the direct ray of the sun.† And how much more keenly do we feel the parched lips of Master Adam for those rivulets of the Casentino which run down into the Arno, "making their channels cool and soft!" His comparisons are as fresh, as simple, and as directly from nature as those of Homer.‡

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* *Purgatorio*, XVI. 142. Here is Milton's "Far off his coming shone."

† *Purgatorio*, XV. 7, *seqq.*

‡ See, for example, *Inferno*, XVII. 127–132; *Ib.*, XXIV. 7–12; *Purgatorio*, II. 124–129; *Ib.*, III. 79–84; *Ib.*, XXVII. 76–81; *Paradiso*, XIX. 91–93; *Ib.*, XXI. 34–39; *Ib.*, XXIII. 1–9.

Sometimes they show a more subtle observation, as where he compares the stooping of Antæus over him to the leaning tower of Garisenda, to which the clouds, flying in an opposite direction to its inclination, give away their motion.* His suggestions of individuality, too, from attitude or speech, as in Farinata, Sordello, or Pia,† give in a hint what is worth acres of so-called character-painting. In straightforward pathos, the single and sufficient thrust of phrase, he has no competitor. He is too sternly touched to be effusive and tearful:

"Io non piangeva, sì dentro impietrai."‡

His is always the true coin of speech,

"Sì lucida e sì tonda
Che nel suo conio nulla ci s' inforsa,"

and never the highly ornamented promise to pay, token of insolvency.

No doubt it is primarily by his poetic qualities that a poet must be judged, for it is by these, if by anything, that he is to maintain his place in literature. And he must be judged by them absolutely, with reference, that is, to the highest standard, and not relatively to the fashions and opportunities of the age in which he lived. Yet these considerations must fairly enter into our decision of another side of the question, and one that has much to do with the true quality of the man, with his character as distinguished from his talent, and therefore with how much he will influence men as well as delight them. We may reckon up pretty exactly a man's advantages and defects as an artist; these he has in common with others, and they are to be measured by a recognized standard; but there is something in his *genius* that is incalculable. It would be hard to define the causes of the difference of impression made upon us respectively by two such men as Æschylus and Euripides,

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* *Inferno*, XXXI. 136–138.

"And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
That give away their motion to the stars." (Coleridge, "Dejection, an Ode.")

See also the comparison of the dimness of the faces seen around him in Paradise to "a pearl on a white forehead." (*Paradiso*, III. 14.)

† *Inferno*, X. 35, 41; *Purgatorio*, VI. 61–66; *Ib.*, V. 133.

‡ For example, Cavalcanti's *Come dicesti egli ebbe?* (*Inferno*, X. 67, 68.) Anselmuccio's *Tu guardi sì, padre, che hai?* (*Inferno*, XXXIII. 51.)

but we feel profoundly that the latter, though in some respects a better dramatist, was an infinitely lighter weight. Æschylus stirs something in us far deeper than the sources of mere pleasurable excitement. The man behind the verse is far greater than the verse itself, and the impulse he gives to what is deepest and most sacred in us, though we cannot always explain it, is none the less real and lasting. Some men always seem to remain outside their work; others make their individuality felt in every part of it; their very life vibrates in every verse, and we do not wonder that it has "made them lean for many years." The virtue that has gone out of them abides in what they do. The book such a man makes is indeed, as Milton called it, "the precious lifeblood of a master spirit." Theirs is a true immortality, for it is they, and not their talent, that survives in their work. Dante's concise forthrightness of phrase, which, to that of most other poets is as a stab * to a blow with a cudgel, the vigor of his thought, the beauty of his images, the refinement of his conception of spiritual things, are marvellous if we compare him with his age and its best achievement. But it is for his power of inspiring and sustaining, it is because they find in him a spur to noble aims, a secure refuge in that defeat which the present always seems, that they prize Dante who know and love him best. He is not merely a great poet, but an influence, part of the Soul's resources in time of trouble. From him she learns that, "married to the truth she is a mistress, but otherwise a slave shut out of all liberty." †

All great poets have their message to deliver us, from something higher than they. We venture on no unworthy comparison between him who reveals to us the beauty of this world's love and the grandeur of this world's passion and him who shows that love of God is the fruit whereof all other loves are but the beautiful and fleeting blossom, that the passions are yet sublimer objects of contemplation, when, subdued by the will, they become patience in suffering and perseverance in the upward path. But we cannot help thinking that if Shakespeare

* To the "bestiality" of certain arguments Dante says, "one would wish to reply, not with words, but with a knife." (*Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 14.)

† *Convito*, Tr. IV. c. 2.

be the most comprehensive intellect, so Dante is the highest spiritual nature that has expressed itself in rhythmical form. Had he merely made us feel how petty the ambitions, sorrows, and vexations of earth appear when looked down on from the heights of our own character and the seclusion of our own genius, or from the region where we commune with God, he had done much:

> "I with my sight returned through one and all
> The sevenfold spheres, and I beheld this globe
> Such that I smiled at its ignoble semblance." *

But he has done far more; he has shown us the way by which that country far beyond the stars may be reached, may become the habitual dwelling-place and fortress of our nature, instead of being the object of its vague aspiration in moments of indolence. At the Round Table of King Arthur there was left always one seat empty for him who should accomplish the adventure of the Holy Grail. It was called the perilous seat because of the dangers he must encounter who would win it. In the company of the epic poets there was a place left for whoever should embody the Christian idea of a triumphant life, outwardly all defeat, inwardly victorious, who should make us partakers of that cup of sorrow in which all are communicants with Christ. He who should do this would indeed achieve the perilous seat, for he must combine poesy with doctrine in such cunning wise that the one lose not its beauty nor the other its severity, — and Dante has done it. As he takes possession of it we seem to hear the cry he himself heard when Virgil rejoined the company of great singers,

> "All honor to the loftiest of poets!"

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* *Paradiso*, XXII. 132–135. *Ib.*, XXVII. 110.

Art. VII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *Third Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of Massachusetts, embracing the Account of its Operations and Inquiries from March* 1, 1871, *to March* 1, 1872. Boston: Wright and Potter, State Printers. 1872.

In closing his famous chapter upon the state of England in 1685, Lord Macaulay, after remarking that nothing had as yet been said of the great body of the people, goes on to add: "Nor can very much be said. The most numerous class is precisely the class respecting which we have the most meagre information. . . . . The press now often sends forth in a day a greater quantity of discussion and declamation about the condition of the workingmen than was published during the twenty-eight years which elapsed between the Restoration and the Revolution." The inquisitive and erudite historian of A. D. 2070, or thereabouts, while attempting to describe the condition of the workingmen in America during the period which followed the great war of the Rebellion, will have no such poverty as regards material to deplore. On the contrary, it is difficult to imagine that unhappy investigator except in abject despair, as he stands in presence of the tons upon tons of raw material now annually stored away for his future consumption. Here is the little Commonwealth of Massachusetts, — it numbers within its limits about one third as many inhabitants as the single city of London, a few hundred thousand more, perhaps, than Liverpool, — and, besides all the innumerable miscellaneous documents relating to this one subject, here is an official report upon it which this year numbers five hundred and ninety-eight pages, and is nevertheless not so bulky as its immediate predecessor. Of what order of man is the future historian to be? — how many hours will there be in his day? — how many days in his year? — how many years in his life? — The highest scientific authorities assert that the human race is just as susceptible of improvement by careful breeding as are the beasts of the field. Just as we obtain size, or strength, or speed, or fineness of fleece, or abundance of milk by a careful and scientific regard to stock, so they maintain that, by a proper attention to genealogies, we could, in a few generations, produce a race of men eight or ten feet high, and with advantages over the present race as regards longevity and intellect no less pronounced. It would certainly be well to begin this experiment, with a view to the production of the historian of the future, with the least possible delay. If Macaulay or Buckle or Hallam or Grote left any sons, they should at once

be appropriated by the state and married to any daughters who may now be outstanding of Mrs. Markham or — but it would seem that female historians have not been addicted to matrimony, and it is probable that Miss Hannah More, Miss Strickland, and Miss Pardoe did not leave any daughters. Evidently, however, nothing short of some such vigorous course of proceeding as that here suggested will meet the emergency; the historian of the future capable, not of mastering, but even of facing the vast yearly accumulations of material intended for his use, will have to be at least ten feet in height, and pass eighty of his hundred and twenty years in an intensity of toil to which the present race is not equal.

To return, however, to the immediate cause of this digression, — the somewhat voluminous Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics for the present year. The head of that board has evidently pursued the usual course with all officials having a public printer at command; he has printed everything, and has compressed nothing. The result is a mass of raw material, indicating great industry, little judgment, and no discrimination on the part of those who prepared it. As an example of this a large part of an editorial may be referred to (p. 115), which was bodily adopted from a daily newspaper, as illustrating an important point, without any verification of the statistics contained in it, which, when too late for correction, were discovered to be only sixty-six per cent out of the way. So it is throughout, and as a result we have facts of great interest and opinions of no value whatever; statistics, more or less reliable, and conclusions deduced from them or not, as the case may be; a vast amount of correspondence, some of it extremely instructive; elaborate historical treatises, stretching over the last five hundred years; infinite columns of figures, and extracts from daily papers, — all tumbled together with disputed industrial theories, here advanced as settled facts, and garnished with specimens of the worst rhetoric and the most outrageous attempts at fine writing ever perpetrated since the days of George Gilfillan.

No unprejudiced critic would seek to deny that these Reports possess great value, and should by all means be continued. What we want from them, however, and have a right to expect, is facts and legitimately deduced conclusions, all expressed in the simplest possible language and in the smallest compass consistent with precision. We do not desire the views of the Bureau upon the question of female suffrage, on page 114; nor an eloquent digression upon what the Bureau is pleased to term "the social evil," on page 116; nor a vague, general suggestion that it would be a relief "to all small capitalists" if none but "the extremely rich" paid taxes, on page 46; nor singular asser-

tions to the effect that the fact that decreased wages have not in a given instance followed a decrease in working time is worth more than any additional cost of production, on page 251. Neither do we want panegyrics on a compulsory education law, on page 450; nor a philippic on "merciless landlords" and tenement-houses, on page 438; nor violent denunciation of the general and indescribable wickedness of the time, on page 464. In perfectly plain language, these numerous impertinences constitute a very great blemish on what is, in spite of them, a valuable work and a monument of most commendable industry.

The present Report is made up of an examination into the wages of laborers of both sexes in all the multifarious industries of Massachusetts, beginning with agriculture and closing with manufactures. In this connection many communications to the Bureau from individual employers and workingmen are published, and these indeed constitute what is by far the most interesting and instructive portion of the volume. An elaborate argument is then attempted by the officers of the Bureau to show that "the hundreds of millions" of money held by the savings banks of the State do not belong to the working classes, but are deposited in those institutions by persons of wealth. Some two hundred pages then follow, describing the visits of the Bureau to factories, and giving the evidence collected in them, with desultory reports on accidents from unguarded machinery and the hardships inflicted on the laboring classes through the agency of the "truck system"; more or less space is also devoted to the several subjects of strikes, the homes of the working classes, and the education of factory children. The Report practically closes with an elaborate discussion and historical investigation of the purchasing power of wages during the last five hundred years in England, and the last two hundred years in America. In regard to some of these subjects, and the spirit in which they have been approached in the preparation of this document, we propose to make a few very general remarks in the course of this notice. Before doing so, however, we wish to mention one lamentable omission of the Bureau, which causes this Report somewhat to resemble the celebrated performance of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted.

The one aspect of the labor question which now excites a wellnigh universal interest is co-operation. To this every intelligent and thoughtful student of social and industrial problems is looking with hope, not unmixed with doubt. Every experiment in this direction is therefore watched with interest, and its authentic and detailed history is carefully studied. The Bureau of Industry was not apparently ignorant of this fact. In its Report for 1871 it fully recognized the deep interest felt in the subject (p. 552), but devoted to it only eight

pages out of six hundred and fifty, "reserving a full discussion for another Report" (p. 452). The present Report, in apparent fulfilment of this promise, opened with these brave words: "The great question to be considered is, how to adjust industrial and social relations, so that labor and capital shall become vigorous and productive partners, instead of, as now, unproductive and wasteful opponents; or, in other words, how to make co-operation possible and practicable." If this is, indeed, "the great question," it certainly would seem to deserve a decent amount of consideration. Instead of getting it, however, it disappears on page 6 of the body of the Report only to reappear on page 537, and there to be dismissed with the following sententious judgment, evolved apparently from the inner consciousness of the Bureau: "If the people were not poor, they would not work for wages; but they are so poor and ignorant, that they cannot and know not how to co-operate." We can only respond in the language of the lamented Mr. Squeers, while inspecting a certain other milk-and-water compound, "Here 's richness!" This is on page 537 of the Report; on page 536 we had just been informed, partly in italics, "Cheap labor means China, with her millions of poor, with her stunted growth and inferior race. Dear labor means America, with her free and intelligent citizens. For poor as are our laborers, they are better off than the laborers of any other country. *Here we have the highest wages and the best market in the world.*" Probably the officers of the Bureau have never heard of the co-operative associations in England, and especially of the remarkable financial success which has attended those at Oldham. They certainly had, however, heard of those in Germany, inasmuch as in the Appendix to this very Report (pp. 548 – 557) they print an interesting and valuable account of them, describing their rapid rise and great prosperity. Is then, after all, the "dear labor" of America — are those laborers "who are better off than the laborers of any other country" — so much poorer and so much more ignorant than the workingmen of England and Germany, that they are wholly unable to grapple with those problems which the others have successfully solved? If they are, we can only say that their numerous communications to this Bureau give a singularly false impression in regard to them.

Upon this point, as upon many others, we regret to be obliged to say that the officers of the Bureau afford unmistakable indications that they do not approach their subject in a spirit of judicial investigation at all. On the contrary, they scarcely make a pretence of concealing their strongly preconceived theories, to an agreement with which they are incessantly forcing their facts to conform. In the present case the failure of co-operation to take any root in Massachusetts is to be

accounted for. That it has failed to take root there is patent; the fact must somehow be explained. In a light and airy manner an explanation is found in the general ignorance and poverty of the people; their poverty is demonstrated through an ingenious system of figuring, which plainly shows, to those disposed to trust it, that, with some comparatively immaterial exceptions, the savings banks are used only as places of hoarding by wealthy people; and their ignorance is left to rest on the bold assertion of the Bureau.

With the utmost deference, we desire to express our own belief that these causes have nothing whatever to do with the result sought to be accounted for; and, moreover, our equally firm belief that the officers did not themselves really think that they had. They wished to account for a most important fact in some way, and so they accounted for it, regardless of the whole previous tenor of their Report, in the way which first suggested itself to them. We fancy that we can offer them a solution much nearer the truth. The laboring class of Massachusetts has failed to develop the idea of co-operation, not because it has lacked either the intelligence or the means to do so, but simply because it has found it to be, or thought it to be, more profitable to employ its means in another way, and has been led to divert its intelligence to another, and, as we believe, false issue in the struggle. In the first place, as regards its means. Savings banks do not receive deposits, large or small, in order to look at them; they receive them from one set of persons in order to loan them to another. In Massachusetts they hold in this way millions of dollars, belonging indisputably to the wage-earning class, upon the whole of which they pay dividends, and a very large proportion of which they loan to capitalists, who pay the wages aforesaid, and on the whole of this they receive interest. Through this machinery the workman loans his savings to carry on, not uncommonly, the operations of the very mill in which he earns his wages. Instead, however, of doing it on shares, as he would under a co-operative system, and thus incurring the risks as well as sharing the profits of the business, he accepts in lieu thereof a fixed and certain remuneration for his money. Through the savings-bank system this remuneration always has been, and now is, so high in Massachusetts that the wage-earning class prefers it to any probable return on the same capital if employed directly in business by the class itself. In other words, the class, as a whole, finds it in the long run more remunerative to deposit its savings in the bank than to invest them in the mill. So clearly is this the fact, that the Bureau of Statistics devotes page after page to showing that not only the wage-earning class, but the capitalist class itself, finds the savings bank the most profitable place of investment

within its reach. If, as the Bureau so elaborately tries to prove, the vastly greater proportion of the savings-bank fund belongs to the wealthy classes, who can thus find no better use to make of their money, what possible inducement can exist for the poorest classes to go into a co-operative business? That which the wealthy do not find so profitable as the savings banks, they certainly will not. It would, therefore, seem not improbable that the wage-earning class neglect co-operation, not because they are too poor to engage in it, but simply because they get a larger and safer return on their money by employing it in another way.

So much for the means; now as to the ignorance. For years Massachusetts has rung with the cry of Labor Reform. The purest eloquence, the most thorough investigation have been directed to it. That the discussion has lacked intelligence is the last allegation which ought to be made against it, at least by those having the Bureau of Industry in charge. Perhaps it may never have occurred to them, however, that the discussion has always taken one direction. The cry has never been for co-operation, but always for new laws, for fresh statutes, for legislative enactments regulating the hours of labor and the profits of capital. Their agitation has been political, and not industrial. With this these very Reports are full. To it they devote one hundred pages to each one they bestow on co-operation; and the result is, and probably always will be, an empty sham instead of a living reality. The wage-earning class are in New England on the wrong track; they started there, and the Bureau of Statistics is doing its best to keep them there. They are seeking to obtain that through political agitation which can only come through industrial reorganization. To the last they are paying no attention, their thoughts being wholly fixed on the first; and then the Bureau of Industry turns round and, with Oldham and Delitzsch before its face, stimulates them in the true path with the information that they are too ignorant to deal with such problems as these. Of one thing the Bureau may rest very sure, co-operation will never be established until it has been attempted; and it will not be attempted as long as the leaders of the labor movement are in breathless pursuit of that *ignis fatuus*, social reform by act of Legislature. How much the Bureau itself is contributing to the popular understanding of co-operation, we have already indicated; we will only add that, while in the Report of 1871 they allude to it, as we have stated, "reserving a full discussion for another Report" (p. 452), in the Report of 1872 they have got so far as to treat it with the following degree of elaboration: "We leave that for another Report" (p. 527).

We have already referred to the unfortunate appearance of bias, — of

preconceived conclusion, which is painfully apparent throughout these Reports, and never fails to occasion the gravest doubts as to any judgment arrived at. The whole discussion of the ownership of the savings-bank fund is a case in point, but even a more flagrant one is found in the discussion of the eight-hour question. It is very evident that the minds of the officials in charge of the Bureau are made up that the proper working day is eight hours long, and that in the eight-hour day absolutely more as well as better work can be accomplished than in the ten-hour day. As for the day of eleven hours, the advocates of it are evidently regarded as miscreants, not entitled even to a patient hearing. Of seventy-two employers of labor, whose replies to the questions put to them by the Bureau are quoted in this Report, thirty, or six only less than one half, expressed themselves as opposed to the ten-hour system. They are dismissed in the following summary way, which leads one to ask himself why they were ever invited to express any opinion upon the subject at all, unless it was to be a favorable one: "The advocates of eleven hours have utterly failed to sustain themselves in their continued adhesion to a system that England outgrew twenty-two years ago, — a system unworthy of our State and nation, and one that would not last a month if the victims of it were men instead of women and children, as most of them are" (p. 240).

It is, however, in the elaborate examination of the relative purchasing power of wages at different periods during the last five hundred years (pp. 468 – 534) that this spirit of preconception is most apparent. It here, indeed, leads the Bureau to the clear statement of conclusions very difficult to reconcile. The authority of Hallam, in his "Middle Ages," is quoted to the effect that it is "unpleasant to remark that the laboring classes, especially those engaged in agriculture, were better provided with the means of subsistence in the reign of Edward III. or of Henry VI. — a century later — than they are now"; and "It is difficult to resist the conclusion that, however the laborer of to-day is benefited by the cheapness of manufactured commodities, and many inventions of common utility, *he is much inferior in ability to support a family* to his ancestors of three and four centuries ago." Froude, also, is authority for the following statement: "Until the time of the interlude of the reign of Edward VI., the working classes were in a condition more than prosperous, enjoying far beyond what falls to the general lot of laborers in long-settled countries, and far beyond those of Germany or France." Fortified with the weight of these names, the Bureau enters upon its independent investigation, through the details of which we do not propose to follow it, and concludes with these two propositions side by side: "Not without forceful truth, then, is the remark of Mr.

Hallam, quoted before, and that of Mr. Levi, that the earnings of the workmen have not kept pace with the progress of the times; and justifiable is the inference that the purchasing power of their earnings in the nineteenth century is not in proportion to what it was in the fourteenth and fifteenth." This is the first proposition on page 499, and on page 534 we find the second in these words: "The distribution of wealth has also been going on, and, though extreme wealth and extreme poverty are to-day the great curses of the world, there is a better distribution than ever before, counting time by centuries, not by years. . . . . There are more people removed a week from want than ever before; more people better housed, better fed, and better clothed; though there is but little advance in the *margin* of wage; and wages being continually kept down to the actual cost of living, the element of advance is to be found almost entirely in the superiority of their style of life." If the improvement in the condition of any class in society is not found "in the superiority of its style of life," we should like to inquire where it is to be found? There is a somewhat musty proverb in relation to the obvious impossibility of eating one's cake and having it too. If the "wage-earning" class lived to-day as they did in the days of Edward III., we greatly question whether there would not be found to be a most decided "advance in the *margin* of wage." As, however, they spend a portion of that margin "in the superiority of their style of life," it is not very surprising that they do not have the whole of it left. In fact, with the utmost respect for the authority of Mr. Hallam, and none at all for that of Mr. Froude, we are disposed to entirely distrust the conclusions at which they arrived upon this point. The only sure indication of general prosperity is general contentment. No people ever did or ever will rise in a mass in tumultuous rebellion against the existing social conditions when they are well fed, well housed, and generally prosperous. We do not often hear of such insurrections now: the last was in starving France in 1789. Yet these are the days of strikes, of unions, of combination and agitation, with the newspaper, the telegraph, and the thousand other means of enabling the discontented in one place to know the feelings and actions of the discontented in another. They had none of these appliances in the ideally prosperous days of Edward III. and Henry VI. The counties of England were more foreign to each other then than are the nations of Europe now. How was it in regard to that popular contentment, the one sure indication of general prosperity? Wat Tyler was yet a boy when Edward III. died and when the horrible Jacqueries broke out in France, and Jack Cade found followers enough in England in the time of Henry VI.; the history of the two renowned popular

risings under those leaders furnishes us with some means of forming a judgment on this point. Yet they would now have us believe that the well-fed, prosperous, highly paid, and greatly to be envied peasantry of those dark and troubled times rose in a mass to kill, burn, and destroy, without cause, without leaders, without combination, — rising up against those before whom they were wont to crouch like dogs, and whom they regarded and who regarded them as beings of another order, — this they did in the excess of their contentment: they had waxed fat and kicked! *Credat Judæus Apella!*

Upon this subject the officers of the Bureau have cited the authorities of Hallam and Froude and Levi. We began this notice with one quotation from Macaulay, and we do not know that we can do better than to close it with another. First, however, we will give one final extract from the Report before us; it contains a not unpleasant picture of the good old days when England was merry England indeed, and the other side of it shall be presented by Macaulay and not by us: "Ask the workman of the fourteenth century what he deemed household and other comforts to be, and he would probably reply that, with a weather-tight cottage of two or three rooms, with fresh rushes on the floor of one of them once a month; with meat, beer, and cabbage every day; a chance on the common (then not enclosed) for cow, pig, and poultry; with 30 *d.* a year for clothes of each of his family of four persons, and a chance now and then to see a bear-baiting or a cock-fight, or a game at quarter-staff, or at the butts, or at the Christmas mummeries, and he would be very comfortable indeed" (p. 482). "Very comfortable," we imagine; and that, too, without mentioning a grand piano, or a trotting sulky, or an occasional visit in warm weather to the sea-shore, which must have been included as a matter of course. Now let us examine the reverse of the picture, and we commend its study to the careful attention of the Bureau of Industry. "The more carefully," says Macaulay, "we examine the history of the past, the more reason shall we find to dissent from those who imagine that our age has been fruitful of new social evils. The truth is that the evils are, with scarcely an exception, old. That which is new is the intelligence which discerns, and the humanity which remedies, them.

"It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts, the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman; when farmers and shop-keepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse; when to have a clean shirt once a week was a privilege reserved for the higher class of gentry; when men died faster in the

purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns; and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana. We too shall, in our turn, be outstripped, and in our turn be envied. It may well be, in the twentieth century, that laboring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat rye bread; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and industrious workingman. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendor of the rich."

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2. — *Third Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts.* Boston: Wright and Potter, State Printers. 1872.

There are few indications of a sound modern progress more encouraging than the series of Reports of the Massachusetts State Board of Health. The two last of the series are, indeed, open to the criticism of being much too diffuse; and this criticism may be made upon the Reports of all the Massachusetts commissions. This year, apparently stimulated by the attacks of General B. F. Butler, they have even excelled themselves in respect to prolixity. The Commissioners of Internal Fisheries led off with 348 pages; the volume before us contains 326 pages; the Board of Railroad Commissioners found themselves unable to express themselves fully in less than 800 pages, the Bureau of Statistics of Labor required 598 pages; the Board of State Charities, 560 pages; the Board of Education, 300 pages; and so on through a mass of printed matter which simply defies examination through its mere inert resistance to labor. After all, is it absolutely necessary that everything should be printed by men the moment they become public officers? — Are our bureaus and commissions too lazy, or are they unable to discriminate, compress, and reject? The Report of the Board of Health for 1872 would be infinitely more valuable if it had been reduced one half, and in that one half could have been included all of general value which the present volume contains. Dr. White's paper on "Vegetable Parasites," for instance, carefully prepared as it is and to a certain class of readers doubtless very interesting, had been better left out altogether. It would have done very well

in a medical journal, or as a portion of a course of lectures; it is wholly out of place in the Report of a State Board. As we understand the theory of these Reports, they are intended to give the Legislature of the State correct information as to the doings of the Board during the year, and to supply it with reliable dates upon which legislation may be based. Further than this the privilege has been assumed, and tacitly conceded, of treating all kindred subjects of a purely general nature in a simple, popular style, with a view to instructing the people of the State as regards the most important hygienic rules. Not more than half the papers in the present volume come within this limit. The remainder, though all of them are good and some of them are very good, should be relegated to their proper places in other publications, or in manuscripts.

Five of the several papers in the present volume come strictly within the correct rule; three of these were prepared by the secretary of the board, one by its chairman, and the fifth by Dr. F. E. Oliver. Dr. Derby deserves the thanks of the community, no less than of all four-footed beasts with cloven hoofs, for the stout and at last victorious battle he has waged with the whole system of slaughter-houses, and all their vile and imbruting adjuncts, as they existed when the Board of Health was created. If the board had done nothing else, its course in regard to this matter alone would more than have justified its existence. Not that its work is yet at an end. The shocking manner in which civilization now systematically tortures before death the poor beasts which it proposes to devour after death, is something fearful to contemplate. The inside of a cattle-car and the surroundings of a modern slaughter-house are places well calculated to cause one to doubt whether the teachings of Christianity have yet obtained more than a theoretical lodgment in the human breast. So far as they have yet gone in this matter, it is pleasant to know that "no one could fail to see that the State Board of Health was thoroughly in earnest, and would carry out to the letter the duty with which they had been charged." Its members need not, we fear, anticipate much active support or useful co operation in their future efforts from the public at large, but doubtless they will be accompanied by a sort of general good-will, which will evince itself in a feeble and sporadic way as long as they are subjected to no formidable attack.

The other papers contributed by Dr. Derby relate to the important subjects of small-pox and to the disorders consequent upon the construction of mill-dams and other water obstructions. The real interest of the Report, however, centres round Dr. Bowditch's elaborate paper upon he Use and Abuse of Intoxicating Drinks, and Dr. Oliver's paper, which

is practically supplementary to Dr. Bowditch's, on the Use and Abuse of Opium. From the correspondence which the board has carried on upon the subject of intemperance in other countries, Dr. Bowditch attempts to deduce a certain "cosmic law" upon the subject, and even goes so far as to print a map of the earth, duly marked with isothermal lines supposed to control the use of intoxicating beverages. As Dr. Bowditch has but fifty-three returns, entitled to varying degrees of weight as authority, from all parts of the inhabited globe, and as he leaves out of consideration the use of opium and the various other means of arriving at the same result, so far as intoxication is concerned, in use in the East, we cannot say that we have been very deeply impressed either with his cosmic law or his isothermal map. As a beginning it may be useful, but the data are not as yet either sufficiently numerous or sufficiently authentic to warrant the deducing from them of anything which can properly be called a law. Most of Dr. Bowditch's conclusions seem to be correct, but they seem to us least correct where they come in contact with his "climatic law." For instance, we are told that "intemperance is very rare near the equator": this may be true of intemperance caused by the use of fiery alcoholic stimulants, but can the same be said of similar effects produced by the use of that which is more in accordance with the climatic surroundings? How as regards hasheesh and opium in Turkey, Egypt, India, and China? Even as regards alcoholic stimulants, however, the case is not yet perfectly clear. Certainly one of the leading staples in the African trade is rum; and, moreover, the sophisticated negro is stated to be singularly expert in his judgment as to its quality.

Throwing all this attempt at broad generalization aside, as at least premature, the common-sense essence of Dr. Bowditch's analysis is concentrated by him into the following interrogatory: "By classifying all liquors as equally injurious, and by endeavoring to further that idea in the community, are we not doing a real injury to the country by preventing a freer use of a mild lager-beer, or of native grape wine instead of the ardent spirits to which our people are now so addicted?"

It certainly seems strange, after forty years of discussion, to come back to this simple elementary question. A shrewd, hard-headed old Scotchman in one of Charles Kingsley's earlier books, Alton Locke perhaps, is made to utter the pithy apothegm that "Temperance is best, but abstinence is better than nothing." The audience that Dr. Bowditch is addressing long since came to a different conclusion, and made up its mind that abstinence was not only best in itself for themselves, but best also for every one else, and that temperance was merely another name for vice, in moderation. It is perfectly useless to

argue with men in this frame of mind until they have tried their experiment; when for a sufficient length of time they have treated humanity as if it was clay in the hands of the potter, they finally become convinced, or at least a majority of their fellow-men do, either that the clay is of a very refractory nature, or that the potter is a very bungling workman. When this time comes, as sooner or later it always does, the voice of reason and of science begins to make itself heard, and the real work of reform and human advancement is about to commence. There are some signs that the temperance question in Massachusetts is now approaching this hopeful phase. For over twenty years compulsory abstinence, enforced by the penalties of rigorous legislation, has been the order of the day. That it has thus far been a complete failure, in some aspects melancholy and in others ludicrous, but in all a failure, no one now pretends to deny. Its friends say that this is due to the fact that it has never been thoroughly, systematically, and impartially enforced. This may or may not be true, but the fact of failure is not denied.

In some respects we have said that this failure was ludicrous. It has been so especially in Boston and the larger cities of the State. The nice distinctions which have there been drawn as regards the sale of intoxicating beverages must excite the envy of every professional casuist. At one time, for instance, the agents of the law triumphantly announced that every bar-room in the city was closed, and that nothing whatever in the way of intoxicating beverages was bought or sold "over the counter." This was true to the letter; and the friends of total abstinence rejoiced and were exceeding glad. Meanwhile every bar-room in the city carried on its business as usual, the simple difference being that their customers, instead of having what they called for handed them over a counter, took a seat in front of it and had it brought to them upon a tray. In other cases the counter was simply turned round and set against the wall, and thus, seller and customer being on the same side of it, nothing was sold "over the counter," and reform was thus far triumphant. In this way the battle came to be waged, not as between drinking and not drinking, but as between perpendicular and sedentary tippling.

Outside of the larger cities, where public opinion sustained a more rigid enforcement of the law, small rooms were provided, in close proximity to a rigidly temperance bar, where any person wishing to "stimulate" was supplied with hardly a pretence of concealment. Whether, however, the forbidden beverages were prepared for sedentary consumption in public, or for perpendicular consumption in private, the risk attending the business most apparently affected the quality of

the merchandise supplied. Dealers engaged in what, in reform parlance, was known as "the liquor traffic," openly confessed that to enable them to pursue their business they had to secure themselves inordinate profits. Blackmail alternating with seizures necessitated the sale of the most deleterious of possible compounds, the only two qualities absolutely expected being cheapness and intoxicating effect. The original cost of an amount of raw material retailed at fifteen cents would not exceed three cents, and it consequently became literally true that the race of tipplers did imbibe liquid poison. Nor did the evil stop here. The law was systematically converted into an engine of cruel oppression towards the poorer classes. A class of informers and country justices of the peace gradually developed itself, who made a regular living out of the prosecutions arising under the law. They did not break up the business; that would have deprived them of their own means of subsistence. They nursed it along. Now and again they gathered a harvest; they pounced upon the poor and the defenceless; they picked up the occasional sellers, and they blackmailed the regular ones, cultivating to the utmost while so doing all of the most repulsive characteristics of the pettifogger and the informer. This condition of affairs has naturally and inevitably reacted upon proceedings in the courts. While the law, to which in a republic such instinctive respect should be felt, has fallen into hatred or contempt, perjury, in the eyes of a large and not depraved class, has ceased to be a crime, and has become even an evidence of good faith. As between being an unwilling informer and a reluctant liar, the average man hesitates long in choosing. Unfortunately the average public opinion looks upon the former in the more condoning spirit; he is the less frequently of the two sent to Coventry.

If, however, the warmest advocates of stringent prohibitory legislation are to be credited, its worst results have been produced in those localities where it has been most rigidly enforced. Every reader of history, however superficial, can easily call to mind repeated illustrations of the certainty with which any violent action in human affairs is followed by an almost equally violent reaction. The pendulum passes from one extreme to the other, and only gradually reaches an equilibrium. The organs of the total-abstinence party have declared that a long enforcement of the prohibitory law in any locality reduces its inhabitants almost to the condition of imbeciles so far as the ability to resist the desire for ardent spirits is concerned. When in such places the prohibition is for any cause removed, excesses from intemperance take place which are elsewhere unknown. New Bedford, for instance, has long been pointed out as the one city in Massachusetts

in which the prohibitory law had been thoroughly enforced, and as proving by its example the feasibility of enforcing it everywhere. At the election held in May of the present year, it was voted to license the sale of ale and beer in that city. A shocking state of affairs at once ensued, indicating that the long-enforced abstinence and removal of all temptation has dangerously weakened, if not indeed destroyed, among its people the power of resisting temptation when presented. The leading organ of the total-abstinence cause in Massachusetts gave the following startling description of the condition of affairs which at once ensued: "Since the passage of the beer vote at New Bedford, where a case of drunkenness has been rare for years, men who were sober, respected, and useful have become suddenly degraded, wretched, and loathsome, destroyers of their own peace and that of their families. Old men and young men, and women too, reel through the streets and find their way into the station-houses. In less than three days after the beer shops were thrown open, a young man who presided at a temperance meeting on a Sunday night three or four weeks ago was carried to the station-house beastly drunk." Certainly no such condition of affairs as this is seen in localities where the sale of liquors is wholly unrestricted; and that years of enforced abstinence should in New Bedford have resulted in such a reactionary excess is one of the most alarming results of this class of legislation which can possibly be suggested. That it is most natural, however, is undeniable. It is but another instance on a large scale of "the sailor on shore." With nations, as with individuals, it has been so from the beginning, and doubtless will continue to be so to the end; the man who is never subjected to temptation gradually but surely loses the power of resisting it.

How far the enforced disuse of all alcoholic stimulants in certain localities may have contributed to an increased consumption of opium, has long been an interesting question. That the consumption of opium in Massachusetts is now very considerable would seem to be established by the returns contained in Dr. Oliver's paper in the present Report (pp. 162 – 177). Nothing contained in this paper would, however, justify the conclusion that any clear connection exists between this evil and a legally enforced abstinence from the use of alcoholic stimulant. No chain of connection as between cause and effect is yet made apparent. Dr. Oliver's paper is none the less a very interesting and suggestive one, and, taken in connection with Dr. Bowditch's, should furnish to Massachusetts legislators a good deal of matter for serious reflection. It was Dr. O. W. Holmes who once startled the Medical College out of its propriety by a paradoxical assertion to the effect that,

if all the medicine in the world could be got together and thrown into the sea, it would be so much the better for the men and so much the worse for the fishes. The majority of the faculty notwithstanding, Dr. Holmes was probably right in his assertion. He included of course all quack medicines, patent medicines, soothing sirups, and other infallible panaceas, no less than all useful drugs taken ignorantly or unskilfully administered; he by no means meant that some drugs judiciously prescribed never did good, but simply that all drugs, taken as they were taken, did on the whole more harm than good. A similar judgment might be ventured as regards the liquor legislation of the last twenty-five years in Massachusetts. It is undoubtedly true that judicious legislation in the direction of temperance would be of inestimable service to any community; it is very possible that the prohibitory legislation may have been of some service in certain localities; it hardly admits of a possibility of doubt, however, that, taken as a whole, viewed in all its aspects, and its results in one locality set off against those in another, the great mass of statutory enactments on this subject of the last twenty-five years has had a far greater effect in retarding than in accelerating the temperance movement in Massachusetts. If Dr. Bowditch, as the result of his labors, can succeed in giving a new and more human turn to legislation on this subject, he will confer a thousand-fold greater benefit on the community to which he belongs than he would by discovering a cure for consumption.

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3. — *Instinct: its Office in the Animal Kingdom, and its Relation to the higher Powers in Man.* By P. A. Chadbourne, LL. D., Author of "Relation of Natural History," "Natural Theology," etc. New York: George P. Putnam and Sons. 1872.

It is some praise to say of a book that it is in the channel of a great current of human thought, adding something to its stream, even if it be only froth and dead wood. This commendation we may give at the very outset of our study of Mr. Chadbourne's book. Now that all earnest students of nature have learned to look to the earth and the lower animals, rather than to the heavens and the gods, for the origin and history of man, all these questions called up by the title our author has chosen have come to be of the utmost value. That we have not a whole literature on animal psychology, as a consequence of Mr. Darwin's work, is due, not to the fact that students of that great question have failed to see the transcendent importance of its problems, but rather to the sense of the great difficulty in approaching the matter

from the point of view of the naturalist, with the means of the investigator. In tracing the physical derivation of man, the knife, the microscope, and the chemist's tools, all give abundant tests for almost any opinion. The likeness which comes from essential identity of structure can be easily discerned from the mere resemblances which arise from similarities of function. Where it is a question of physical seeing, men can soon be made of one mind; but where the thing can only be inferred from its effects, when these effects may be the result of several conceivable causes, the investigator must doubt his methods and shrink from the work. There is no question, however, that the naturalist will be impelled by the stream to this difficult task of studying the mental phenomena of animals in the same way that he has studied their bodily parts and relations. The living thing is the real thing, and its life the greatest part of it. But when the trained student begins to work on these problems, he will accept certain conditions without which his work would be resultless. He will be sure to have some clear and decided opinion concerning the nature of the relationship between man and the lower animals. With this point in doubt, his studies will want the basis for the merest beginning. If he be convinced that there is a genetic connection between man and that which is below him, he is necessarily led to the hypothesis that the intellectual man is the product and extension of the mental faculties of the lower animals, as the physical man is the result of the devolopment of their structural characters. He may then assume with safety that the means of expression, as well as the internal states which they express, are likely to resemble each other throughout the series as closely as the forms and functions of organs do, and by this assumption get upon a path which, though beset with difficulties, is still a natural way.

Professor Chadbourne has shown considerable talents, a real love of his work, and an ingenuous confidence in his own fitness for the task; but when we look for that understanding of the needs and difficulties of the labor which must precede success, we look in vain. As the book is scarcely more than a literal report of a course of twelve Lowell Institute lectures, it is naturally far from being a systematic treatise. It is a matter of no small difficulty to pick out from the necessary and other confusion of the arrangement the opinions of the author on this, to his work, all-important question of the origin of man. As far as it can be made out, however, he is a disbeliever in Mr. Darwin's view; he allows it, it is true, some efficacy, but evidently disbelieves that natural selection is the great differentiating power in nature. His point of view being essentially that of the older writers on the subject, there is little reason to hope for any novel results. Lest

there should be some risk of being led towards unheard-of things, he begins his work with the astounding statement that "questions of origin are proper subjects for investigation, but they have only an incidental bearing upon our present discussion." Having carefully cut himself off from the services which biology might render, the author naturally enough proceeds to reason by aid of those vague analogies which are so tempting to all who have not learned their worthlessness in the interpretation of nature. After showing the adaptations of structure to needs among plants, he asks us to believe that "the study of the instinct-like provisions in the growth of plants and animals will prepare us to understand that acknowledged instinct, in its lowest forms, simply carries the work of life one step further through volition than mere structure and function could possibly do." There is a pretty simile here, but with it come the seeds of great dangers in the work of reasoning on such questions.

The first three chapters do little more than expand and illustrate this conception of the nature and place of instinct. In the closing part of the third we have some statements which will show the philosophical spirit, if we may use that term, in which the author approaches some of the great problems of biology, and the alacrity with which he shoulders them aside. He says, "The origination of organized beings through the direct agency of physical forces, and perpetual motion seem to us to stand on the same plane scientifically considered."

The naturalist would not care to venture beyond this sentence; but we must follow further, and see how other mysteries are illuminated by cheap rhetorical fireworks. For the mystery of reproduction we have an "artificer" in the egg who builds his best with the materials at hand, with the determination in any event to have the child properly like the parent. And so in the spirit, which is really polytheistic, though it passes for piety, each of the great series of consecutive events in organic nature has its contriver, builder, or ruler, — Greek deities with new names and sanctimonious faces. If the world gained when science took the spheres from the unsteady hands of a lot of heathen gods and gave them over to blind immutable law, then this spirit, in scientific works, is to be condemned, even if it find expression only in half-literal metaphors.

In the seventh chapter we come up to a definition of instinct as "simply an impulse to a particular kind of voluntary action which the being needs to perform, as an individual or representative of a species; but which he could not possibly learn to perform before he needs to act," — a definition which is good as far as it goes; but not to leave well enough alone, he qualifies it at once by saying that instinct "includes

all the original impulses, excepting the appetites, and that knowledge and skill, with which animals are endowed, which experience may call into exercise, but which it cannot give." It is difficult to see what is left after this extraordinary subtraction has been made. The appetite demands, the volition orders the supply, and the inborn knowledge designates the source. Take away the first and last elements of the mental series and our author is left with a narrow text for the last half of his book. There is enough there, however, to awaken lively admiration. We learn "that the whole machinery of man's nature is so arranged that observation and study have always been demanded, and always will be demanded." This would make a Patagonian smile. It appears also that the comprehending power of the human mind may be "*intellect*, *reason*, or *moral reason*."

The last two chapters are devoted principally to the consideration of the moral powers of man. He regards the belief in the supernatural as instructive, and makes an instinct of prayer and an instinct of worship distinct from each other. He believes that the sense of accountability to a supernatural being is an instinct, and in proof of their universality appeals to the present condition of man, which seems rather a curious sort of proof. We are told that "all the wretchedness of the world comes from two things, from ignorance of the relations of acts to the great end of life, and that strange perverseness which leads men to choose against the sense of obligation." This is indeed a simplification of human ills!

The worst features of the book arise from the author's ignorance of the practical side of natural history, and from the domination which certain "question-begging epithets," as Bentham called them, have established in his mind. If he had ever spent a month in observational work, say, studying a cage of monkeys, he would have got impressions which would have secured him against some of the most unsatisfactory results of his labor, but there is no evidence that he has ever patiently interrogated any animal. Moreover, he has apparently never read the "Descent of Man," wherein we have the first considerable effort to apply the naturalist's methods to the study of the mental attributes of animals. The methods and the results of his work are essentially allied to those which find a place by the side of Paley's Theology and Brougham on Instinct, — books belonging to an extinct period of biological science. In the citation of evidence derived from the actions of animals, there is something to be praised, the cases are selected with unusual care. It is true that the exploded idea of the "mathematical" bee reappears, but the mess of sailor's yarns and other myths, which is to be expected when a book on instinct is to be made, does not offend us here.

While we are compelled to regard the book as worthless, as far as its contributions to psychology or zoölogy are concerned, it has certain merits as a popular book; it is rather attractively written, even to an excessive point of word-painting, is earnest, and fairer-minded than most books which have a purpose beyond the truth that inheres in the subject.

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4. — *Mirèio, a Provençal Poem.* By FREDERIC MISTRAL. Translated by HARRIET W. PRESTON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872. pp. xx, 249.

MISS PRESTON, already favorably known by her translations from Sainte-Beuve, deserves the thanks of all lovers of poetry for having given them not only a remarkably faithful, but a singularly agreeable version of a poem, which, with some great faults, more than makes up for them by its greater beauties. In the midst of a time which seems more and more inclined to confound the sensuous with the sensual, it is no small pleasure to meet with a poet who

> "Dallies with the innocence of love
> Like the old Age,"

and renews for us the enchantment of youth. We think highly of Miss Preston's translation, though we believe that maturer reflection would induce her to change her mind about "consonantal assonances." Any one who ever heard a rustic ballad-singer, even in this country, can hardly miss the conclusion that the earlier and imperfect assonance, as it appears in the *Chanson de Roland*, for example, could have all the effect of rhyme forced upon it by an emphatic prolongation of the vowel sound on which the assonance fell. How this is to be managed with consonants we find it hard to conceive. But we are bound to say that Miss Preston has indulged her whim sparingly. In general her language is sympathetic with the tone of sentiment, and her versification has the ease of original writing. One curious slip we have noticed,

> "He hath made with his own hand
> The sky, the sea, *the mountains, and the land,*"

of which the original is innocent. And we beg her on revision not to make a dissyllable of *dieu*, and to correct here and there the accentuation of her proper names. We should not point out such slight faults, if we had not a very sincere feeling of her general excellence as a translator. We cannot agree with her in thinking *Mirèio* "the most original poem of modern times," nor in believing that the author "discarded all classical models," unless, indeed, she mean *French* classical.

Mirèio does not seem to us in some respects so original as *L'abuglo de Castèl Cuillè*, nor more original than some of the poems of Alfred de Musset, written in pure French. It is an attempt to put the spirit and tone of the Greek pastoral romance into a modern form, parallel in intention with Mr. Morris's reproductions of Gower and Chaucer, and there was accordingly an instinctive felicity in Miss Preston's choice of one of Mr. Morris's Chaucerized measures for her version. No one can read the exquisite canto of the Leaf-picking without feeling that Mistral was trying to infuse so much as was possible of the innocent nakedness of *Daphnis and Chloe* into his theme without infringing the more conscious decency of modern ways. Nor are obvious reminiscences of Homer wanting. He must have heard from his professor at Montpelier the critical commonplace that in Homer and the Bible a messenger always delivers his message with a parrotlike repetition, nor had he forgotten it when writing his ninth canto. There is no harm in this, nay, there is a positive advantage in the associations it awakens, but we greatly doubt whether an enthusiastic pilgrim would find in Provençe that antique simplicity of manners which Mistral has put there. The poem would be improved if it were shortened, especially if the whole episode of "The Witch" were left out. Mistral has endeavored to compress into a single canto all the Provençal superstitions past and present of which he has ever heard, and the consequence is, that they have a factitious air which makes them wearisome. Herrick is the only poet who has habitually exploited folklore with success, because he makes it an incident always, and not an object.

But the poem as a whole is most tenderly beautiful, and the naïve piety of the heroine, while in perfect keeping with the general tone, is something not only to move, but to purify the reader. Faith and religious feeling coming to us in this oblique fashion are more effective than when discharged point-blank by the professional missionary. One of Mistral's great merits is in description. His landscapes are not only lovely in themselves, but have caught that suggestiveness, that power, whether of inspiring a mood or sympathizing with it, that belongs to Nature herself. Miss Preston, we think, has transfused their spirit as well as their facts into her version. In some of the pathetic passages we were struck with the poverty of our language as compared with more southern tongues in endearing diminutives and trailing terminations on which the sorrow lingers, not without a certain sweetness of its own. For example, how far short (and through no fault of her own) is Miss Preston's

> "'O saints,' groaned Ramoun, stumbling in the gloom,
> While shook his aged head, 'be kind and come!

Look on this little one! she is my treasure!
She is my plover! pretty beyond measure,
And good, and meet for life!'"

of the original

"'O Santo, acò 's ma pesqueirolo!
O Santo, acò 's ma denierolo!
Gemis Mèste Ramoun en turtant dins l' ombroun
Emé sa tèsto atremoulido.
O Santo, a-n-elo, qu'es poulido,
Innocentouno, enfantoulido,
La vido ie counvèn.'"

We wish Miss Preston would try her practised hand on something of Jasmin. He well deserves it, as Mr. Longfellow has proved, and is quite as fresh to most readers as Mistral.

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5. — *The Songs of the Russian People.* By W. R. S. Ralston, M. A. London: Ellis and Green. 1872.

The ways of thought and life of the Russian people have been so vividly drawn by Tourguénef and Pisemski, in their tales and love-stories, that one who has once had his interest awakened by their descriptions welcomes with pleasure and curiosity any book promising still deeper insight into the interior life of this comparatively little known nation. The volume before us treats of their folk songs, mythology, demigods, and fairies, sorcery and witchcraft; and though many of their quaint beliefs have yielded to the noonday light of Christianity and scepticism, there is still among the peasants a vigorous clinging to the old pagan ways of thought. It would be impossible, in the limits of a mere notice, to give more than a glance at each subject offered in this book, but those who are following up the streams of folk-lore and mythology in earnest hope of discovering the head source, will find this tributary well repay their search. In the first part of the volume before us we find a description of a prominent feature of Russian peasant life, i. e. the Khorovods, or spring festivals, which are celebrated with dance and song. Gayly dressed girls stroll through the village streets towards an open space in which the Khorovods are held, singing as they go: —

"The beautiful maidens have come forth
From within the gates, to wander out of doors.
They have carried out with them a nightingale,
And have set the nightingale upon the grass,
On the grassy turf, on the blue flowers.
The nightingale will break into song,
And the beautiful maidens will begin to dance;
But the young wives will pour forth tears.

Play on, ye beautiful maidens,
While you are still at liberty in a father's home,
While you still lead a life of ease in the home of a mother."

Among the love-songs we find the plaintive cry of a maiden whose parents wish her to give up her lover and marry a stranger: —

"Forth will I go
To the meadows green.
With outcry loud
On Harm will I call.
Come hither, come hither,
Ye beasts of prey!
Here is luscious food, —
Come tear me to shreds!
Only leave untouched
My beating heart,
And bear it away
To the hands of my dear one.
Ah! there let him see
How fondly I loved him."

After the harvest is gathered and the long evenings have set in, the young girls meet by turns in some cottage, where they spin and comb flax and wool; by and by come supper and hungry sweethearts, and then, as in village society in New England, work gives place to dancing, singing, and games. Round the dancers some of the women and girls form a circle and sing "dance-songs." The following specimen is one of many showing the strong undercurrent of sadness which characterizes the lives of these people even in their gay hours: —

"Ah! on the hill a pine-tree stands!
Ah! dear Lord! a pine-tree stands!
Under the pine a soldier lies!
Ah! dear Lord! a soldier lies!
Over the soldier a black steed stands,
With its right hoof tearing up the ground,
Water it seeks for its soldier lord.
'Water, my steed, thou wilt not find.
From the ground the soldier will never rise.
Gallop, my steed, by bank and brae,
By bank and brae, gallop on to my home.
There will come to greet thee a gray-haired dame,
That gray-haired dame is my mother dear.
There will come to greet thee a lady fair,
That lady fair is my youthful wife.
To greet thee will little lordlings come,
Those little lordlings my children are.
They will join in caressing thee, my steed;
They will join in questioning thee, my steed.
Say not, my steed, that I bleeding lie;

But tell them I serve in my troop, dark steed,
In my troop I serve, my step I gain.'
His death gains the soldier beneath the pine,
His death! dear Lord! beneath the pine."

Turning from the songs to mythology, we find the Thunder-God, Perun, the most conspicuous deity. A curse still in use among the white Russian peasants is, "May Parom show thee his teeth!" that is to say, "May the lightning strike thee!" The lightning is Perun's golden key. He unlocks the earth and lets loose the streams. According to some of the Slavonic tales, he brings the "dead water" and the "living water." With the "dead water" the wounds of a corpse are healed. When the body is sprinkled with the "living water," it sits up saying, "How long I have been asleep!" Domovoy is the chief representative of dead ancestors. He is supposed to live behind the stove, and in some parts of Russia it is forbidden to break up the smouldering fagots in a stove with a poker, lest one's ancestors "might fall through into hell." When a family moves to a new house, the ashes are raked out of the old stove and carried in a jar to the new home, and on its arrival it is greeted with the salutation, "Welcome, grandfather, to the new home!" In some families, says our author, food is set aside for the Domovoy, who at night comes out from his hiding-place behind the stove and eats his lonely supper. In the Smolensk government he is held to be a cleanly spirit, and the peasants, after bathing, leave a bucket of water and a whisk for his bath.

Persons who are interested in the comparative history of religions may find in this Russian deity or demon a possible argument in favor of M. de Coulange's theory in regard to the origin of the Roman worship of Vesta, the domestic hearth, and the Penates: —

"On peut penser que le foyer domestique n'a été à l'origine que le symbole du culte des morts, que sous cette pierre du foyer un ancêtre reposait, que le feu y était allumé pour l'honorer, et que ce feu semblait entretenir la vie en lui ou représentait son âme toujours vigilante."

But the ancient deity of the hearth has been banished by Christianity behind the stove.

In some of the mythic songs a divine being named Ovsén is thought to represent the sun; he comes with the New-Year, bringing rich gifts. On New-Year's eve boys go from house to house singing: —

"On what will he come?
On a dusky swine.
What will he chase?
A brisk little pig."

We find strange details as to the old Slavonic funeral rites and cus-

toms. Money is always furnished to the corpse, sometimes laid as "coin-weights" on the closed eyes, sometimes merely thrown into the grave, for the ferryman of the spirit world exacts toll. Parings of human nails are added, that the spirit may climb the better in the new world. In some parts of Russia a feast is given after the funeral, and just before the *kisel*, or pudding, is served, the linen sheet in which the corpse has been laid is let down from the window of the room where the feast is held, the guests saying, "Now it is time for you to go home, and your feet must be tired; the way is not a little one to travel. Here it is softer for you (along the linen). Now, in God's name, farewell!" Many strange and poetical spells are used for sickness and death, for crops, and hard-hearted maidens. One lover cries to the winds, "Waft, O winds, bring on the servant of God sorrow and dreariness, so that without me she may not be able to spend a day nor pass an hour!" We find that the curse of toothache is as old as the human race, and possibly the following invocation may have been as effective in allaying suffering as the dentistry of the present day, whose creed seems to be *similia similibus*, pain for pain:—

"O thou young moon! test the dead and the living: the teeth of one who is dead, do they ache? Not at all ache the teeth of one dead, whose bones are tanned, whose teeth are mute. . . . . Grant, O Lord, that the teeth of me, the servant of God, may become mute, may never ache!"

Mr. Ralston has contented himself with introducing these songs and myths to us, trusting their own force and originality to speak for themselves. He makes no fine-spun theory on which to string his facts, which by and by might by their weight break the thread which was meant to hold them. He modestly disclaims all pretence at grappling with problems of mythology and history, referring those who wish fuller information on the subject to Mr. Morfill's forthcoming work on "The Slaves." We advise all who care for such matters to search Mr. Ralston's book for themselves, and they will find many good things therein which we have been forced to leave unquoted.

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Art I. — Herder.

II.

At the moment when Herder first saw Merck — in August, 1770 — both were young, and nothing foretokened the dark cloud which was gathering over the head of the two new friends. It was Mademoiselle Ravanelle, the governess of the young princesses of Darmstadt, — cousins, by the way, of the Prince of Eutin, Herder's pupil, — who first brought Merck and Herder together; and it was through Merck that Herder was put in communication with Caroline Flachsland, a poor girl of Alsacian origin, who was at that time eating the hard bread of charity at her brother-in-law's house; he being a high state official who had married her sister for her good looks, and soon repented the deed. It is easy to imagine the kind of existence Caroline must have led in a morose, inhospitable house like this. The recollection of his own youth at Mohrungen was vividly brought back to Herder's mind by what he heard of her painful position, and a species of sympathy was soon awakened between him and the "pale, serious" young girl. He met her frequently during his stay at Darmstadt, and found himself utterly unable to withstand the charm of so passionate an admiration as that with which he had inspired her. They read Klopstock's "Odes" and Kleist's "Spring" together. One memorable Sunday Herder preached in the Castle Chapel. "Methought I heard the voice of an angel," writes Caroline,

" and words such as had never before reached my ears. . . . . I have no language wherewith to describe the impression they made. . . . . He stood before me like a celestial being endowed with human form. . . . . That afternoon I saw him, ... I stammered forth my gratitude; . . . . from that moment our souls united, and have remained so." Caroline thus achieved the conquest of her hero by her spontaneous burst of enthusiasm during a walk they were taking in the lovely forest close to Darmstadt. Still Herder hesitated; he was not without scruples of conscience; he asked himself repeatedly whether he was justified in linking the fate of this confiding young being to his own precarious existence. At last, six days after the ramble in the wood, he wrote her his first letter. That very morning he had reached his twenty-sixth birthday: —

" With whom could I hold converse more becoming on the dawn of my birthday than with that excellent and feeling friend whom Heaven has bestowed upon me in so miraculous a manner during the last few days? I say bestowed; for why, my dear friend, should we hide our hearts from one another? Why should we blush for a kind of sentiment which has taken us, as it were, by surprise, and is based upon the most sacred feeling of innocence and virtue?"

Then he adds after giving a very flattering portrait of his new friend: —

" If I were conscious that flattery, gallantry, or passion had been concerned in delineating any one of these features, I should abhor and detest myself. For could anything be more despicable than for me to come to Darmstadt, deceive a poor innocent, ingenuous maiden by flattery and gallantry, and then go away after having accomplished this exploit? Can you believe me to be so vile? No, you cannot; and, noble and honest child, if you deny me every other quality, at least you cannot attack my integrity!"

She answered him the very same day: " No, I will no longer hide my heart from the truest and best of friends. Yes, I do love you as strongly, if possible more so, than you love me. O, how I rejoice to find that you know my heart!"

I have no intention of dilating upon the details of this romance, which was quite in keeping with the fashion of the eighteenth century. Herder is inexhaustible in his expressions

of contempt for the sentimentality of the age, "lackadaisical dolls" and "traders in sentimentality"; yet he himself constantly falls into the highflown or mawkish tone which then prevailed. As for Caroline, Meta Klopstock's laurels disturb her rest, and her letters resemble at one time Cidli's vague, consumptive sighings, at another the voluminous effusions of a Clarissa or a Julie. Then again we have endless dissertations upon the nature of their mutual feelings; literary discussions, and at other times ecstasies and tears of emotion; the whole filling volumes which convey a more accurate impression of the manners and customs of the day than any narrative could do. Unluckily it is impossible for irritable, susceptible, ardent natures like those of Herder and Caroline to dispense with recrimination, upon which apology and explanation naturally follow, as well as lovers' quarrels and reconciliations without end. Herder, ever both undecided and precipitate in all his resolutions, was evidently embarrassed to give the situation a decided turn one way or another. He several times released Caroline from her engagement; while she, on the contrary, was forever urging him directly or indirectly towards a solution; her occasional coolness and sulkiness apparently having no other object. She invokes the spirit of retrospective jealousy, accusing him of too great intimacy with Madame Busch at Riga, and then again calms down and is pacified when she sees him willing to exculpate himself. At one time she even doubts the firmness of his character; and he, seeing himself attacked on that very point on which he especially prides himself, makes use of the most ardent eloquence to defend himself. There can be no doubt whatever that Caroline was passionately attached to the man who had appeared to her as a rescuing angel in her Darmstadt martyrdom, or that Herder felt more than mere friendship for her; still Caroline's "Electra nature" — the epithet is Goethe's — and Herder's chronic discontent turned these three years of betrothal into a complete purgatory for both parties. At length she suddenly put an end to this intolerable state of things by confessing her engagement to her brother-in-law, thus at once cutting off all possibility of retreat from Herder. Third parties, as is generally the case, had mixed themselves up in these domestic affairs. Herder had

left Darmstadt with his pupil immediately after making his declaration, in order to visit Carlsruhe and Strasburg, in which latter place he was to undergo a last eye-operation. He had confided his betrothed to Merck's protection, nor did this "interpreter between two hearts which only understood each other through him, and were wont to trust their most secret feelings to his bosom," ever betray the trust reposed in him. During the whole of Herder's stay at Strasburg we find the correspondence teeming with exclamations of gratitude towards their "noble, good, sensible friend," and even after Herder's return and second visit to Darmstadt, in the spring of 1771, he expresses the warmest thanks to Merck "for the kindness, the patience, the friendship" he has never ceased to show both Caroline and himself in doing all he could to strengthen the tie which others were striving to loosen. Nor was it Merck's wife either who sought to depreciate Herder in his future wife's estimation; for her correspondence with the poet is quite cordial and undeviating in its tone, while Herder's answers border upon gallantry in theirs, a heavy sort of gallantry it is true, rendered somewhat heavier still by his use of the French language, which he handles much as we might expect Hercules would some elegant little toy. The real culprit — making all due allowance for the prominent part which Herder and Caroline themselves took in their own disunion — was that mischievous Leuchsenring, who is to be met with everywhere in those days. He managed to glide into every circle; he had become intimate with Lavater at Zurich, with Jacobi at Düsseldorf; he contrived to insinuate himself into the good graces of Sophie de la Roche; he tried to force himself upon Goethe even, but got soundly lashed in one of the poet's celebrated satires. He went about in all directions, lugging with him a mysterious box full of the faded ribbons and withered roses of all the illustrious lovers, and intimate letters from all the celebrated personages of the age, which last he would read aloud with feeling and emotion.* Now this equivocal individual had formed a slight acquaintance with Herder at Amsterdam, and he took advantage of this circumstance to introduce himself to

* On this personage and his adventurous end, see my Essays on Berlin Society (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, March, 1870).

the Mercks and to Caroline Flachsland. It was he who in this officious zeal wellnigh succeeded in disturbing and severing the union of the two lovers. Herder's unaccountable and incredible indecision of character was a weak point easy to be laid hold of and turned to account by his enemies, and the indiscreet confidant found it no difficult task to arouse Caroline's suspicions and confirm her misgivings with regard to the sincerity of Herder's intentions towards herself.

The voluminous correspondence between Herder and Caroline offers an additional point of interest beyond that of its sentimentality. Whatever objection Herder may have had to anything that approached blue-stockingism, he certainly had none to his betrothed's taking part in his occupations and studies; for he sends her every moment some popular song or other which he has picked up on his travels, from the mouth of the peasantry or work people; more than one of which afterwards found its way into his admirable collection, "The Voices of Nations," a work which was destined to exercise a powerful influence over German literature, and which he was at that time meditating. Then again he sends her translations of Scottish ballads; he initiates her into the beauties of Shakespeare, but little known or read at that time, and of Ossian. His letters on "Romeo and Juliet," and "Uthal and Ninathoma," are beyond doubt the most elegant and refined pages which have ever been written on these two love-poems, and as for his translated fragments they are simply masterpieces. The English literature has indeed a far deeper interest for him than the French. He still occasionally alludes to Rousseau and his "divine *Emilie*," but his admiration is now fully engrossed by Richardson, and more still by Goldsmith as one better able to speak "the language of the heart." Caroline, besides, although born in Alsace, had no knowledge of French; an ignorance which was exceptional in those days even among North and East Germans. Gessner, Klopstock, and Kleist, who had presided as tutelar geniuses over the commencement of their acquaintance, naturally form the most frequently recurring subjects of these epistolary effusions. As for Lessing, Caroline has no liking for his writings; the language of his *Minna von Barnhelm* is far too commonplace to suit her ideas,

and she has accustomed herself too much to the highflown style of a Grandison and a Pamela to feel at home with beauties so simple and unsophisticated as those we meet with in the characters of Franziska and the Brigadier.

Let us, however, reverting to chronological order, turn back to the earlier days of this long correspondence. After a stay of about three weeks at the "Great Landgravine's" small capital, the young Prince of Eutin set out with his new preceptor and his old tutor for Carlsruhe, to spend a few days at the court of the "learned Margrave" of Baden. Before leaving Darmstadt, however, Herder had already entered into an engagement with Count Lippe, who was most anxious to attract him to his residence at Bückeburg.

A no less singular than interesting gallery of portraits might be collected, were we to attempt delineating all the contemporary petty autocrats of either sex who at that time reigned in Germany, and who, full of the spirit of their age, stimulated by the illustrious examples set them by Frederick the Second, Gustavus the Third, Catherine of Russia, and Joseph of Austria, by Aranda, Tanucci, Pombal, and Struensee, were vieing with one another in their efforts to surround themselves with eminent men of letters and philosophers, and displaying the greatest activity in diffusing a spirit of tolerance and "enlightenment," while they promulgated reforms and decreed innovations in theory which did not always successfully stand the test of practical application. Nor were they careful at all times to inaugurate the new era in the gentlest possible manner either; and the means adopted by Duke Charles of Würtemberg for the purpose of "civilizing" his subjects are no less notorious than those by which Moser "reformed" the Hessian administration. It is besides scarcely necessary to add, that these emancipative Serene Highnesses did not pride themselves on any extraordinary regularity in their own private morals, any more than to state that piety formed no distinctive characteristic of German prince-philosophers, among whom Count Schaumbourg-Lippe is entitled to a prominent place. This remarkable man had spent his youth alternately in travelling and in the pursuit of his military studies and of pleasure and amusement. He was esteemed the best horseman and

swordsman of his time. His Quixotic exploits, mad pranks, and gallant adventures of knight-errantry furnished an inexhaustible theme of conversation at the courts of Great Britain, France, and Italy. He had succeeded at an early age to the sovereignty of his "states," which he had nevertheless left after a short sojourn, to return to his favorite occupation of travelling. During the first period of the Seven Years' War, the Duke of Brunswick had entrusted him with the command of a *corps d'armée*, and he contributed in no small degree to the glorious victory of Minden. When Spain made common cause with France in attacking Portugal, England's ally, he at once hastened to Lisbon, led the Portuguese on to victory, and then set to work to reorganize their army, which he succeeded in rendering one of the best in Europe. This he subsequently did for his own forces likewise, out of which materials he formed a pattern army, while he caused a fortress to be constructed within his small dominions which is considered a masterpiece of fortification. Frederick the Great looked upon Count Lippe as one of the ablest officers of the age. Scharnhorst, the original creator of the modern Prussian Army, always spoke of him in terms of "the highest admiration," and even borrowed the inspiration of his great work in 1808 from him, if we are to credit the asserton of Gneisenau, who himself considered Count Lippe as one of the most eminent men of the times. The Count returned to his principality in 1763, thoroughly imbued with modern ideas, and immediately set about abolishing serfdom and *corvées*, while he was active in introducing strict order into the financial department, as well as discipline, honesty, and hard work into his Lilliputian bureaucracy. Tracts of country hitherto sterile were cultivated, marshes were drained, banks, hospitals, schools, almshouses, orphan asylums, in short no end of useful public institutions were founded. Having, moreover, a great taste for literary and philosophical pursuits, he sought to surround himself with German *literati* of distinction. Klopstock could not make up his mind to obey the summons sent him. Thomas Abbt, who had taken up his residence at the court of Bückeburg, died after a few years, and the Count, who had read Herder's eulogy on the deceased, felt a strong desire to see the

vacant post filled by his panegyrist. He therefore offered Herder an elevated position at his court, which was accepted without hesitation. Herder indeed was already weary of travelling and of a situation "which was not suited to him, and in which he lived isolated, a hermit, understood by nobody, unable to bear any one, and worth nothing whatever, yet to which he felt himself bound, and by which he was dragged about from court to court without reaping the smallest benefit." Besides, it was in his nature to adopt hasty resolutions, adjourning their execution indefinitely when he did not, as so frequently happens to the irresolute, throw himself blindfold into some adventurous enterprise. He explained this state of his mind in his own way, and his explanation is at once the key to his whole philosophy: —

"It is my firm belief that every man has his genius, that is, a certain divine gift of prophetic foresight in his innermost soul, to guide him; a species of light which, were we to heed it sufficiently, instead of seeking to stifle and extinguish it by reasoning, worldly wisdom, and prudence, would shed a sudden ray upon those obscure points at which two roads deviate. . . . . Socrates's demon was of this kind; it did not mislead him, it never does; but it is so rapid, its rays are of so delicate a texture, so ethereal, besides, so much good faith and attention are needed to detect and follow it, that souls made of no vulgar material, and still possessing a certain amount of innocent candor, are alone able to do so."

Now it was this familiar spirit which had inspired him when he "unwisely" sailed from Riga "to give himself breathing-room," and which again admonished him against the step when he "*wisely*" accepted the Prince of Eutin's offer. He had never repented having followed its inspiration in the first of these two cases, nor had he ever ceased regretting that he had not obeyed its warning in the second.

Count Lippe rejoiced greatly at the realization of his "ardent wish to see one of Germany's greatest geniuses occupy a position which admitted of his employing his talents for the benefit of those whom Providence had been pleased to intrust" to the rule of his Serene Highness; but Herder was not able to loosen the ties which bound him to the Prince of Eutin quickly enough to please the Count or Caroline. First he

makes a short stay at Carlsruhe, where he meets with a reception at court which utterly confounds him: —

"The Margrave, with whom I had been conversing for a quarter of an hour without being aware of it," he writes to his affianced bride, "comes to chat with me morning and evening. As he is the very first prince I have ever known who does not assume princely airs, our long conversations usually turn upon mankind's institutions and liberty, and I can express myself on these subjects with as much freedom as if he were not a prince. . . . . The Margravine addressed me the most uncalled-for and exaggerated compliments at our very first interview; . . . . but as I do not sympathize with her science, and, instead of burning incense before her shrine, talk an entirely different language to her, this has naturally called forth contradiction, and led to a sort of coldness, which just suits me, and will at any rate convince her that it is not every one who is disposed to flatter her as the set of French and German blockheads by whom she is surrounded do. In a word, as no creature on earth inspires me with such intense horror as a learned woman, were her intellect even sublime, we are not likely to come into close contact, although I am quite disposed to acknowledge her uncommon learning, her talents, her capabilities, her activity, and her serious studies."

"I am heartily sick of the court," he adds, shuddering at the bare idea of having to loll about there for another fortnight. However, they soon left for Strasburg, where poor Herder was not destined to feel at all more comfortable than he had done at Darmstadt and Carlsruhe. He undoubtedly had a good deal to put up with from the irritating pinpricks which the young Prince's worthy preceptor thought fit to administer to him; and also from the tedious inactivity to which he was condemned by his painful eye-operation, and which hung heavily enough upon him; still the principal cause of his impatient chafing must, as usual, be sought for in the depths of his own nature, which rendered him constantly dissatisfied with the present, and in the inveterate, incurable habit he had contracted of retrospectively regretting positions which he had found unbearable, and anticipating with sanguine expectation a happiness to result from fresh changes that invariably turned out to be no improvement on what preceded. "Oh! how freely I shall breathe on emerging from this false position," he exclaims. "The ambitious plans which filled the dreams of his

youth" still haunted him, while their fulfilment was becoming every day less probable. Caroline's affectation of breaking off their engagement, her alternate bursts of anger and long silences, the reproaches he made himself for having linked this young girl's fate with his own precarious existence, all tended more or less to increase his despondency. At Carlsruhe, at any rate, he had been able to take refuge in "solitude, the forest, and the evening twilight"; but in this "wretched hole of a Strasburg, the loneliest, most miserable, most unpleasant place" he ever saw, there was not even a wood or a place of any kind where he could "lie down under the shade of a tree with a book or his genius." His separation from the young prince, who had grown passionately fond of him, gave rise also to painful, harassing scenes, besides leaving Herder pecuniarily in a very precarious position. Notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, however, it was in this melancholy, depressed state of mind — which, by the way, had left him sufficient freedom of thought to complete and to project some of his greatest works — that he managed to attract several of the most *promising* men of that generation: among these Jung Stilling, the self-taught mystic, Lenz, already half crazy with vanity, and Goethe, who at that time had hardly reached his twenty-first year, and was as yet entirely unknown to the world at large, were first and foremost. The episode in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, in which he relates their first interview, is well known.

"I went to the inn *Zum Geist*," writes Goethe, "to find out a stranger, and met a man at the foot of the stairs, about to mount them also, whom I easily recognized as a parson. His powdered locks were rolled up in one single round curl, his black coat, and yet more, his long black silk robe, the end of which he had gathered up and tucked into his coat-pocket, likewise bespoke his calling. This rather striking, yet on the whole elegant and agreeable exterior, of which I had previously heard so much, left no room for doubt that he was indeed the celebrated newcomer, and my words must at once have proved to him that I had recognized him. He inquired after my name, which could have no possible interest for him. My openness seemed to please him, for he responded amiably to it, and we soon found ourselves engaged in animated conversation. On leaving him, I craved permission to renew my visit, which was graciously given. I did not neglect to take advantage of this favor,

and felt myself more and more attracted towards him. There was gentleness in his manners; his face was round, his forehead striking, his nose a little flattened, and his mouth slightly turned up, though very characteristic, agreeable, and amiable, and beneath his black eyebrows he had a pair of coal-black eyes which were not without their effect, though one of them was in general red and inflamed."

It was during those long winter evenings spent in the invalid's room, that the conversations, reading aloud, and interchange of thought took place, by which that winter season from 1770 to 1771, and the city of Strasburg itself, became a memorable date and a hallowed spot to the German people. Here it was that young Goethe, recently arrived from Leipzig, with somewhat academical, or rather arcadian, views and habits, was initiated into the beauties of Shakespeare and Ossian by Herder. Here it was that they read and reread together "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Tristram Shandy," and Percy's "Relics," and that, while under the charm of the most poetical romance of his life, Goethe composed his finest lyric poems, sketched his "Götz," and conceived the gigantic idea of "Faust"; here it was, finally, that being brought into close contact with France, he decidedly turned his back upon her forever, and boldly faced his mother-country, to which he remained faithful. The account he has left in his Memoirs of the time he spent in Alsace, the portraits he has traced of his friends and the companions of his generous freaks there, the description we owe to him of the movement of ideas which animated this sparkling, stirring young generation, are present to every one's memory; it is simply a masterpiece of literary history set in the modest frame of a personal memoir. What he says of Herder is especially worthy of note. Let any one read in those pages how much the poet owed to the thinker, and then ask himself which is more to be admired, the grandeur of intellect or the equitable, undeviating kindness of heart which, in spite of many and just causes for complaint, never permitted Goethe for a moment to remember anything but the benefits he had received from the unhappy friend of his youth. On the other hand, Herder does not appear at the beginning to have felt the entire value of the young poet, who, in general, no sooner showed himself in the society of others than he cap-

tivated all, whether men or women, young or old, ignorant or learned, poets or men of the world. In the whole course of the correspondence with Caroline from Strasburg, he is only once casually mentioned, and not by name. Even two years later on, when Goethe had already published "Götz" and "Werther," when his able editorship of the *Frankfurter Anzeigen*, and yet more, his irresistible individuality, had made him the literary sovereign of the whole Valley of the Rhine, Herder still speaks lightly of him: —

"He is a very good fellow at the bottom," he says, "only rather giddy, and too much of a butterfly. I never ceased reproaching him with it while at Strasburg. He was almost the only person who came to see me there, or whom I cared to see. I believe, too, that, without boasting, I may say I have given him impressions likely to influence the rest of his life."

This was indeed no boast, as is well known; still Herder was wrong in complaining so bitterly of being deserted at Strasburg, when Jung Stilling and Goethe used so faithfully to relieve the monotony of the long-forced leisure hours necessitated by his seventh (!) operation, to which he submitted with rare firmness, and, above all, with a patience hardly to have been expected in one so nervous by nature. The operation was, in fact, most painful, difficult, and tedious; what is worse, it proved unsuccessful. So he left Strasburg as he had arrived, sombre, preoccupied, and restless. The satisfaction of having sketched two of his most important writings while there, and of having been the means of setting a Goethe on the right track, did not succeed in calming him down any more than the prospect of meeting Caroline again. The operation had been very expensive, and the necessity under which Herder had stood of supporting himself for six months without earning a penny, had again brought embarrassment into his humble means, thereby adding one care more to those which already oppressed him. Herder had undertaken his journey as much for the sake of "forming his character" as developing his mind. "My aim in making this journey is to form my character," he had written from Amsterdam to his faithful friend, Hartknoch. "All the rest may be left behind; but one must carry one's character with one, and if that is lost all is lost."

This idea, which constantly haunted and pursued him, serves to prove the illusions under which he labored with regard to himself. Energy of character shows itself in action, as the faculty of moving does by locomotion; men have character, as M. Jourdan made prose, unconsciously. Herder, on the contrary, with his constant talk about character, reminds one always of a child singing aloud in the dark to make itself believe that it is brave. On leaving Strasburg he addressed a fresh plea in self-defence to his friend Hartknoch, who was ever ready to assist him, although he had long since lost all illusion with regard to his possible return to Riga. It is couched almost in the same terms as the long apology for his "character" he had sent shortly before to Caroline: ". . . . You seem to accuse me of instability of character, and this hurts me. If you knew me better, you would, perhaps, find me more masculine, maturer, more developed, more experienced, more *British*, and may be three times warmer than formerly, while you imagine me to be light, *French*, and inconstant. . . . ." And poor Herder really believed himself to be thoroughly *British* with his abstract enthusiasm, his vague piety, his ardent love of mankind, with his refinements of feeling and tender susceptibility, and — with his complete want of practical sense.

His short stay at Darmstadt with his betrothed was greatly disturbed by women's gossip, indiscretion, and want of tact. Caroline was given to understand, by charitable, friendly souls, that she was inferior to her lover, that he was aware of this, and that his motives for delaying their union were in fact mere pretexts. Herder was reserved in manner because he wanted confidence in himself, because he did not think himself justified in fettering the future of this young girl, and fancied himself unworthy of her and of her devotion; in short, although his position had ceased to be precarious, he did not yet venture to take her with him to his new hearth. The two years which still elapsed before their marriage were filled with doubts and anxieties, carefully nourished by the kind solicitude of Leuchsenring and other intimate friends.

Herder reached Bückeburg on the 28th of April, 1771. At first he did not like the place at all. The house which he was to inhabit being as yet unfurnished, he was lodged with strangers,

who overwhelmed him with attentions of all sorts. He sees himself "tortured by visitors, and on the very threshold of a career for which he feels as little aptitude as for that of a village judge."

"My head is dull and dumb..... O, if I were but to live here three years alone, I should die; better depart at once! Imagine the figure I cut when my venerable colleague led me through the church with my cloak tucked in my pocket, to introduce the new Councillor of Consistory and Reverend Head preacher. An elephant could hardly have created a greater sensation, had it suddenly appeared within the sacred precincts. It is the same as soon as I put my foot out of doors. The town is so small. I had excited such singular expectations so long before I arrived; my appearance is so strangely at variance with my functions, that, if I suffered less, I should have a thousand good reasons for laughing."

On his arrival the Count sent at once to summon him. Herder, who was scrupulously careful of his person, thought himself obliged to dress, and, not being able to find a barber in time, had been very late in presenting himself before his new master, who was accustomed to military punctuality and simplicity. The elegant French Abbé — for such was the dress, unknown in Northern Germany, which Herder had adopted during his travels — met with a cool reception. The Count was twenty years his senior, for at that time our author numbered but twenty-seven years. Both as a sovereign and an officer he spoke in a short, abrupt, commanding tone, while the serious *grandezza* of his exterior, and his tall muscular figure, served to confirm his reputation for Don Quixotism. His favorite motto, *droiture et probité*, seemed written in legible characters on his high, bald forehead; but his wan, weather-beaten countenance, his penetrating glance full of repressed fire, his dignified and reserved bearing, all made a powerful impression upon Herder, who, at once timid and proud, and jealous, moreover, of his independence, for the first time in his life found himself face to face with a master instead of a pupil. Some time passed ere this first coldness yielded to more cordial terms. The Count was disappointed in his expectations. The absence of all prejudice, which had struck him in Herder's writings, had led him to infer that his chief preacher bowed to the reigning ideas of the century; he was, therefore, greatly aston-

ished to find so much religious fervor in one who cared so little for dogmas and outward observances. In the Count's eyes the ecclesiastical functions ought to have been nothing more than a mere pretext, and, on seeing in how serious a light Herder regarded them, he hastened to throw cold water on the burning head of this humanitarian apostle, by prognosticating the uselessness of his efforts. The contemplative, peripatetic, discursive sort of life which the Count wished to lead with his literary friend was repulsive to Herder's febrile, active nature. In spite of his freedom of thought, the Count still held to certain social forms; while Herder, on the contrary, chafed at and looked upon them with the churlish eyes of an Alceste as so much falsehood and hypocrisy. The reformer's energetic measures seemed the arbitrary whims of a petty autocrat to our poet. Even after some months had elapsed, he still refers with coldness to his relations with the Count: —

"We live far apart from one another. He is so attentive to, so full of esteem for me, that I really know as little of his character as he does of mine, unless it be that he picks up something from others. Besides a despotism, an ignoble, rampant servility reigns in this small principality such as I have never met with in the most arbitrary states. Seven or eight people, who can boast of having been the favorites, and having turned this to good account, are making the most strenuous efforts to prevent me from increasing their number. I have, therefore, to content myself with a rather distant esteem, which is much better. I never dine at court without special invitation; but then I am seated beside our master, and have him entirely to myself in conversation, in which, however, he is apt to listen too much to his own discourse, and to repeat the same idea too readily."

Herder deeply felt the want of the society of his equals, and, when tired by his mental exertions or exhausted by the material fatigues inseparable from his calling, nothing remained for him, if he felt the want of fresh air, but to gallop through the Teutoburger Wald in company with his own thoughts, and the winds shaking the leaves above his head. "O, the horse; the horse! . . . . What a noble pleasure is this when one cannot have congenial society!" he exclaims. Then again his letters teem with complaints: "I have not a single friend, not a soul for whom I am anything at all. I am getting quite mouldy; I

have left the world's stage to bury myself in a grave." Many historians — and some of the best, Varnhagen, Stahr, Hettner — have attributed his eternal lamentations and discontent to his having adopted the clerical career without true vocation. There can be no greater mistake. It would doubtless be an easy task to find a hundred passages in his letters from Riga, Bückeburg, and even Weimar, in which he complains of his profession. "The emptiness of clerical life oppresses" him at times; he dreams of "turning layman again, in order to see the world less gloomy"; but it is clear that his profession is only the pretext which affords a plausible theme for complaint to an irritable, excitable nature already predisposed to discontent. He had more than one opportunity during his lifetime of changing his career without giving rise to scandal; he was offered professorships at sundry universities; he might have lived at Bückeburg as a civil functionary, had he felt so inclined: but he refused all such offers. No narrow prejudices reigned either at the court of Count Lippe or that of Duke Carl August. There was more freedom of thought and speech in religious matters both at Bückeburg and Weimar than Herder even required. Although liberal in his views concerning dogmas, he was not only a believer, but a fervent one. Regularity of life was not irksome to his chaste nature, and his interest in the religious life of his congregation was as sincere as it was keen. If anything were distasteful to him in his calling, it was that he found too little of that sort of intimate intercourse, and that his days were employed in vain, empty formalities, instead of in giving that advice and exhortation he was so fond of imparting. In the midst of this desert there was only one person with whom he could exchange his ideas; and that was the Count himself, the free-thinker, the rationalist. One may easily imagine the sort of intercourse which existed between these two men.

"We hardly know each other," Herder writes. "We do not exist for one another. A noble lord, but so spoilt; a great man, but only too great for his small country; a philosophical mind, whose philosophy, however, stifles me. And even were he everything, still there is nothing to be done in this country. I am a parson without a parish, a school patron without schools, a consistorial councillor without a consistory!"

In the midst of this desolation, help and light came from a quarter whence he would least have expected it, and in the most agreeable manner possible for him. Count Wilhelm had married a young wife, six years before, the sister of one of his military companions. "She was a very beautiful woman," says the Count's biographer, "amiable and noble in her whole being. By her sweetness and piety she influenced the strong soul of the Count with a gentle charm, and toned down his blunt gravity to the pitch of tender sentiment. Although differing greatly in age, and apparently of opposite natures, they loved each other with profound, almost romantic tenderness, perhaps too much, people said, to be a quite happy couple." Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher, who met them at Pyrmont, has given a similar description of them, which is moreover confirmed by the pious Countess's own correspondence with Herder. This "Raphael's Madonna," before her marriage with the free-thinker whom she so much admired, yet before whom she trembled, had been brought up in an establishment of Moravian brothers, where her heart was divided between God and her twin brother, her "Jonathan." In more than one respect she puts us in mind of the sweet image of that Fräulein von Klettenberg who left so indelible an impression on Goethe's memory, and whose state of mind is so admirably portrayed in his "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul." The Countess overcame her natural timidity, and on New-Year's day, 1772, nearly a year after Herder's arrival, ventured to write to him. Herder answered her, stating the annoyances of his own position, and giving her advice and encouragement in hers. Little by little, especially after the death of the Countess's beloved brother, an active, and finally daily correspondence sprang up between the confessor and his penitent, which intercourse not only filled up the void in Herder's existence, by allowing him to be of great comfort and solace to a noble, suffering soul, but served to draw the Countess nearer to her husband, whom, after six years of marriage, she still loved with an admiration with which too much respect was mingled. It brought Herder himself, moreover, in closer contact with the Count, and from that time forward there was less restraint in their intercourse. But let us leave the recital of his relations

with the Countess to Herder himself, who gives it at length to his betrothed in a letter dated the 24th of January, 1772: —

"I am beginning to exist at Bückeburg since the last fortnight, and everything seems changed, thanks to the transformation of one soul. Imagine to yourself the reigning Countess, if you would form an idea of what *carità*, sweetness, gentleness, affection, and angelic humility are personified in one individual. Our sovereign married her on the strength of her portrait. At first I only knew her superficially. Her natural shyness, the reserve which prevails here, her pregnancy, and an absence which lasted three months, allowed me only to see the features of her soul as it were through a veil. It is true I heard much of her benevolence, her goodness, her gentleness, and I admired her for being able to keep in the good graces of our master. . . . . I did not think that either I or my sermons, however, would be to her taste. . . . . Just fancy, therefore, how astonished I was when she sought for a pretext to write to me. And a letter of such feeling, such reason, so much heart! . . . . I answered immediately, telling her how utterly useless I was here, and you cannot think how I found her the next day at the concert, ... timid, anxious. Thereupon the Count delivered me a long discourse on moral philosophy; and whether it was that I listened better or understood more easily, or that she had shown him my letter, in a word, he has changed completely. Next day I went to see her. She had read the *Fräulein von Sternheim*,* and her observations were full of the most refined feeling. . . . . She looks too good for this world. She is delicate and weak; a slight pallor is shed over her face like a celestial veil; she looks as if she already belonged to a superior world."

Herder, whose piety was the very antipodes of quietism, sought to pacify the Countess's somewhat mystical belief, and succeeded. He would gently reprimand her, and put her on her guard "against those warm fits of enthusiasm for duty which are so soon exhausted." He made her comprehend that "the spirit of Jesus, of self-denial, and of love of God is not a spirit of dread, nor of narrow legality, but one of freedom and cheerfulness." Again, when warning her against the dangers of intolerance, he says: —

"Every one seeks truth and justice in his own way, and this differs and must differ as much as climate and soil; the results are identical

* The sentimental novel then in fashion, written by Sophie de la Roche and published by Wieland, the ex betrothed of the authoress.

in spite of the degrees and gradation. . . . . May your Serene Highness, turn aside from literal devotion, which holds the soul prisoner of the letter, the symbols, the words heard, and prevents it from attaining to that knowledge which is beyond expression and to real truth."

On the other hand, the patience, the resignation of this noble soul, ever unmindful of herself, taught Herder the value of those virtues the absence of which unfortunately was only too obvious in himself. She was certainly more to him than he could be to her during the few years it was given them to live beside one another.

Besides, it must not be supposed that life at Bückeburg was so entirely void of all resource as Herder gives us to understand in his letters. Since the Countess had brought her spouse and her confessor into closer communication, and broken the ice between these two strong characters, the evenings passed with less restraint, either in animated conversation or in listening to excellent chamber music. The Count had a small orchestra under a good director, and made good use of it. Herder's eminently musical nature must have found more than an agreeable recreation therein. He was "inexpressibly fond of music," as he wrote from Strasburg, where he had been quite debarred from this enjoyment. He found it "a source of infinite enjoyment for sensitive hearts and refined souls, while the ideas of the brain are fatiguing, and the language of the lips easily becomes weak." He relates his emotion on hearing Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* performed in the church of Bückeburg, and how another composition by the Italian master "still weeps in his soul." The musical performances at the castle gave also the first incentive to Herder's celebrated cantatas, both sacred and profane, which were set to music by Bach, the Count's *Kapellmeister*. And thus it was that in intercourse of the kind we have mentioned, in rides and walks in the solitary forests of Teutoburg, the rugged beauty and patriotic reminiscences of which excited our poet's enthusiasm, alternating with long readings, absorbing professional occupations, and obstinate study, Herder passed the two first years of his stay at Bückeburg and the two last of his bachelor life. Nevertheless, neither music, nature, nor work could succeed in pacifying the restless soul, or in quench-

ing the thirst of his parched mind. Herder would cease to be Herder indeed, were he to leave off grumbling. If we were to listen to him, there were only "heads as empty and unproductive as stones, out of which it would be impossible even for steel to strike a spark; women entirely unlettered and devoid of charm." He does not attempt to deny that he meets with every attention at the castle, but he does not feel a whit the less on that account that he is "the happiest servant in Bückeburg." In spite of all they do for him, this country, the birthplace of Arminius and his Cherusci, is but a "*Bicêtre* or a *Bastille*" in his eyes. Ah! if he had but Caroline, it would be "more than Elysium." Yet he, who could not exist *without* her, cannot make up his mind to live *with* her. The real or imaginary obstacles which stood in the way of their union did not give way until the spring of 1773, when Herder, at that time nearly thirty, was at last wedded to her who had waited so long in anxiety and suffering, and who was to become — it is Herder himself who writes it, ten years later, to Jacobi — "the support, the comfort, the happiness of his life." Their marriage took place at Darmstadt on the 2d of May, 1773.

"The three or four years which we passed at Bückeburg together were the golden age of our married life," said Caroline Herder, thirty years later, when passing over the history of her henceforth solitary life. And in fact these years, at least the first two, are those in Herder's whole life on which our eyes like best to rest. For the first time — we may say also for the last — the complaints which fill his correspondence are hushed. At last he is safe out of his wandering gypsy existence, with a domestic hearth of his own. His cold, solitary bachelor life is at an end, and when he returns home the face of one who enters into all his joys and cares, and takes part in all that concerns him, is now there to greet him. Caroline loved him passionately, blindly, I may even say fanatically; he was her idol, her child, her glory. She identified herself so completely with the object of her adoration, that he had no need to forget himself or to renounce any part of his own individuality in responding to her love. As for the Countess,

she transferred a good part of the affectionate, grateful esteem with which she never ceased to honor the husband to the wife of her comforter. The Count, who felt as much flattered by the prize which Herder carried off just then at the Berlin Academy for his "Origin of Language" as if he had won it himself, showed still more attention now than before to *his* great man, of whom he might proudly boast to Frederick II. As for Herder himself, — who was never quite at his ease except when, alone in the temple with God, the faithful, and those who minister, he breathed in an atmosphere charged with incense, and felt himself borne along and supported by the respect, the devotion, and the admiration with which the God of truth, and the minister appointed to reveal and preach his word, were surrounded, — he never worked better or with greater ardor.

"His pure, elevated soul," says Caroline, "and his passionate zeal for what is right, ... excited in him more enthusiasm than ever for the grand task of purifying religion by tracing it to its first sources. 'The most Ancient Document of the Human Race' was written at that time, at one inspiration, in one breath, in one uninterrupted state of feeling. Those were beautiful, joyous summer days. In the morning early, often as early even as four o'clock he would creep out of bed to his work. He was in the best possible state of mind, — grave, sublime, placid, and full of serenity. He worked incessantly and restlessly. The first volume was completed in six weeks. Ah, what memorable, happy, never-to-be-forgotten days were those!"

Such distant recollections of Caroline give a faithful picture of this busy period in Herder's life. "The most Ancient Document" was soon after followed by the "Provincial Leaves." If the first of these writings appeared to have been directed against Michælis, the most illustrious Hebrew scholar of the time, and his rationalistic exegesis, the second was of course looked upon as a direct attack upon Spalding and this great preacher's way of understanding evangelical teaching. Herder indeed was endowed with "the strange peculiarity of entirely forgetting persons and circumstances when writing with great interest on any subject; and was in general so full of the object he had set before him that he never thought, nor indeed could he think, of considering the feelings of any one." Besides, there was a militant and aggressive spirit in all his

productions even at the calmest and most peaceful periods of his life, and this, it is easy to see, brought him more than one enemy. His "Life of Jesus," "Philosophy of History," "Commentaries upon the New Testament," and other no less important works, appeared from 1773 to 1775. A second prize from the Academy of Berlin during the latter year was the reward of his admirable essay "Upon the Causes of the Decline of Taste." The eyes of the entire nation were bent upon this young renovator of theology, history, and literary criticism.

We have now arrived at the culminating point of that memorable revolutionary epoch, so well known in Germany by the name of *Sturm und Drang Periode*, which signalized the desire to renew and regenerate the world by a return to nature. The movement was a general one, and extended from Königsberg to Zürich, from Strasburg to Vienna, — every town of Germany having part in it, more or less. Not only universities and republics, like Göttingen and Frankfort, but small capitals also, such as Darmstadt, Weimar, Stuttgart, saw the "geniuses" hurl their clamorous challenge and defy the heaven. The preceding generation had been concentrating its powers for action; Berlin had been Lessing's head-quarters, as it were; Young Germany of 1775 overflowed the entire country, finding voluntary agents and apostles in all quarters. The same ideas with which Hamaan had been the means of inculcating Herder when on the borders of the Baltic, were to strike his ear as soon as he approached Switzerland, where Lavater was preaching them with the greatest zeal and in the most whimsical language. At Göttingen, where Bürger had just published the first German ballads which took the world at once by surprise and charmed it, some young students had formed among themselves a poetical league invoking the memory of Arminius and the Teutonic bards, which numbered among its associates the impetuous Counts Stolberg, "the enemies of tyrants"; Voss, the peasant boy, and future translator of Homer; his brother-in-law, Boie, who published the first German almanac; melancholy Hölty, and many other poets who afterwards became celebrated, but the eldest of whom at that time was hardly twenty-two years of age. In the South, especially in Würtemberg, a soil which had always been productive of revo-

lutionary radicalism, it was no longer rebellion against literary authority which alone armed the poets; they did not limit themselves like Bürger to ridiculing *Mam'zell' la Règle*, "nursery governess, duenna, half French, half Greek, ever ready to watch over the children of the German Muse, preventing them from straying into the flower-beds, and admonishing them to hold up their heads, turn out their toes, and stretch their arms"; here it was not only against the yoke of scholastic pedantry in science and thought that protest was made, as in the North; here not only was a platonic hatred vowed against religious and political oppression, as in the plains of Göttingen; but there was open rebellion against the established authorities as well. Despotism had stretched the springs so far in the little country of Swabia that at last they snapped asunder. The worship of Rousseau found nowhere more numerous and more fervent adherents than in the native land of that Schiller who regarded the author of the *Contrat Social* as an apostle "converting Christians into human beings." The writer of the *Räuber* had himself much to bear from the intolerable yoke; it is well known how he escaped from it by flight, and what eloquent, clamorous protest he hurled from that time against despotism in *Fiesco*, *Kabale und Liebe*, and *Don Carlos*. Before him Schubart, the journalist, scholar, musician, master and example to young Schiller, had raised his voice in impetuous stanzas, and expiated the temerity of his *Fürstengruft* by ten years of imprisonment. His countryman Wekerlin, who led a still more disconnected and irregular life, succeeded him in the prison of Hohenasperg, which received within its walls many other magnanimous men, determined to brave absolutism.

Still the true field of battle — that of literary principles, which at that time alone had the power to excite a passionate interest in Germany — was the Valley of the Rhine, where historical ideas and interests at all times were wont to meet, and, on coming in contact, to strike fertile sparks in the shock. Goethe had returned to his native country, where he at first settled under the paternal roof, — *la casa santa*, as the poet's friends and admirers were wont to call it, — and afterwards took up his residence at Wetzlar. From there, assisted by his friend

Merck, he edited the chief paper of the party, the *Frankfurter Gelehrten Anzeigen*, and published *Götz* and *Werther*, stroke upon stroke. The impetuous dramatist, Klinger, whose comedy, *Sturm und Drang*, gave its well-known name to the whole generation, and who himself afterwards rose by energy of will and talent from the rank of a pauper to that of a general, was at that time studying at Giessen, where he was acquainted with the celebrated jurisconsult, Höpfner, Merck's and Goethe's associate, and Bahrdt, the Jacobin of theology, their laughing-stock. Literary congresses were soon organized everywhere, — first at Giessen, in Höpfner's house; then in Darmstadt, in Merck's humble dwelling; at Thunbreitstein, too, where Wieland's tender friend, the sentimental authoress of *Fräulein von Sternheim*, Sophie de la Roche, resided. Here the philosopher of sentiment, Jacobi, Basedow with his educational reforms, and Lavater the physiognomist resorted. It was on the banks of the Rhine, at Mannheim, that Müller the painter penned his wild dramas, and young Schiller, once escaped from his Swabian servitude, was to have his *Räuber* performed. But of what use is it to name all "those confounded striplings, as Wieland would say, who gave themselves airs, forsooth, as though they had been in the habit of playing blind-man's-buff with Shakespeare," — those ardent, febrile young men, who afterwards became a prey, some to madness, others to suicide? A species of moral epidemic, like that which followed upon 1815, had broken out. The germ of *Byronism* may be clearly detected already in the *Wertherism* of those times. Exaggerated and overstrained imaginations found insufficient breathing-room in the world, and met with boundaries to their unlimited pleas on all sides. Hearts accustomed to follow the dictates of their own inspirations bruised themselves against the sharp angles of reality. The thirst for action which consumed their ardent youth could not be quenched within the narrow limits of domestic life. *Werther* was as much an effect as a cause of this endemic disease; above all, it was the expression of a very general state of mind. It is this which constitutes its historical importance, while the secret of its immortal value is to be found in its form. Besides, the disease, we may say so without paradox, was but an excess of

health after all, a juvenile crisis through which Herder, young Goethe, and indeed the whole generation, had to pass. "O," exclaimed old Goethe, half a century later, in a conversation with young Felix Mendelssohn: —

"O, if I could but write a fourth volume of my autobiography! . . . . It should be a history of the year 1775, which no one knows or can write better than I. How the nobility, feeling itself outrun by the middle classes, began to do all it could not to be left behind in the race; how liberalism, jacobinism, and all that deviltry awoke; how a new life began; how one studied, produced, and fell in love between times, and lost one's time; how we young folks, full of life and activity, but also most awkward, attacked the aristocratic propensities of Messieurs Nicolai & Co., in Berlin, who at that time reigned supreme! . . . . Ah yes, that was a spring when everything was budding and shooting, when more than one tree was yet bare while others were already full of leaves. All that in the year 1775!"

Old pedantic Nicolai foresaw, with his prosy common sense, what would happen. "In four or five years," said he in 1776, "this fine enthusiasm will have passed away like smoke; a few drops of spirit will be found in the empty helmet, and a big *caput mortuum* in the crucible." This proved true certainly for the great majority, but not so as regards the two coursers which then broke loose, nor for him who had cut their traces and released them from captivity.

Herder had continued in communication with all those who, in the valleys of the Lahn, Mein, and Rhine, were at that time dreaming of regenerating society and poetry. He was an active collaborator in the bold periodical which Goethe edited at Frankfort, and against which Lessing's old enemy, the famous Parson Göze, of Hamburg, invoked the aid of secular authority. If Merck played the part of "Socrates-Addison" in this famous paper, and Goethe that of "the young arrogant lord with scraping cock's spurs," Herder, according to his own words, took the place of the "Irish Dean with his whip." On his return from Strasburg, in the spring of 1771, he went to see *Dame Aja*, Goethe's clever mother, who was an object of the greatest veneration to all her son's friends, to give her news of her dear Wolfgang. In 1773, at the time of his marriage, he returned and saw Merck, then about to leave for St. Petersburg

in the suite of the Great Landgravine, and Goethe full of poetical projects and flirtations. Finally he came and passed a whole month at Merck's house, with his young wife, in 1775, and resumed a friendship which had begun to cool somewhat during the critic's stay in Russia. The high pitch of their correspondence was lowered considerably, indeed, soon after Herder's marriage; little by little the letters grew rarer and rarer, and at length almost cold. Mephistopheles had evidently "got tired of the high tone," and it was not easy to induce Herder to descend from his moral buskins and to take part in the page's freaks and vagaries which that *mauvais sujet* of a Goethe had brought into fashion. "Mere nothings, wretched trifles," had insinuated themselves between the two friends; but did not Herder carry things too far when he said that he read Merck's lukewarm letters "with a mournful shudder of awe, like that he had felt in Livonia at the approach of winter"? "The branches trembled, the tiny green leaves writhed anxiously, and in a few days lay on the ground yellow and faded. . . . . My soul has felt that yours was writhing so." Herder's own transformation was the true cause of this coolness; for it was about that time that he began to lay aside the "theological libertine," and that the blind idolatry with which he was surrounded began to create in him a priestly haughtiness which was very distasteful to the merry children of the Rhine. Still, Merck and Goethe, who were accustomed to the somewhat rough outside of their friend, did not take over-great offence at it. "Doggedness will always be a principal element of his nature," said the former of him; "but this is surrounded and amalgamated with so many other qualities, that it does not *scratch* one too much." And this he said after having seen Herder again at Darmstadt, where he found him "greatly altered to his advantage, more tolerant, more moderate." If his criticism upon "the most ancient document" had been somewhat severe, he made up for it in 1776 by his enthusiastic praise of his friend's Essay on the "Decline of Taste," in Wieland's *Deutsche Mercur*. Herder, on his part, never ceased to treat Merck with a deference which he certainly did not show towards young Goethe. Caroline, clearly, was innocent of the slightest presentiment of the young giant's superiority, although

seeing him daily at Darmstadt, where he amused himself like a child with Merck's children, and played a thousand pranks. Herder had not warned her of all that was in this unpretentious, unaffected young man, and she was so full of her own idolatry for her betrothed that she had no eye whatever for anything beyond. However, Herder seems to have been more and more disturbed by the rapid and inconvenient growth of his ex-disciple. He could not make up his mind to consider him in a serious light, and thus the author of *Götz* and *Werther* continued to be the same object of his pleasantry and raillery which the student had been at Strasburg. Formerly he had laughed at his name; then it was at his person, which he compared, now to a fighting cock, now to a gossiping magpie. He is inexhaustible in his sarcasms, and, what is still worse, his "candor." When *Götz* appeared, he threw cold water over its author, and proved to him that it was "Shakespeare who spoilt him," begging Merck, with some asperity, "not to allow his idol, Goethe, to lead him astray." Goethe himself, notwithstanding, remained the same in his behavior towards the man to whom he owed so much, and never spoke of him otherwise than in terms of grateful affection.

Just at this very time he was busy with Herder and his future prospects, the latter having in fact begun again to tire and grow impatient of his position. The slightest circumstance became a pretext for discontent; and although in 1775 he, at the early age of thirty-one years, and a stranger to the country, was named superintendent of the clergy of Bückeburg, — something nearly equivalent to the dignity of a bishop, — he could stand it no longer. A difference which arose between him and the Count, and in which Herder showed the whole of his energy and elevation of character, was soon settled, thanks to the sovereign's rectitude, which prompted him to acknowledge that he had done wrong in insisting upon the nomination of an unworthy ecclesiastic whom Herder refused to ordain; but it would appear that differences of this kind often occurred; for in a letter at the close of 1775, the new superintendent alludes to other similar complications: "If I cannot be an instrument of purification to the Church, at any rate, I will not be that of ignorance and scandal; so help me

God and his Holy Word!" He nevertheless refused a most honorable summons to Eutin, where he had left an excellent remembrance behind him, and likewise to Giessen University, where he would have been considerably nearer to Merck and Goethe. A third position offered to him at Göttingen, which would have given him scope for brilliant activity, was not refused; but the orthodoxy of the young author appearing somewhat doubtful at Hanover, he was requested to submit to a previous examination of conscience. This Herder indignantly refused: "The times are past when pilgrimages were made to Rome to establish one's orthodoxy, and even did they still exist, Göttingen is not Rome." Just then, besides, Goethe's efforts to obtain Herder's nomination at Weimar had proved successful, and a melancholy, though not unexpected blow having struck him in his deepest and sincerest affections, he no longer hesitated. The Countess Marie had just breathed her last at the early age of thirty-two, and with her the good angel of Bückeburg had fled. The emotion with which Herder pronounced the funeral oration which his position required of him, may be more easily imagined than described. The Count, who had become passionately attached to his wife during the last years of her life, erected a monument to her in the park, near which he passed whole hours and even days in silence and solitude. Her loss was the death-blow to this soul of bronze, too stiff to bend and right itself again. A year after he followed her to the grave.*

Herder had left Bückeburg shortly before. The "scapegrace" Goethe, who had since become the favorite of Karl August of Saxe-Weimar, wished much to have his old friend and master in the new Ferrara. This, however, was no easy matter. "I wish you for my duke, and him for you," he writes to Herder. And again: "He wishes for you and is anxious to have you, but all Weimar is opposed to you, ... still I shall not loosen my hold." Months of incessant battling were required; for "we have never been able to go on with rogues, brother, and rogues carry things everywhere with a high hand." The Duke himself dreaded nothing so much as "priests' squabbles about orthodoxy" and

* He left no direct heirs beyond an illegitimate daughter, the offspring of a Portuguese nun, who was brought up in her mother's convent.

the like. A certificate of orthodoxy, therefore, became indispensable in order to set themselves all right with the Reverend Consistory of the Duchy. Herder, with his accustomed dignity, refused to tender any other proofs of his orthodoxy but his life and his writings; and Goethe, setting sharply to work again to fight his battles for him, was at last able to write to him in December, 1775: "You may be quiet, brother, no certificate is necessary. I have whipped the fellows back"; and he announces the decision in one of those humoristic poems in popular verse of which he possessed the secret: —

"As our Lord mounted upon an ass, thus you will have in our days to mount upon an hundred and fifty donkeys (the parsons of the Duchy), who are expecting your Reverence in his diocese. . . . . For you are expected in our garden even as the Messiah, of whom no one knew what he would do, while every one knew what *he* would have him do. . . . . So come with your black cassock, your long silk cloak, your white folded collar, — nobody wears it longer and wider. You may even as in former times tuck the cloak in your pocket before everybody."

For some weeks Goethe's thoughts were entirely engrossed with projects how to lodge his friends, with his furniture, with his servants, in short with the smallest details of his establishment. At last, on the 1st of October, 1776, Herder and Dame Caroline arrived at Weimar, where, according to her own testimony, "their reception was most cordial, and the rejoicing great."

This was indeed the good old time of that village Weimar, which a great and sensible princess had succeeded in making "the intellectual capital of Germany." I have attempted elsewhere * to write the history and give the portrait of the Duchess Anna-Amelia, who was the niece, sister, mother, and aunt of heroes. "She is a true princess," said Goethe's mother of her, who herself, a remarkable woman in her sphere, soon became the friend of the Duchess; "she has shown the world that she knows how to reign; she possesses the great art of winning men's hearts; she sheds affection and joy around her; in a word, she was born for the good of mankind." And truly

* See my Essay on "Wieland," in the *Journal des Débats* of the 5th, 13th, 22d, and 30th of March, 1870.

when we look at the portrait of the Amazon in the sanctuary called the Weimar Library, with her high and round forehead full of decision, with her large, prominent, blue eyes, open, intelligent, and clear, one cannot help thinking that she must have inherited something of the genius of her uncle, Frederick the Great, and the bravery of her brother, the Duke of Brunswick, — this little woman, who, a widow at nineteen, governed her small Duchy so well during the general war which was devastating the neighboring countries, directed her son's education so cleverly, and not only prepared the apparently most unproductive of soils, but transplanted to it and succeeded in rearing the most exquisite vegetation which Germany has produced. Although Herder's senior by a few years, — she was born in 1740, — the Duchess, by the turn of her mind as well as by her habits, belonged rather to Wieland's naïvely sceptical generation than to Herder's highflown, enthusiastic age. Her moral as well as intellectual culture was drawn from French sources, and that charming, graceful epicurism, heedless of care, which characterizes the France of Voltaire, was the prevailing tone of her whole life. The "German Voltaire," as the author of *Agathon* was called, was the first to be summoned to the valley of the Ilm, as he ever afterwards remained the favorite guest at rustic Tieffurt, where the Duchess loved to play the part of a philosophizing shepherdess during the summer months. It was in order to make Wieland's acquaintance that Knebel, a gentleman at that time serving in the great king's army, had come over to Weimar, and, once arrived, was detained there to direct the studies of the Duchess's second son. Musäus, author of the well-known "Popular Tales," also belonged to this circle of the first years of Weimar's grandeur. His coarse commoner's face with its sly smile never failed there, nor was the company easily shocked at the somewhat naïve manners of the good schoolmaster. Gleim, *the grenadier*, parent to all needy poets, would occasionally come over from Halberstadt, where he had his comfortable canon's seat. Bertuch, the translator of *Don Quixote*, had settled in Weimar, and introduced modern industry into the Arcadian residence of the Muses.

An excellent theatre was arranged under Seydel's management, where Eckhof, the best actor of those times, played the

principal parts; while Schweizer, the composer of Wieland's *Alceste*, directed the orchestra. On Goethe's arrival, however, in 1775, this troop of professionals gave way to a company of illustrious amateurs, among which the Duchess and her son did not disdain to figure side by side with the young gentlemen and ladies of their court. Here it was that Seckendorf the composer, — another original of the first water, — Einsiedel, *l'ami* — scandal said more, indeed — of the Duchess Amelia, and witty Mlle. Göchhausen, showed themselves to be consummate actors, and that the author of *Iphigenia* and *Tasso* achieved his greatest triumphs, not only as a poet, but as an actor also. When the old castle was burnt in 1774, they had had to find a stage where they best could; for the court retired for many years to that humble *Fürstenhaus* which a citizen of moderate fortune in our days would hardly consent to inhabit. Goethe often speaks in his verses of these improvised theatres: "In small huts or in the luxurious hall; on the heights of Etternburg or the valley of Tiefurt; in the light tent, on the sumptuous carpets, or under the vault of sublime night."

Goethe's arrival, which coincided with Karl August's marriage and accession to power, and preceded the nomination of Herder by a year only, may in every respect be considered a memorable date in the history of Weimar. The Duchess, who till then had been the true and only *genius loci*, yielded up literary as well as poetical precedence to her son. She is still present, charming and full of life, like the century which is departing, and which she so well personifies; she listens with an attentive ear to the first attempts of speech, and smilingly presides over the first steps of the rising generation; but henceforth her son, Duke Karl August, is to be the life and soul of this wild, high-spirited young race.

He was born in 1757, thirteen years after Herder, and eight later than Goethe. His mother, still a mere child and soon after a widow, had entrusted his education to a nobleman of the old school, and, in spite of this worthy man's pedantry, did not venture till much later to trample court prejudice under foot so far as to substitute for him Wieland, who at that time was pining away at Erfurt. This step was indeed a strange deviation

from the usual haughty, stiff court etiquette which prevailed in small German principalities at that epoch, and Karl August was ever after grateful to his mother for having had the courage to do so, while he was thankful to his *bourgeois* tutor for having freed him betimes from many of the prejudices of royalty. Wieland quickly discerned what was fermenting in that juvenile brain, and even as early as 1772, when the Duke was but fifteen, wrote to a friend: "Ah, if it please God to preserve our young prince and some of his best friends, you will find a small court here in six years which it will be worth while coming from the other end of the world to see." Two years later, the young Duke, having accomplished his journey to France, as was then the universal custom, was, on his return, to make the acquaintance of the future Duchess, daughter of the "great Landgravine," at that time staying at Carlsruhe on a visit to the Margrave of Baden, the learned lady who had inspired such an awe in Herder some years ago. Here it was that Knebel, who was in the young Duke's suite, introduced to him Merck and the author of *Götz* and *Werther*, then hardly twenty-five. The Duke immediately took a great fancy to both, but more especially to him whose age more nearly approached his own. He saw him several times, at Frankfurt and Mayence, and gave him a pressing invitation to Weimar; Goethe, after a good deal of hesitation, went there the following year, when the prince had attained his majority and was married. He soon won the heart of the Dowager Duchess and the affection of all liberal natures. Wieland's conquest was made the very first day, in spite of a recent satire Goethe had directed against his *Alceste:* "His soul was filled with the young poet as a dewdrop is with the morning sun." At times, it is true, his young rival irritated him by showing too little respect for "his elders"; this, however, was soon forgotten. "I am cured of all ill-humor towards that great mortal," he writes; or, again: "Goethe lives and reigns and makes rain and sunshine here *tour à tour*, rendering us all happy whatever he does." It is easy to understand, however, that malevolence and pedantry should find ample food for criticism and censure in what was going on at the castle, to the disgust of the orderly citizens of the small capital, and still more of its micro-

scopic courtiers of the old school. In a charming little poem Goethe has himself described the *genial* (in the German sense of the word) and wild life which he and his august companion led at the beginning of his stay at Weimar. Hunting, riding on horseback, masquerades, private theatricals, improvisation of all sorts, filled up day and night to the scandal of all worthy folks, who were utterly at a loss to account for his Serene Highness saying *du* to this Frankfurt *roturier*. The Dowager Duchess looked upon these juvenile freaks with a more lenient eye; for she well knew that, once the fermentation over, a noble, generous wine would remain as the residue, and she never doubted the purity and elevation of the innermost recesses of the heart, in spite of all the clamor and excesses of the surface. "We are playing the devil here," writes Goethe to Merck; "we hold together, the Duke and I, and go our own way. Of course, in doing so we knock against the wicked, and also against the good; but we shall succeed; for the gods are evidently on our side!" Goethe has been bitterly reproached for these years at Weimar, when, attracted by Madame de Stein's fine eyes, he neglected his pen at a time when he might have produced so much, had he profited by this moment at which his genius was in full bloom. But is a poet to be reputed inactive because he does not write? And was not Goethe above all a poet of opportunity? Not a verse of his, but is the expression of some sentiment, some emotion he had really experienced; and those who believed that the pure, powerful waters of his poetry could have been brought to the surface by artificial pumping knew him little. Unfortunately some of his less delicate followers, who were attracted by his good fortune, but had not the grace and tact of their friend to compensate for their eccentricity, had attempted to transport the tone of their former gypsy life to Weimar. Merck, who often came, never shocked any one, in spite of his biting sarcasm; but Klinger was but too apt to mistake ill-breeding, or rather want of breeding, for "genius"; and poor Lenz, already half crazy, caused such a scandal that Goethe had to send him away. The two Stolbergs came from Zurich, where they had greatly scandalized the pedantic, sober inhabitants of the Alps; and though there was no excess of

prudery at Weimar, they reminded more than one old courtier of Horace's verse: —

> "Ingenium miserâ quia fortunatius arte
> Credit et excludit sanos Helicone poëtas
> Democritus, bona pars non ungues ponere curat,
> Non barbam; secreta petit loca, balnea vitat."

As for Goethe, he soon left such exaggerations far behind him, and found other, worthier means of satisfying his thirst for activity and life. Karl August, the better to attach his great friend to his person, wished to make him state councillor and even minister. Goethe refused for some time, and it was six months before he could be persuaded to consent to his nomination, — a nomination which was an infraction of all wholesome traditions, and of course raised a storm of indignation. The Duke replied in a hard, dry tone to all these reproaches: "Men of intelligence congratulate me on possessing this man. His mind, his genius, are well known. . . . . I will never confer a place so intimately connected with my person and the weal and woe of my subjects by the rights of seniority; I only give it where I place entire confidence. . . . . The world judges by its prejudices; I strive and work like all who wish to do their duty, not to obtain the world's approval, but to justify myself before God and my own conscience."

Nor was the Duke mistaken in his choice; for no one laid so resolute a hand to reform abuses and to develop hitherto unheeded resources in this little country as Goethe. Karl August could not have chosen a better Mentor, and superior men never attributed this exceptional favor to a princely weakness.

"Blockheads made the Duke out a weak man," wrote Merck, "whereas he has an iron character. I should do exactly what Goethe does out of love for him. All these cock-and-bull stories come from folks who see just about as much as servants standing behind their masters' chairs who take upon themselves to judge of the conversation of their betters. Add to them the ignoble class of anecdote-hunters, offended and intriguing mediocrities, and the malignity of those who have an interest in distorting facts. I tell you quite sincerely, the Duke is one of the most intelligent as well as most estimable men I have ever known, and remember that this prince is but twenty years

of age. It appears to me that Goethe's society, unless we are to suppose him a rogue, must in the long run have a good influence. The gossip of those who say he imitates Goethe is quite ridiculous. Nothing is more insufferable to him than to see people ape Goethe."

Karl August was undoubtedly fond of amusement, but his love of diversion came from an ardent temperament, and had nothing in common with vulgar sensuality. Coarseness and luxury were as far removed from this high-spirited, impetuous youth as thirst for mere material enjoyment. A gilt arm-chair or a stuffed sofa were things hardly known at the castle. This hardy Nimrod was able fully to appreciate the most refined and sublime poetry. His love of nature resembled personal affection. A wretched little hut in his park was often for many days and nights his retreat. "Good night," he writes one evening from his hiding-place to that strange, old grumbler, Knebel, who was indeed much more his friend than his subject, —

"Nine o'clock has just struck, and I am seated here in my hermitage. . . . . One never feels one's heart widen so much as when one sees the sun set and the stars arise, when one feels the air freshen, all of their own accord for themselves, and not for mankind, who enjoy them and imagine it is all for them! . . . . I return from my bath; the water was cold; I seemed to myself to be plunged into night herself. Above the hill behind Ober-Weimar the full moon rose quite red. All was silent; only one still heard the hunting-horns from afar."

Still this sentimentality soon gave way to masculine activity, and his high spirits even, though it took longer to quiet them, calmed down in time also. No one contributed more to achieve this result than Goethe himself, who never left the Duke's side, accompanying him, now to Switzerland (1779, 1780), now to the Rhine and the Harz, now to the French campaign (1792). His admirable poem, *Ilmenau*, written in 1783, already shows us the prince in a calmer frame of mind; as to the poet, he had long before abjured his juvenile eccentricities. We have before us a night-scene, *à la* Rembrandt, in the pine forest by a bivouac fire where the wandering court of the young prince is encamped, like that of the exiled Duke in "As You Like It," in the heart of the Ardennes. The portraits of Knebel, Seckendorf,

and Einsiedel are traced in a few lines, and as living as that of melancholy Jacques himself; but the chief interest centres in their young master asleep in the wood-cutter's hut, over whom the poet is watching full of solicitude, but also full of hope; for under that roof lies sleeping "all his treasure and all his care, — a noble heart which a narrow destiny had led astray from Nature's road, but which, full of presentiment, is already returning to the right track." The poet, indeed, who had discerned the better part in this youth, never allowed himself to be misled by those casual circumstances which prevented his Duke from unfolding the resources of his genius on a wider stage; and fifty years later, when Karl August died, without the laurels of a great captain and the statesman's glory, the poet says to his faithful Eckermann: —

"He was born to be a great man. He had a *demoniacal* nature. The Greeks were wont to place beings of this sort among their demigods. The *demoniacal* element showed itself in Frederick II., in Napoleon, and in Peter the Great. It existed in Karl August to so great a degree that no one was able to resist it. . . . . Everything I undertook which he advised succeeded. . . . . He was greater than all those who surrounded him. Beyond ten voices which reached his ear, he heard still an eleventh, and the best within himself."

Posterity has not seen any reason to revoke Goethe's opinion, and we can confidently repeat to-day the words he addressed in 1830 to Felix Mendelssohn with reference to his princely friend: "He has conquered for himself a place in history from which he can never be expelled."

Of course, the emancipated tone and the eccentric ways of this society in the midst of which Herder was called upon to live were by no means to every one's taste. Jacobi soon heard an exaggerated account of the way his *Woldemar* had been treated (Goethe had indeed condemned this tedious novel to the pillory, and crucified it with his own hands on an old oak at Ettenburg); the elder Stolberg, to whom the place of chamberlain was offered at Weimar, was dissuaded from accepting it by his virtuous Northern friends; Klopstock thought himself called upon to remonstrate seriously with Goethe concerning what was going on in Thuringia, and was sent politely, but firmly, about his business by him for his pains. Others, who

saw things from a lesser distance, thought otherwise. The misanthropist Knebel himself, in spite of his discontent, defended Goethe with great vivacity against Lavater, who shrugged his Christian shoulders at the heathen behavior of the young Duke and his minister. We see by the entire contemporary correspondence, that Goethe was for sixty years the life and sunshine of Weimar. As soon as he leaves the place or retires from court, all life ceases; the Duke himself finds his Duchy "as insipid as possible," and takes to travelling or hunting; the young people all ask for leave of absence, and Wieland retires to Tiefurt, where the Dowager Duchess is his only consolation at such times. "Without him Weimar would soon become again a wretched hole, as insignificant, as mortally tiresome, as any other hole in German or Latin countries," he exclaims. The fact is, that Weimar was but a large village in which a delightful artificial atmosphere had been created; and when the magician who gave it life was away, it soon became apparent *how* artificial it was. Goethe and his Duke have been greatly blamed for having thus lived as it were an ideal life, independent of realities, and formed in the midst of their country's decay and disgrace a sort of elevated little kingdom where they could forget the wretchedness of the present in the enjoyment of a charming intellectual epicurism. Those who censure them for this are not only guilty of gross exaggeration, but seem to overlook the fact that there was scarcely any other course left for superior men, or even men of action, in those small German states a hundred years ago. Cosmopolitism as a principle was certainly not the acme of human wisdom in the ideas of Karl August, who, unable to play the part either of a great king or of a great commoner, played with consummate genius the only one open to him, that of a perfect Mæcenas. His country at any rate is aware that it owes a far greater debt of gratitude to this "epicurean" than to any of its greatest statesmen.

"Small, it is true, is my prince among Teutonia's princes," sings Goethe; "his dominions are little and narrow; his power is limited; but let every one turn thus his forces towards the interior and the exterior; then it would indeed be a pleasure to be a German among Germans!"

Herder was installed in his new dignities on the 16th of October, 1776, that is, just at the noisiest, wildest period of Weimar's jovial life. It was natural that inevitable incompatibilities should soon manifest themselves. Goethe and the Duke were afraid lest Herder should scandalize the town by his preaching; they had never thought of another far more probable event, — that the conduct of the court would shock the new superintendent's feelings. "The general run of people are afraid of you, and of not understanding you," Goethe had written to him beforehand. "So, be simple in your first sermon. Tell them the plainest things, but in your way, and you will bring them all round. The parsons are all grumblers; the younger ones alone bear you no malice." The friend's apprehensions were not founded. Herder had but to ascend the pulpit in order to silence any previous misgivings. But then, according to all accounts, Herder's preaching must have been perfectly irresistible. Sturz, who had heard him preach at Pyrmont, said that "it was wonderful to see how in two seconds he reduced the murmurs of curiosity, vanity, and inattention which agitated the congregation. You would have thought yourself in an assembly of Moravian brothers." His way of expounding the Gospel appointed for the day, "without any false sentiment, with an elevated, enlightened simplicity which needs neither rhetorical ornament nor scholastic artifice to soar above all worldly wisdom," immediately won Sturz's heart, although he "was not an absolute admirer of Herder as an author." Gleim was even more enthusiastic. "I heard him preach," he exclaims, "and when he descended from the pulpit, I kissed him, the great man, saying, 'Herder, you are an apostle.' And really he preached as simply as the Apostles no doubt did, being themselves no scholars. This seems incredible when one calls to mind some of his books; yet it is so. What a wide range, what depth, what beauty, what genius, in spite of all this simplicity!"

It was far less easy to reconcile Herder to Weimar, than Weimar to Herder. As usually, things went on comparatively well at first. "I am very generally liked here by people and grandees," he writes, till three months after his arrival, although his expressions of satisfaction at the reception with

which he meets are not unmingled with complaint. However little he might take part in the gayety of court life, he could not avoid his small share of it, and all Germany soon re-echoed with the most ridiculous reports: Herder rides to church on horseback, it was said; he ascends the pulpit booted and spurred, and leaves it to attend a party of pleasure; and a thousand other such absurd stories were faithfully repeated to the hero of them, whom they hurt considerably. Goethe, it is true, was full of friendship for him; but it was not until full five years later that he was able, by dint of extreme regard for his friend's susceptibilities, to establish a thoroughly satisfactory intercourse between them. "We must be indulgent towards him," he said, speaking of Herder to Knebel, who had become a particular friend of the new arriver. "One saves one's self a great deal by not being harsh to one's fellow-creatures under certain circumstances, even when they are so themselves." These amiable terms lasted for more than ten years, without ever becoming intimacy. When Schiller, whose rationalistic idealism was particularly repulsive to Herder, had arrived and concluded a close alliance with Goethe, the gulf widened again considerably between the "child of the world and the prophet." Herder became more and more estranged from the friend of his youth. Envy may have had something to do with this sulky attitude which he assumed at that time. Dame Caroline was herself not entirely devoid of the feeling, and, far from exercising a tranquillizing influence over her husband, she irritated and confirmed his susceptibilities, not only by aggravating through her own passionate violence the most trifling circumstances of annoyance, but by magnifying them into real misfortunes. Herder, himself a man of the highest moral worth, whose exemplary domestic life, filled up with conjugal and paternal affection, whose austere household where the idea of strict duty prevailed, formed a striking and singular contrast with the careless *laissez-aller* of Weimar society, evidently could not approve of *liaisons* like that of Goethe with Mme. von Stein, or still less that of the Duke with the actress Jagemann. He was deeply interested in the fate of the Duchess Louisa, whom her husband neglected, and who felt all her woman's delicacy wounded by these Weimar excesses. He

could not censure the extravagant eccentricities of the young courtiers, the religious apathy of those who set the fashion there; and finally, that total emancipation from all species of moral or social restraint which for some years undoubtedly prevailed at the court of Weimar, — a court of noblemen and *literati*, morally and intellectually also, separated by an abyss from the middle class *bourgeoisie* to which Herder prided himself on belonging.

On the other hand, by a strange contradiction, the freer Herder became in his religious *credo*, the more rigid he grew in his priestly character. It is hard to say which hurt and irritated him most, the discussions with his orthodox colleagues which he had to undergo in the Consistory, or the frivolous, worldly tone of the court, and still harder to explain how the author of the *Ideas*, who went so far as to consider the divinity of Christ as immaterial to the Christian religion, and who was already under full sail in the waters of Spinozism, could affect those haughty sacerdotal airs which offended Schiller so much. The cause of Herder's chronic discontent may be found in more than one serious grievance attendant on his situation at Weimar, and in real sufferings, without our having to search for it in his profession, which, under a prince so tolerant as Karl August, could not be very irksome. The bitter complaints which render his correspondence one long and painful lamentation were not entirely imaginary. "The blossoms of my imagination fade one by one," he once wrote to Merck; "my morn was giddy, my midday a burden; may God grant me, if not an idle, at any rate a peaceful evening." This modest prayer, however, was not to be fulfilled, and Herder's evening was yet more troubled, more painful than his noon had been. It is customary in Germany to lay the blame of it entirely at his own door; but would not this be an appropriate opportunity for calling to mind Goethe's beautiful words when speaking of his unhappy friend? "A number of people are ill judged, because all men are taken to be in good health, and are expected to act as though they were so." Now Herder was ill, ill of one of those maladies, too, which exercise the greatest influence upon the patient's state of mind, and would render the serenest of natures hypochondriacal. His journeys

to Pyrmont, to Carlsbad, to Wandsbeck, where he saw Klopstock, the idol of his youth, even his stay in Italy, which was the realization of another dream of his life, brought him but a momentary relief; he was accompanied everywhere by his *atra cura*. "I am but a poor unfortunate being," he exclaims even at Rome; "my eyes see but a very short distance, and *my glasses are black*."

His differences with his colleagues at the Consistory, who, with their envy and fanaticism, were forever stirring up a thousand petty annoyances for him, and, as they understood nothing whatever of his plans of reform in instruction, thought it their duty to oppose them, were not by any means the only grievance of his position. One of the things most odious to him was the material work to which his dignity obliged him. *Iniquæ mentis asellum*, he constantly calls himself in his letters, varying *ad infinitum* his expression of this complaint. "May God spare you from having to drag the cart," he says to Knebel, "you would die"; and Dame Caroline is inexhaustible on this subject: "My husband is sitting in his study, controlling the accounts of the Church. That goes on so till Sunday evening, and from Monday to Friday without rest." This surely would have paralyzed any one's wings. Not so Herder's. He complains, it is true, but yet he finds time and strength to do something better also. "Alas! I am an intellectual servingman, a slave to business! I am obliged to beg, bargain for, steal every instant devoted to reading and writing; but I shall figure some day in the martyrology, and you folks who feel at your ease in the world will not." What prodigious activity he displays in the leisure moments he thus obtains! With the exception of two interruptions, from 1777 to 1780, and from 1787 to 1793, every year brings forth new volumes. And what volumes! "Hebrew Poetry," the "Ideas," the "Voices of Nations," the "Letters upon Mankind," the "Dialogues on God." When not explained by his journey to Italy, the interruptions themselves are caused more by illness than by the mechanical business of his post. There is scarcely a letter from Frau Herder which does not contain the account of some indisposition! Add to this pecuniary embarrassments. Herder always had been a bad manager; and, although his requirements were very modest, he was never out of debt.

His salary at Weimar, which was originally to have been two thousand thalers,* was in reality only twelve hundred, and he had a numerous family to support. An unexpected present, which he received from an unknown hand, and an increase of his salary, set things right again momentarily, and even allowed him to assist his relations and to receive his sister, a confirmed invalid, in his house. Still, with the help of his own generosity, his cares were soon to recommence. A good deal has been said, both at the time and since, concerning the Duke's parsimony, and his failing sometimes to procure Herder and Schiller the means to go to a watering-place, when he was spending "fabulous sums" upon the theatre, collections of engravings, and other less elevated tastes. "Where does the fine money all go to?" exclaims Caroline Herder. "It is better to be silent on that score!" Every one is aware how unjust most of such complaints of the poor against the "rich" are, who not unfrequently turn out to be poorer than their humblest dependants. Undoubtedly Karl August could have lived in a hut, and done without horses and without a park, but it is not so sure that, even had he reduced his household to the proportions of that of a private gentleman, foregone the pleasure of patronizing literature and the fine arts, and abstained from giving manifold employment to workmen, and thus diffusing his revenues in the country, he would even then have been able to satisfy the wants of all these poets and scholars, in general so disorderly in money matters. He was not by any means rich; his land was poor and small; he paid pensions, which were important considering the time in which he lived, to the men of merit he assembled around him, and whose functions were generally sinecures. This must not be forgotten; and at the same time we must recall that, to use a celebrated historian's words, under Karl August "the Muses were not nourished, as elsewhere, by the sweat of the brow of his subjects," and that the brilliant period of Weimar "left the country no other debts beyond a debt of gratitude."

As for poor Herder, the annoyances of an author's existence combined with all the rest of his troubles to overwhelm

* About fifteen hundred dollars, equivalent to three or four thousand dollars in our days.

him with their weight. He was impatient of all criticism; everything which resembled objection or contradiction assumed a personal character in his eyes. He often regrets having become a writer, as he at times also complains of his clerical profession; but in reality he loved both his careers passionately. Sermons and religious care of souls were imperious necessities of his nature; but, as was his nature likewise, he could not satisfy these requirements without grumbling. "I wish I had never printed a line. It is the Devil's rope; once hung round one's neck, one can never get rid of it." When his inspiration does not instantly obey his commands, he is discouraged, depressed. "I am like the winter tree," he says, in 1784; "there is hardly a drop of sap more in its roots, which are anxiously awaiting the sun's return." And a little later on: "My arms are feeble and weary; my soul has lost all spring and nerve. . . . . But it is not when life is an enjoyment, it is when it is a burden, that it becomes our duty to live." He adds, striving to hold up: "The spring passes; joy flees me, night envelops my life, and my soul is filled with a pain which is eternally consuming it." At times, when he has an inkling that the origin of all his evils lies within himself, he adopts sublime resolutions: "I will stifle every remnant of vanity and selfishness within me. . . . . I will cool myself in spite of my ever-boiling ardor." Then again he falls into discouragement, and a feeling of impotence comes over him: "Is this old age or disease? I seem to myself a stone and mere clod." "He has scarcely anything more in the world that he loves," says his poor wife, forgetting herself, who nevertheless remained to the end the consolation of his life, "so idly busy, so fruitlessly overwhelmed." One may read all through Herder's and his wife's letters and find the same complaints repeated over and over again; never a line of grumbling one against the other. "I have known many people, but they are all worth nothing; she alone is the faithful one," he says. As for her, she has succeeded in so completely identifying herself with him, that she may truly say, without the slightest exaggeration: "All I say and do is his; it would be impossible for two souls to live more entirely united." Even this complete union itself was, perhaps, not good for

either of them; for instead of softening his passion, she adds to it by her own; it is she who is constantly arousing his suspicions even with regard to Goethe, whose friendship never wavers for a moment, but who is looked upon as a "traitor," as soon as things do not go on exactly as they wish. This couple seemed to increase their bad humor fourfold by their coalition. One can understand but too well that they should not always feel happy or cheerful in their gloomy parsonage behind the church, and two steps from that abode of worldly gayety, the "palace" of the Duchess Ann-Amelia. "How oppressed I feel here, and how I sigh after some country where I can refresh my feeble body and my sick soul," says Caroline, and Herder returns: "I am worn out, wearied, empty, full of care, without inward incitement. . . . . I am constantly repeating the 130th Psalm, without pronouncing the words of it."

As of old he trusts to some outward change to transform his inward man, and as of old he finds himself deceived. In August, 1788, a year after Goethe, he went to Italy with the Dowager Duchess and Herr von Einsiedel. It would be impossible to find brighter, more lively, more animating travelling companions than those who fell to his lot. Nevertheless, they had scarcely reached Bamberg when Herder already begins to groan and to murmur; he feels "like an exile banished from his wife and children." Caroline is ever present to his thoughts: —

"To-day, Sunday, 24th August," he writes her soon after, "day of our marriage in the spirit when I brought you my first letter. I love you a thousand times more now than when I handed it to you trembling. Believe me, O brave soul, so heavily tried, yet ever full of affection and self-sacrifice: you have made me all I am; you always took care of me; you sacrificed yourself to me in a thousand ways."

This is certainly an uncommon tone in the conjugal life of those times and the society which surrounded them, and one which reposes and charms one amidst so many petty, but only too real grievances, which were rendered still more bitter by being magnified by two morbidly excitable imaginations. Herder, it is hardly necessary to say, carries his uneasiness about everywhere with him. "His nature was gentle and tender," says

Goethe, who always judged him with great equity; "but his aspirations were on too grand a scale, too colossal, and he was wont to act with a certain amount of haste and impatience." Once in Italy he complains of not being able either to work, to read, or to think in that country; however, corresponding with Caroline is "sweet to him beyond all things."

"There is so great a charm in thinking that I am able to chat with you as cordially and confidentially at a distance of hundreds of leagues as if you were here by my side. And in reality you are seated before me. I see you day and night with all your grace, with the indescribable tenderness, the inexhaustible affection you have always had for me. I see you without the smallest excitement of the imagination, only in the reflection of a happiness which I have enjoyed, and which we shall enjoy afresh when we see each other again; you my faithful Penelope, I your old Ulysses, so knocked about in the world, and our children large and small around us. I add a few flowers from the Adriatic."

Graceful letters, full of tender solicitude, addressed from afar to the children, allow us to conceive the charm which this man, with whom social intercourse was so difficult, exercised over such as lived with him intimately.

This journey to Italy was very near being as important to Herder as his first one to France, for which he had set out just twenty years previously. Unfortunately his mind had lost the youth and elasticity it had formerly possessed. The impressions he received were deep, but not so lasting as those of the Northern Ocean. Nevertheless the same man is easily to be recognized in all his remarks. Antique bas-reliefs immediately become commentaries in stone upon the epigrams of the anthology; in the painters of the Renaissance, more especially Raphael, it is not the Pagan element of perfection of form which strikes him, but the religious sentiment which certain pictures of his breathe forth. Recollections of the Baltic Sea are revived at Ancona; at Naples he is reminded of and begins to comprehend the Odyssey. What he sees of Catholicism increases his antipathy for this "idolatry," just as it caused "the old Protestant leaven" to rise in Goethe also. What enchants him most in Italy is nature. The Apennines he finds far grander and more really beautiful than Switzerland

and the Tyrol. The Neapolitan gulf and the Roman *campagna* fill him with poetical inspiration. Human beings interest him also. He made the acquaintance of the Cardinals Borgia and Bernis at Rome, met Geothe again, saw Angelica Kaufmann, Mengs, Hackert. With all this he is in a better health than in Germany. He feels himself "in all respects benefited by this journey," which revealed him so many secrets of the history of mankind; and yet he hastens to add, "that he could not stand it any longer," that he is beginning to be melancholy, and that he wishes he were already "at the frontiers of Germany."

And thus he came back again to Weimar after a year's absence, and, as usual, novelty has its charms for him. He refuses a new and this time unconditional summons to Göttingen, which would have at once freed him from all the things he accused of causing his dissatisfaction. At the bottom of his heart, and in spite of all his grumbling, he was fond both of Weimar and of his calling, and felt conscious of having at any rate "strewn a little poetry among all these parsons," although at other times full of complaint of his colleagues and subordinates. Soon after his return and previous to receiving a title of nobility, he was named Vice-President of the Consistory, which nomination brought with it a tolerably large increase of salary, freed him from material labor, and delivered him from the dull opposition of his colleagues, who by this stroke became his subordinates. He is not at all more satisfied. "Everything remains below one's desires, hopes, and plans," says Caroline, ingenuously, without perceiving how she accuses herself in saying so. The husband's recriminations were not far behind. Now the small courts are the source of all evil, national as well as personal. He would like to end his days in this country, "far from princes." The Saxon population becomes odious to him. He undertakes to prove that "Thuringia was not created on any one of the six days of the creation on which God said that all was good." "My husband is never easy, except when far from Weimar," writes Caroline; "here we are eternally strangers."

No wonder if all were not inclined to bear with this chronic state of ill-humor with the same Christian longanimity as

Goethe. Wieland had received Herder with his accustomed kindness, and had taken a violent fancy to him, as almost every one did at first sight. Soon, however, even Wieland's inexhaustible stock of good-nature is unable to bear with "his Eminency's" haughtiness. Merck, while judging Herder, still preserved a strong admiration for the friend of his youth. Wieland, writing to him, says: "I cannot endure your idol Herder's eternal disdain for others, his quarrels with everybody, his comparisons to one person's advantage and to another's disadvantage. It is true that a great potentate like him may permit himself a good deal; but it is just on that account that he ought to be good. A huge fellow, framed like a Hercules and malicious into the bargain, is an insufferable being." Nor were these judgments at all exceptional ones. Young Niebuhr found him "proud and domineering"; and Schiller, who could be harsh enough when he chose, said of him, "Born to be some great Catholic prelate, shallow at the bottom despite his airs of genius, rhetorically supple, when his object is to please." Goethe alone, while he owned that Herder "made life hard both to himself and to others," was ever ready to acknowledge the good sides of his old friend, who began by turning his back upon him, then showed him for a time (1783 till about 1795) some affection interspersed with fits of ill-humor, and at last entirely deserted him. It was no easy matter to get on with Herder. "It is impossible to go to his house," said Goethe, "without being rejoiced by his goodness, but equally impossible to quit him without being hurt." Caroline pushed caprice still further. Sometimes she would call him "Herr von Goethe" at full length; sometimes she confesses that "Goethe is and remains a noble nature, which one cannot help loving." To-day the poet is "the dearest being" they have at Weimar; he "makes them happy by his great soul and his brotherly heart"; he shows himself their "most faithful friend"; to-morrow he is the "perfidious" one who has ruined them by his "treachery." "He might indeed have given us back nature again if he had wished to do so, but his apotheosis was dearer to him than truth. . . . . His vain ignoble coquetry disgusts us; he has a true wolfish character." However, as soon as Goethe falls ill and they see the possibility of losing him, "Let us

thank God," they exclaim, "that Goethe is living! What should we be at Weimar, what would Weimar itself be, without him?" Goethe, on his side, never fails; he is constantly assisting them both pecuniarily and by his advice; he nearly adopts their eldest son.

That Herder and his wife should not have felt themselves especially edified by "the tone of the great mind" of Weimar and by Goethe's *liaison* with Christine Vulpius in particular, is hardly to be wondered at, although they sometimes showed singular tolerance in this latter respect; but they extended their moral austerity even to his poetical works. They veiled their faces at the very sight of the *Römische Elegien; Wilhelm Meister* was scandalous in their eyes. "All those Mariannas and Philinas are hateful to me," said Herder. "Goethe, who sets no value on anything but truth, does not care for moral grace; . . . . and there is perhaps no place in Germany where people place themselves more above a certain moral delicacy than Weimar." When *Gott und die Bayadere* and *Die Braut von Corinth* appeared, Herder goes as far as to qualify them as "new offerings on the altar of Priapus!"

The more intimate Goethe became with Schiller, who, together with his whole tendency, was repulsive to Herder, the more the two old friends became estranged. Both poets deeply felt Herder's attitude with regard to them. Schiller was scandalized by "his coldness towards all that is good, and still more by his tolerance for what is bad, his respect for what is mouldy and lifeless, and his indifference towards what is living. . . . . Herder is evidently on the decline, and one is sometimes tempted to ask one's self seriously if a man to show himself to be so incredibly commonplace, feeble, and empty, can ever have been anything above the common." Goethe did not go so far; he even said that "no one could have any idea of the activity of this mind, of the fermentation of this nature," in former days, and he never allowed a single epigram of the *Xenien*, which at that time poured down mercilessly on Herder's new friends, to be directed against himself; still in his private letters he began to acknowledge that now "his tolerance for mediocrity was really incredible."

And yet Herder's severity for the principles heralded by

Schiller was not altogether to be blamed. Personally he felt himself, no doubt, growing older and slightly outrun in his worship for nature by the new classical school which unintentionally and unconsciously was re-establishing a fresh academical conventionalism just when Herder believed himself to have won the victory for popular against art poetry. Schiller's abstract idealism, his exaggerated Hellenism, the very precision of his thoughts and expressions, his indifference towards contemporary wants and moral questions, in short all that formed the essence of Schiller's views, in which henceforth Goethe also concurred, and which consisted in separating the real from the ideal, was the direct antipodes of Herder's convictions. Besides which, "Herder detests Kant," — Schiller's own words as early as 1787; and when Goethe sent him Schiller's letters upon the "Æsthetic Education of Mankind," he saw nothing in them but "Kantian transgressions." The further Schiller and Goethe advanced in this direction, burning the gods of their youth, the more Herder avoided them, at the imminent risk of falling into direct contradiction with himself; and that man who, twenty years before, had pronounced the absence of all aim in art, now sees but the moral side of poetry. "The arts must recognize a moral law and submit to it." At length he declared open war against Kant and his "Criticism on Judgment," in which he saw, and rightly saw, the starting-point of the whole of Goethe's and Schiller's false classicism. In his *Metakritik* and his *Calligone*, he attacked his former master with extreme virulence. The more his works and their excited tone were blamed, the greater was his pride in them; the more enemies he makes by his immoderate attacks, the more he appears to triumph. Goethe declared that if he had known beforehand of Herder's intention of publishing the *Metakritik*, "he would have gone down on his knees before his old friend to dissuade him from doing it." Johannes von Müller entreated him at all events not to continue following that direction for the sake of his own renown. "I care not for renown," he proudly answered, "I have buried all desire for it. It is the genius of necessity which makes me act." And again, with his usual contempt of worldly considerations, his passionate love of what he thinks truth, his merciless harshness in defending his convic-

tions and attacking his adversaries, he sets to work and falls upon Fichte, the "quack," Schelling, the "ambitious," and in short on the whole "clique and *coterie* of transcendental philosophers."

Is it astonishing that he should find himself isolated, or, as he has it, "unspeakably lonely," after provocations such as these? And yet he still had friends, who clung to him in spite of all. Knebel, of all the Weimarians the one with whom he was most intimate, never ceased to take his part, and supported him in his contests from his Ilmenau retirement, where Herder occasionally came to recruit his strength and spirits in the contemplation of nature and the community of friendship. It is but just to add that this "philanthropic Timon," as Herder was wont to call him, being also "a dear, wise grumbler," the two morose temperaments met half-way in their ill-humor with themselves and the world at large. Besides, Herder had preserved his remarkable ascendency over young people, and, if his contemporaries turned their backs upon him, was always sure of finding in the rising generation a worship which exalted his ideas to the very skies, those ideas being especially attractive for youth. Thus George Müller, brother of the illustrious historian of Switzerland, Johannes, travelled on foot to Weimar, in the enthusiasm excited in him by Herder's writings and his desire to see the great man, knocked at his door, begged to be received into his house, and was received with open arms. Herder was a born pedagogue. He only unfolded all the resources of his genius to those over whose minds the authority of his age, his position, or his glory had obtained full mastery. He was never so really great as with his disciples, as he had been with Goethe in 1770. It was not so much that he tried to force his own views upon them; for, on the contrary, no master ever insisted so much as he did upon the folly of his pupils swearing by his words, and the necessity of searching for one's self and spontaneously developing one's intellect; but it was balm to his wounded soul to find himself looked up to as a superior being as he was by George Müller and afterwards by Jean Paul. Jean Paul was a master in the art of working himself up to enthusiasm, and it is easy to understand how agreeable he must therefore have been to

Herder. However, after a time, when Jean Paul had himself become a somebody, master and disciple got mutually tired of each other. "There is nothing to be done with Jean Paul," said Caroline, "however beautiful some of his writings may be, my husband cannot endure his *manière*." "Herder is made up of a dozen geniuses at once," wrote Jean Paul to Jacobi; "unluckily that collected I which ought to unite them, and without which no philosophy or poetry can be complete, is wanting in him." And he goes on to complain of Herder's mania for "deceiving and tormenting himself."

And, indeed, this was what poor Herder only too well understood. This essay would become a volume, if we were to attempt to give only the half of the exclamations of weariness, discouragement, sourness, which fall from the lips or the pens of this discontented couple. "What a wretched zigzag is this short terrestrial life. . . . . I was so cast down for three days this week, that I was materially, physically unable to utter a single word; so I was closed and dumb like a wall." Circumstances are as usual, of course, blamed for all this. "How lucky you are," he said to Knebel, "in spite of all the moral trials of your life! You have at any rate carried away the best part of the booty, — liberty, and a calm, independent enjoyment of the good things of this life; while I am here, perched upon my deserted Zion mountains, behind the walls of the church, like some night-owl, and for my sole recreation go from time to time to greet the dumb trees of our narrow valley. But enough of these jeremiads, which do not even soothe my heart." At other times he begins to hope again. "Silence, my heart, better times will come for thee before the grave-digger's shovel shall have thrown dust over thee, and before thou wilt have forgotten how to beat." But the more he advanced in age the more his despairing tone seems to prevail. "What are ten years in chains after all?" he exclaims after reading Trenck's Memoirs; "here are thirty years that I bear them!" Everything is repugnant to him; he calls himself "the beast of burden, the blind horse of the mill, a rope drawing the bucket out of the well"; he says he is "tied to the wheel of necessity, which drags him through dust and mud." "Squatting behind his church, in good or bad health, buried,

interred," he feels as if he "were losing his mind." Occasionally he becomes secretly conscious of the true source of all his misfortunes. "The innumerable annoyances we have had to put up with," he writes fifteen years before his death to his faithful Caroline, "have been caused by Fate with her thousand arms, and after all, as all comes back to ourselves again, *it is I who am the only cause of them.* I have too little reason and too much self-will, although it is very seldom self-love or self-will." At the bottom, Herder was one of the most unhappy men who ever lived, nor can his unhappy nature do anything towards diminishing the intense compassion we feel for this Promethean tragedy. "Rightly speaking, one ought not to allow one's self to judge great geniuses," said Wieland, speaking of Herder. "They are such as they are; and it would seldom be better were they otherwise. . . . . Who would presume to correct Herder's copy-book, when we think that, after all, everything, even the most imperfect and fugitive trifle coming from him, strikes sparks and throws out flashes of an intellect the equal of which will perhaps hardly return for centuries." Herder himself has said somewhere: —

"The most exquisite of all kinds of suicide only takes place in the souls of the elect. Men of extremely delicate feelings have some idea to which they cling with an unspeakable yearning, an ideal which, by an irrepressible instinct, they are continually striving to attain. If this idea be taken from them, if their beautiful idol be destroyed before their eyes, their heart's growth is broken, nothing remaining behind but yellow, faded leaves."

And again elsewhere: —

"As the sculptor first draws in a few lines the size and outlines of his statue upon his block of marble, Nature has given every man his measure, which, however, few ever attain, and that only by a fortuitous combination of circumstances. But all men carry within them indistinctly this original design, this measure, and the feeling of dissatisfaction with themselves, the obscure attraction toward something which they would wish to be and yet never can be, and this is the undeveloped consciousness of that *simulacrum.* . . . . I myself carry something within me which, I am well aware, I shall never attain, which makes me unhappy because I cannot do so, and which I could never describe; this is my *simulacrum.*"

This contrast it was between his aspirations and his powers, between his *velle* and his *posse*, above all, between his intellect and his creative powers, from which Herder suffered during the whole of his life, and of which he at last died. No one was quicker of understanding than he, and it was precisely this facility, this delicate and yet profound understanding, which was continually misleading him with regard to his own plastic incapacity. This admirable genius, who revealed again to the world the secret of true poetry which had been lost to it, who found out the laws by which history is governed, who foresaw the wants of nations like a second Moses, this genius could not make a poem, nor write history, nor frame a law himself. Like Schiller's Pilgrim, he passed his whole life in pursuing that noble *ignis fatuus* which was forever misleading or deceiving him: —

> "Ach, der Himmel über mir
> Will die Erde nie berühren;
> Und das Dort ist niemals hier!"

And yet he was at length on the point of attaining the aim he had so long pursued. A long illness assailed him on his return from Dresden, where he had passed a few happy weeks in the summer of 1803. He had just terminated the most popular among his poems, the *Cid*, and was working at his *Adrastea* even during his malady. "Ah, if some great and new idea were only to come to me, some idea which would seize hold of and rejoice my whole soul, I should soon be well again," he said to his faithful companion. Vain hopes! Very soon "transported to new countries, his inspired eye looked about him and caught the reflection of the divinity, its world and its heavens which are its tents." These were the very last verses he ever wrote. On the 18th of December, 1803, his robust constitution fell a prey to so many attacks. The blade had worn out its sheath. In lieu of a pompous epitaph, Karl August caused three simple words to be inscribed upon the slab which covers the tomb of this great apostle of humanity in the town church at Weimar. They are: —

"Light, Love, Life."

Karl Hillebrand.

Art. II. — 1. *Die ältere und jüngere Edda. Übersetzt von* K. Simrock.
2. Jakob Grimm's *Deutsche Mythologie.*
Grimm's *Mährchen.*
3. Simrock's *Handbuch der deutschen Mythologie.*
4. Mannhardt's *Germanische Mythen.*
5. Mannhardt's *Die Götter der deutschen und nordischen Völker.*
6. Adalbert Kuhn's *Zur ältesten Geschichte der Indo-germanischen Völker.*
7. Adalbert Kuhn's *Die Herabkunft des Feuers.*
8. I. W. Wolf's *Deutsche Götterlehre.*
9. F. L. W. Schwartz's *Der heutige Volksglaube und das alte Heidenthum.*
10. Max Müller's *Comparative Mythology.*
11. Max Müller's *Chips from a German Workshop.*
12. The Rev. G. W. Cox's *Mythology of the Aryan Nations.*

In dealing with a subject which is sometimes thought, though very erroneously so, to be far removed from our every-day life, an allusion to a personal experience may be permitted. I remember, many years ago, having once met a young German peasant, rather intelligent, who could read and write as all German peasants do, but who startled me by a most extraordinary superstition. "Look here," he said, and his face became very grave, — "look here! a man may learn all about the future, what is going to happen, and how things in this world are to succeed each other, only, he must use a means which *I* should not like to try, and I 'm sure *you* would n't!"

I suspected at once the use of some sign of witchcraft, which some peasants believe renders a person liable to be fetched away by the Evil One, and I replied, "Well, let us see! Perhaps I would!" He then said in an undertone: "If, on coming out of church on Easter Sunday, a man steps backwards, making a sign of disrespect, and if, whilst walking backwards, he looks through an egg, at the same time laughing aloud, he will see the future and the shape of all coming things in that egg. But, dear me, it will endanger a man's soul; and I would n't do it, and surely you would n't!"

I could not help laughing, though there was no egg to be looked through; and I thought that, if ever I had heard a meaningless absurdity, it was this. Yet by and by, when I came to investigate the subject, I found that this boorish nonsense could be traced back to the decayed creed of our pagan forefathers, and that it *had* a meaning, even as Greek fables have. "Easter Sunday," I found, was selected for that piece of witchcraft, because Easter was originally also a Germanic festival, in honor of the goddess Ostara, who represented the rising sun and the creative powers of nature in spring. To "go out backwards from church," indicated that the man who did this turned his back towards the east, where the Easter goddess Ostara was supposed to dwell; for churches were mostly built with their altar on the eastern, their main entrance on the western side. The "sign of disrespect" showed that the person making it returned for the moment to the heathen creed. The egg which was to be used, is the very symbol of Ostara, that is, of fruitful nature. Hence the people in Germany and other continental countries, as well as the agricultural population of some of the northern and eastern counties of England, present each other about Easter time with eggs. Little German children are playfully told on that occasion that a hare lays those eggs. The hare, too, is a symbol of the goddess Ostara, on account of fecundity. To look through an egg on the day of that goddess, was considered to invest a person with the power of seeing the germ of all things, and hence to forecast their development.

But now about "the laughter"! Why was a man to laugh when looking through an egg? Here I found that the laughter represented the smile of Nature in spring; that at the pagan festivals on Easter time a laughing chorus typified that smile; and what is more, I learnt that in the Christian Church, for many centuries after the overthrow of Paganism, the priest, on Easter Sunday, had first to tell his congregation a merry tale, and then to break out into what was called "an Easter laughter" (*Oster-Gelächter*). So, putting this and that together, I discovered that in the superstitious young peasant's mind a remarkable piece of Teutonic mythology stuck fast, of which he could not get rid, in spite of the proficiency he had obtained

in the mechanical repetition of his catechism. And the more I observed and studied these matters, the more I became convinced that it was no use fighting against this kind of superstitions by simply calling them "rubbish" and "nonsense," for somehow the people clung to them as if they felt that there was a poetical treasure hidden in them, which only required a magic wand to come forth and charm their hearts. I then saw that these superstitions will never be entirely rooted out until a full scientific treatment of them has taken place, until they shall be universally known to be the last remnants of a decayed religious system, and until the results of such investigation shall have been popularized.

There is another reason why we should occupy ourselves more than has been done with Teutonic mythology. Christianity itself is covered over with the traces of the ideas of our heathen forefathers. Thus the St. George of England, one of the numerous dragon-slaying St. Georges of Christian tradition, may be traced back, so far as the Northern nations are concerned, to the Saga of Sigurd, or Sigfrid, the dragon-slayer. Sigfrid we can trace back to Wodan, or Odin. Wodan we know to be, in his origin, a simple personification of the sky, the air, and the storm, like Indra, the Hindoo god. The process out of which St. George grew is the same which has given rise to the growth of numberless other heroic and saintly figures among all nations of the earth, from the fiery climate of India to the ice-bound North. So, if we would fully know Christianity, as it has developed itself in various ages, we have again to recur to the early Germanic creed.

But, irrespective of science, why should not the delight which we feel in the poetical conceptions of the Greek Olympus, induce us to seek for similar enjoyment in closely studying the Teutonic Asa doctrines, and the rich folk-lore connected with it? Sometimes, in walking through the British Museum, the thought has struck me, "What do these intelligent artisans, what do these fairly educated middle-class men, nay, what do the large majority of highly cultivated people whom one sees here gathering round the statues of Greek and Roman and Egyptian gods, what do they know, what do they care, about the creed of their own ancestors? Have the great mass even

a slight notion of the grandeur, and, in its way, the beauty, of the mythological system which, in ages past, had been worked out by the Germanic race, — that race whose wild vigor changed the face of Europe, and whose adventurous sons founded the English nation, and gave this country its name ? "

A more lamentable spectacle cannot be conceived than to see a nation unmindful of its own past. If the new physiological principle is right which says that our whole organization, bodily and mental, is but the sum of the development of preceding generations, why then should we exclusively care about Greece and Rome and Palestine ? Why should we not add a further element, returning to the circle of ideas in which those moved who moulded our very speech ? Does not even the continual round of the days of the week, such as they are called in English, still remind all English-speaking as well as the German people of our common forefathers' worship of the sun and the moon ; of Tiu, the god of war ; of Wodan, the All-father ; of Thunar, or Thor, the god of thunder ; of Freia, the goddess of love ? And does not the meaning of a hundred quaint English usages and sayings, which have migrated also over the Atlantic, lie hidden in that early mythic system of the Teutons ? Yet with what painful astonishment one sees the hard struggle which a zealous band of men in England (" The Early English Text Society ") have to make in order to rescue English literary treasures that are comparatively not even of very high antiquity, — a work in which Professor Child, of your own Harvard University, has such a full and prominent share of merit. But that which lies, chronologically, beyond the scope of the society alluded to, is in England the subject of an even more deplorable apathy !

Now, on the mere plea of poetical enjoyment, this ought to be altered. The Teutonic world of gods may not (as Mannhardt puts it, who, with Simrock, Kuhn, Schwarz, Wolf, and others, has ably continued the immortal labors of Jacob Grimm) have the perfect harmony and the quiet plasticity of the Olympian ideals. But their forms and figures tower in lofty greatness through the immensity of space ; and if they are not so well rounded off as the divinities of the later Greek epoch, if they are apt to float before the mind's eye like fantastically shaped

storm-clouds, or like bright-colored visions of dawn and sunset, they are, on the other hand, less liable to look like mere idols of ivory, brass, and stone.

Can it be said that there is a lack of poetical conception in the figure of Wodan, the hoary god of the clouds, who, clad in a flowing mantle, careers through the sky on a milk-white horse, from whose nostrils fire issues? Is there a lack of poetical conception in Freia, who changes darkness into light wherever she appears, the goddess with the dazzling charms, the streaming golden locks, and the siren voice, who hovers in her snow-white robe between heaven and earth, making flowers sprout along her brilliant path, and planting irresistible longings in the hearts of men? Is there a lack of poetical conception in the figure of the red-bearded god of the tempest, who rolls along the heavens in his car, and who smites the mountain giants with his magic hammer? Are these dwellers in Asgard mere shadowy spectres, lacking distinct delineation? And if their strength often verges upon wildness, if their charms are sometimes allied to a cruel kind of sorcery, are they not even in their uncouth passions the representatives of a primitive race, in which the pulse throbs with youthful freshness?

Again, what a fantastical throng of minor deities, surpassing in poetic conception even Hellenic fancy, has been evoked by the Teutonic mind out of all the forces of nature! Look at the crowd of fairies, and wood-women, and elfins, and nixies, and dwarfs, and kobolds, that dance in the moonlight, and whisk through the rustling leaves, or dwell enchanted in trees, or hide in glittering mountain caves, or waft enthralling songs from beneath the water, or bustle day and night through the dwellings of man! The Greeks had all, or nearly all, this; for the elements of mythology are the same in all Aryan lands. But there is greater depth in the corresponding Teutonic tales; they coil themselves round the heart like invisible threads; they seem so familiar and homely, and yet lead the imagination into so strange a dream-land.

Then, what a dramatic development Germanic mythology has! The Hellenic gods sit in Ambrosian quiet in their lofty abodes; they are eternal gods, inaccessible to the corroding power of time. True, there are some faint indications of a

final change, when Jupiter himself is to make place for a better ruler. But, in the main, the gods of classic antiquity live on in an unbroken, immortal life; they are like so many statues ranged along a stately edifice, each statue perfect in itself; with no idea of action, of tragic complication, arising out of the whole.

How different is the Teutonic view of the universe! There all is action, struggle; and the world of gods itself is from the very beginning doomed to a catastrophe. So long as they last, they are called the Æsir, the pillars and the girders of the universe. But then, at the end of time, the world is to be consumed in a mighty conflagration; the heavens and the earth stand in a lurid blaze; Asgard and Walhalla, the abodes of gods and heroes, are doomed to destruction; the universe breaks down in a gigantic crash; and only after this terrible convulsion shall have ended, will there be introduced a new and peaceful reign, with eternal bliss. Hence, on the score of dramatic interest, the creed of the Teutons has something to boast of. But it is a subject much neglected by poets. However, the ground is being broken here and there; and this opportunity may be taken for mentioning a powerful version of ancient Northern sagas,* which has recently been brought out by the joint exertions of an Icelandic scholar, Mr. Magnusson, and of one of the truest poets living, William Morris.

Before going on to indicate the main points of Germanic mythology, something may be said about its sources. The Germans, who constitute, in number, the main body of the Teutonic race, have lost most important literary records, which would probably have shed much light on their ancient pagan creeds. That collection of heroic songs which we know Charlemagne had ordered to be made, but which is lost, may perhaps be designated as the "missing link" between our mediæval epic, the Nibelungen Lied, and the ancient Wodanic religion. Only fragmentary pieces of poetry, referring to Wodan, Balder, Freia, and some other divinities, have come down to us in texts dating from the tenth century. Before that time we must go back to the few indications contained in Tacitus, Cæsar, and perhaps also Herodotus; for recent investigations, the results of

* The Niblungs and Volsungs.

which are pretty well adopted now by German historians, lead to the conclusion that the Thracians, of whom he speaks, were a Getic, Gothic, Germanic people.

As a complementary means of obtaining knowledge, we have our folk-lore and our tales, in which the ancient pagan gods appear under the most extraordinary disguises. Professor Max Müller, who has worked so powerfully to render the labors of the great Continental authorities on language and mythology accessible to the English public, says, with the felicitous language that is peculiar to him: "It might seem strange indeed, that so great a scholar as Grimm should have spent so much of his precious time in collecting his *Mährchen*, if those tales had only been intended for the amusement of children. When we see a Lyell or Owen pick up pretty shells and stones, we may be sure that, however much little girls may admire these pretty things, this was not the object which these wise collectors had in view. Like the blue and green and rosy sands which children play with in the Isle of Wight, these tales of the people, which Grimm was the first to discover and collect, are the *detritus* of many an ancient stratum of thought and language, buried deep in the past. They have a scientific interest."

Now, with the aid of such popular tales, — which sometimes we find scattered in almost identical shape over all the countries into which the stream of Teutonic migration and conquest had poured, — it has been possible to reconstruct in some degree the pagan gods of Germany proper. But the richest source of Germanic mythology comes to us from the far North. It is the *Edda*, that grand old heathen Bible, the first part of which dates from the eleventh, the other from the thirteenth century. It may be called the Norse heathen Bible, for though its contents were written down by Christians, it comprises the pagan Germanic mythology. It is a book which certainly no German or Englishman who knows his "Iliad" and "Odyssey" should be unacquainted with.

It will thus be seen that the time within which our sources are contained covers a space of nearly sixteen hundred years, if we begin with Herodotus's account of the Thracians, and end with the "Edda," which was collected when the Odin re-

ligion collapsed. They are sources more or less rich, more or less pure; not seldom contradictory, even each particular source sometimes contradictory in itself, — a phenomenon with which all those are familiar who have investigated theological systems in a spirit of thorough criticism.

When I proceed, therefore, to the main task of this essay, which is, to describe in large lines the religious views of the Germanic nations, I will say at once that we cannot produce a minutely exact likeness of it, such as a painter produces of some clearly defined object. Theological systems are in their nature of a changing, shifting character. The Brahminic creed is no longer to-day what it was of yore; the hundred sects within it have points of contact, but also points of considerable divergence. In the same way, under the official Hellenic religion of antiquity, there continued, for a long time, an under-current of Orphic rites; and the Olympian gods themselves present very different features if we look at them in different Greek periods. The Hebrew Church, some nineteen hundred years ago, was divided into fiercely contending parties, whose representatives, differing on cardinal points, — for instance, on the question of the immortality of the soul, — yet sat side by side in the Temple. There are even more familiar illustrations into which it is hardly necessary to go. The State Church, which was recently disestablished in Ireland, cannot by any stretch of imagination be considered the same as the early Apostolic Church. Even infallible Popes have in course of time rendered decrees and bulls contradictory to each other.

It is therefore not to be expected that the ancient Teutonic religion should present features of an immutable fixity. At different periods, and among different Germanic tribes, it shows a somewhat varied development. It had its gradual changes, like all religions. Most probably also it had its sects. A stiff and fixed uniformity is the less to be expected in it, because the Germanic races had not a fully formed priestly caste, whilst the Gauls, as we know, were bowed down under the double yoke of a most oppressive aristocracy and of a class of meddlesome Druids. The eminent English physiologist, Professor Huxley, in a lecture on "The Forefathers of the

English People," which has created much stir, has tried, it is true, to prove a greater similarity between the institutions of the ancient Germans and Gauls. His remarks were surely made in an excellent spirit of conciliation between the Teutonic and the Celtic races. But any one opening Cæsar or Tacitus will find their pages teem with proofs to the contrary; and historical facts, however inconvenient, must be dealt with in a strict spirit of science, irrespective of the political requisites of the day.

In the absence of a regulated priestly caste, which has an interest in keeping a religious system within fixed bounds, notions about the world and mankind, their origin and their destiny, are naturally apt to change. This may be one of the reasons why the theological views of the Teutons were of an even more floating and changeful character than is generally the case within a like period of time. Another circumstance has perhaps contributed to this characteristic want of plastic fixity which the dwellers in the Germanic Olympus seem to exhibit. Grimm thinks there is a probability that, so far as there *were* any priests among the Teutonic races, the male gods had chiefly female priests, and the female deities male priests. Now, the female priests, who were charged with the service of the sterner rulers of the Germanic heaven, may, from their more delicate sex, not have been able to impose a strong priestly dominion; whilst the male priests, who had to provide for the *cultus* of the goddesses, may by this occupation have become unfitted to work out an oppressive clerical rule. At any rate, the Germanic creed did not present "that angularity which drives sharp points into people's ribs," — to borrow an expression from Professor Blackie.

Having said this much of the outward aspect of the Teutonic religion, I will proceed now, so far as this can be done by the method I am about to employ, to give an idea of its internal character, by making what may be called a transverse section of the material before us. In this way the main strata will be seen, as well as some incongruous layers which have been forced across them by theological commotions that are beyond the ken of history. And in speaking of the Teutonic creed, I shall always endeavor to keep in view the essential

points of the pagan religion of ancient Germany proper, of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Iceland, and England. It will necessarily be impossible to give a description which could be held applicable in every part to the ancient spiritual condition of these different countries. I only profess to give a general view, an abstract, as it were, of the Teutonic religious system as a whole; minor distinctions, differences, and incongruities being always understood to exist.

There are indications, according to some, that the earliest form of Teutonic worship was a worship of Light. The Odin religion, in this opinion, was preceded by what is called a "Vana" *cultus*, that is, the adoration of Light. It is, however, a doubtful point; and others incline to the notion that the worship of the gods of Light on the one hand, and the Odin religion on the other, were held by contending Germanic tribes, and that, after a little while, the Vana gods finally "received admission into Asgard" (which is the Teutonic Olympus), in other words, that the rival creeds were merged into each other, even as the Greeks worked the tree and serpent worship of subject races into their own religion; or as the Brahminic religion was gradually overlaid with fantastic figures originally foreign to it.

The Odin or Wodan religion itself may be described as a spiritualistic materialism, or a materialistic spiritualism; or it may be called a pantheism strongly marked with the principle of individuality. These are hard words, and perhaps we ought rather to say that the early Germanic races believed in mind as well as in matter; that they thought mind indissolubly bound up with matter, and matter in some way gifted with mind. And as they did not clearly see their way in all this (some think even we are now in that stage), they produced a mixed system. Their creed has therefore lofty, almost mystical conceptions, and yet is impregnated with the smell of the earth. Their gods seem at one moment to be beyond human grasp, and yet, in the next, they assume more familiar forms than ever Hellenic divinities did.

A religion of quietism, of self-contempt, and of self-torture, the Teutonic creed was not. It has a barbarian energy. It is filled with the spirit of battle. Its gods themselves

only struggle into power through a Titanic contest, and are destined to suffer a great overthrow. Strangely enough, the Teutonic religion, unlike in this to almost all other religions, except Buddhism, knows of no personal creator. Before the beginning of things, there is, in the words of the "Edda," only the "yawning abyss": —

> "Once was the age
> when all was not;
> nor sand, nor sea,
> nor salty waves,
> nor earth there was, nor sky above, —
> only yawning abyss, and grass nowhere."

Ere the world comes into existence, Germanic mythology assumes a chaos, in which merely a Place of Darkness and of icy cold, and a Place of Fire, are to be distinguished at opposite poles. But this chaos has already the principle of life in it; for out of the meeting of Ice and Fire comes the giant form Ymir, or Oergelmir, that is, Fermenting Matter. We here see a combination of the Neptunic and the Vulcanic principle, as an attempt at explaining the origin of the world.

Then, in the course of time, there rises, first a half-human, half-godlike race or dynasty of giants, called Jötuns, and then a race of gods. The gods have to wage war against the giants, and finally vanquish them. Perhaps the giants signify torpid, barren nature; the gods, the powers of life which struggle into form. The supposed victory of the gods over the giants was celebrated by religious festivities, in Guy Fawkes's manner, — a giant doll being carried round and at last burnt. To this day, it seems, there are traces of this heathen cosmogonic custom. In some parts of Northern Europe, so-called "*Judas*-fires" are lighted at a particular time of the year, which evidently have their origin in the giant or *jötun* burning; and in some places the people, in consequence of another perversion of the original meaning of things and words, run about shouting, "Burn the old Jew! burn the old Jew!" The Jötun has in fact been converted into a Judas, and then into a Jew; and so a pagan superstition serves, in a Christian age, for the maintenance of a silly and inhuman prejudice against an inoffensive class of fellow-citizens!

The origin of man, in Teutonic cosmogony, is explained in a very strange manner. Man is not created by a god, but grows out of the trees! We in Germany speak even now of a pedigree as of a *Stammbaum*, — a "tree of descent"; and a well-known children's rhyme says: —

"Jetzt reiten wir nach Sachsen,
Wo die schönen Mädchen auf den Bäumen wachsen.
Hätt' ich dran gedacht,
Hätt' ich dir so ein kleines, schönes Mädchen mitgebracht!"

"Now we ride into Saxony,
Where the pretty girls grow on a tree;
If only I had been struck by the thought,
Such a pretty little girl I would to thee have brought."

This verse may seem but a meaningless doggerel; but it is no doubt a last vestige of an ancient cosmogonic idea. It may be remarked here, in passing, that the songs and games and peculiar dances of German children are full of interest and value to the archæologist, because in them the last remnants of various heathen rites are embedded, often under strange disguise. Among the Greeks also there were myths of the rise of mankind both from stones and from trees, that is, from all kind of matter, inorganic and organic, as the saying shows: "οὐ γὰρ ἀπὸ δρυὸς ἐσσι παλαιφάτου οὐδ' ἀπὸ πέτρης." Perhaps here, again, we have a notion of pantheistic materialism, a notion of the affinity of all things and beings. The same idea of an all-pervading life, the same spiritualization of matter, may be seen in that Teutonic myth about the goddess who takes an oath from fire and water, from all metals, trees, animals, from poisons and illnesses, which are regarded as individualities, that they should not hurt her son Balder.

In external form the Germanic gods are noble and harmonious, — no misshapen monsters with a dozen arms or legs. Though Odin, or Wodan, is spoken of as the one-eyed god, we know that this image represents him as the one, great, brilliant orb of the sun. So Tyr, the god of war, has but one arm. It may mean that war can only do one thing, — destroy. Probably Loki, who takes revenge on Balder, was represented as limping; it is Revenge which comes with a limping foot, late, but certain. The limping Loki afterwards stood model for the

Satan of the mediæval Christian Church, who is also represented with a limping foot. But otherwise the Germanic gods are well shaped.

In the Teutonic creed, the number "12" and its divisions play a great part. The Germanic nations appear to have taken a fancy to the duodecimal, rather than to the more easy decimal system, as may be seen even in English money to this very day. There are, in Norse mythology, twelve gods and twelve goddesses. In Germany we have not yet been able to reconstruct, out of the scanty and scattered material which has been left to us, the whole series of these divinities; but some fragmentary discoveries recently made go far to prove that the Norse gods and those of Germany proper were essentially the same.

As in the majority of polytheistic systems, we recognize in that of the Teutons a trio of the more important divinities. At the same time, Wodan pervades the universe with such force that the other gods appear dwarfed at his side. In the midst of the multiplicity of godlike forms, there is thus the germ of monotheism; and the central god from whom that idea seems to grow out verges, in his earliest form, upon a simple image of vivified air. Wodan is the voice of the storm, the mighty breath, the *mâhân âtma* of the Hindoo.

There is no dualism in the Teutonic system, no Satan, Prince of this World, no evil principle in constant rebellion against the good. Loki, or Lokko, is no doubt an evil-doing god. He slays Balder, and thus for the first time brings grief and a sad presentiment of their coming fate over the dwellers in Asgard. But though he is punished and chained down, he cannot be considered in the light of an arch-fiend, such an one as was imported from the East, to the great repugnance of the Germanic nations. The Eastern idea of Satan was long resisted by them. When the Roman Church, however, insisted on its being accepted, the Germanic nations took, as it were, a revenge by twisting the figure of Satan into all manner of shapes, monstrous and grotesque. Occasionally they made sport of it by calling him *der dumme Teufel*, a personage which plays a large part in German tales, and which at last found favor even with the priesthood.

The Teuton's view of life was not so sunny as that of the

Greek; but he did not consider this world as an abode of necessary martyrdom. The more sombre sky and scenery of his Northern home left its mark also on his religious system. Nevertheless, there is much heartiness in it; its deep tones are relieved by not a few charms. The constant invocation of Divine help, so frequent with other nations, was not a characteristic of the Teutons. They had an almost unbounded self-reliance. From some of the Northern records we see that this self-reliance occasionally took the form of scepticism, of an utter rejection of the gods, of an exclusive trust in one's own power. Yet the idea of immortality was strong with the Germanic races; and they conceived it as a return to the Great Spirit of the Universe. To "travel back to Odin" was a favorite locution. Curiously enough, Herodotus already reports a similar locution of the Thracians; and though the name of the god he mentions is a different one, the fact of the Thracians having used that phrase is by some considered an additional support for the hypothesis of their Germanic character. The energetic individualism of the Teutons seems to have been loth to conceive the possibility of an entire annihilation of the soul. Hence they did not fear death. A Roman poet calls them, on account of this strong belief, "the most happy of mankind."

There is a paradise in the Germanic religion, — a paradise of warriors: Walhalla or Valhöll, where the blessed heroes while away the time with fights, giving and receiving wounds, — wounds that are cured every evening when they sit down in the glittering banquet-hall. But whilst there is a paradise, there is no hell. Hell, the place which has furnished the very word for the lower regions, is, in Germanic mythology, mainly a shadowy place of concealment for those who have died otherwise than in battle, be they virtuous or not. Hela, the goddess, is originally not even simply a goddess of death, but at the same time the mother of life, working with secret powers beneath the soil. She represents alike birth and decay; or, as we might say, the idea of a continual transformation. Yet, her name, when its meaning became lost, was afterwards used as signifying the abode of unutterable horrors.

Lest I should fail to give a complete view of the different

sides of the Teutonic creed, it ought to be added that in the "Edda" we find also a few passages, contradictory to its main drift, which speak of a personal creator and of an abode of torment. They are apparently borrowed from a foreign religious system. The passage about the place of torment is almost Dantesque in its imagery. The prophetess says: —

"She saw a hall standing
far from the sun,
on the Dead-land's shore;
its doors are northward turned.
Venom-drops fall
in through the holes;
entwined is that hall
with serpents' backs.

"She there saw wading
the sluggish streams
bloodthirsty men
and perjurers. . . . .
There the Serpent sucks
the corpses of the dead;
the Wolf tears men."

Very powerful, and very hideous! However, the usual notion about hell was by no means so ghastly a one.

The soul, on departing from the body, was supposed to be led through the air into the heavenly dwelling. Wodan, the storm-god, was the leader of the dead; the soul itself was conceived as a breath of air. As Wodan chases through the sky in the roaring storm, he was subsequently, on the collapse of the Teutonic creed, converted into a wild huntsman, who sleeps and dreams in a mountain, that is, in a cloud-castle, from which he occasionally breaks forth with his ghostlike retinue.

At the side of the loftier conception of immortality, which carries away men's souls in a whirlwind, there is, in Germanic mythology, another line of thought, indicating a change of the dead into flowers. It seems to be an etherealized refinement of the idea of the origin of mankind from the world of vegetation, which has been indicated above. In the "Song of Fair Margaret and Sweet William," in "Bishop Percy's Manuscript," there is a last faint echo of this flowery creed; only, as is

usual in such street ballads, there is a touch of humor and almost ridicule added: —

> "Out of her breast there sprung a rose,
> And out of his a brier.
>
> "They grew until they grew unto the church-top,
> And then they could grow no higher,
> And there they tied into a true lover's knot."

Connected with the Teutonic idea of immortality is that of a fountain of life and rejuvenation. It is an ethereal well, at the bottom of which there is a meadow with fragrant flowers and bushes, enlivened by the sweet song of birds. There, the souls of the unborn await their embodiment. The place is represented also as a fountain to which the aged return, to be gifted with new powers of life. There is some resemblance, here, to the Platonic idea of pre-existence, and of a never-ending regeneration. The presiding goddess of that fountain is Freia, the female principle in nature. Her worship was the most largely propagated, together with that of the all-pervading spirit Wodan, and of the god of thunder and tempest, Thunar or Donar, who equally represents the principle of fertility. The worship of Freia was so deeply rooted, that out of it grew the peculiar mediæval form of the *cultus* of the Virgin Mary; and many of the mediæval lays about the Virgin can only be understood when we remember that they are the echoes of earlier heathen creeds, partly Germanic, partly classic.

The female principle had altogether a large place in the Teutonic religion. That deep veneration and respect for womankind, which is often supposed to be the outcrop of aristocratic chivalry, can in truth be traced to the earliest Germanic tribes; and perhaps when we say "Germanic," we ought rather to include a large part of the Aryan race in general. In that Indian drama of "The Golden Ring," which treats of the love and grief of Sakuntula and King Dushjanta, there are passages marked by a romantic spirit of what we now call "chivalry," or reminding us of the tone of the tenderest *minne*-song. The extent of the worship of Freia — whose very name is connected with a German word for "woman" or "wife" (*Frau*), and who typified beauty, love-

liness, grace, fertility, as well as all domestic virtues — may still be seen in the numerous fairy forms that have branched out from her, and which continue to linger in popular superstition. By their very names we recognize these fairies as mere disguises or clumsy travesties of the goddess of love; for these names, as can be easily proved, were originally simple appellations of Freia. When the goddess herself sank into oblivion, her attributes and cognomina had still power of witchcraft enough to create fresh fancy-forms, which struck deep into the popular imagination.

A crowd of female figures, of divine and half-divine aspect, moves about the Germanic heaven and hovers about the earth. Not to speak of the real goddesses, there are swan virgins, sailing through the sky on silvery clouds; Valkyres, or virgins of battle; fays that stand at the cradle of man; Nornes, or weird sisters, that rule his destiny; and all sorts of wild wood-women, water-sirens, and witching elfins. Teutonic mythology, in this respect, offers a large field to the artist; and it is only to be wondered at that this rich mine is worked so little. The eternal classic figures, madonnas, and threadbare subjects from Italy and Spain might be advantageously given up for a time in favor of something that speaks in a fresher manner to our imagination.

The Germanic Nornes typify stern necessity. Stern necessity — the "Anankê" of the Greeks — is a doctrine apparently clashing with the strong self-reliance of the Teutons, whose character rather points to the doctrine of free-will. But, then, these two contradictory doctrines are as indefinable and irreconcilable as our ideas of time and eternity, of space and infinity, — ideas to which we are yet driven, whilst our intellect cannot reason them out.

To the stern necessity, as represented by the three weird sisters, another element of fate is added by the house-kobold with which each man is provided. It is the "Daimon," which Socrates also said was in constant confabulation with him. There is an amusing story of the German peasant who was tired of his kobold, and thought he would serve him a trick, by first removing all the house furniture, and then burning the wretched cottage, and the imp with it. When the fur-

niture was nicely packed upon a car, the peasant set fire to the cottage, and on seeing the flames burst forth rubbed his hands in high glee. He then whipped his horse and moved away. Suddenly he hears a voice behind him in the car, calling out, "It was high time that we came out! It was really high time that we moved!" The peasant looked round in astonishment. There, in the car, sat the indestructible kobold! That story typifies, in Germanic mythology, the fate which is bound up with every man, and which is part of his own self. He cannot alter his own nature; he cannot destroy his kobold.

The world of Teutonic divinities is full of power and charm; but in the Norse heroic legends, which are connected with them, the female element often partakes of the terrible, the ghastly, the demon-like. Lastly, there is round the Germanic religion a fringe of other creeds, remnants of earlier, less developed forms of thought, perhaps remnants also of the creeds of vanquished races. There is a star worship, a river and tree worship, and a worship of various animals, chiefly horses and snakes. Of the worship of horses there still exists a trace in the adornment of peasants' dwellings with horses' heads, — a custom found until a very recent time in the county of Kent, in England, and still frequent in some parts of Northern Germany. Serpent worship continued in the North for many centuries after the introduction of Christianity, little snakes being kept in many houses as good *genii*. These strange creeds merely form extraordinary appendages, arabesques, and cross-lines over the otherwise loftier Teutonic religion. It was, upon the whole, a creed embodying the worship of the grander forms of nature, with a strong element of individualism as a counterbalance of the polytheistic and pantheistic theory.

I will not here enter more closely upon the much-contended question of the origin of all mythic systems, and of the Teutonic religion and its sagas in special. There are two chief contending views. The one considers the heroes of the Nibelungen Lied, of the Norse epic, of the Iliad and Odyssey, as historical personages, and generally thinks that even the pagan gods are only deified heroes. Mr. Carlyle, among others, holds that view with great obstinacy; but I am afraid,

in his desire of stopping the democratic Niagara, he is too much in the habit of looking out for aristocratic hero-worship, and has his judgment thereby obscured, apparently even when questions of strict scientific import are at issue. We may say this with all due respect for his genius, and with a warm admiration of what he has done for bringing the mind of the English and German nations nearer together.

The other school assumes that those gods and heroes are mainly a deification of the forces of nature. This school unquestionably has at present the upper hand over the historical; it is most strongly represented in Germany, and is making its way very rapidly in England. The Rev. G. W. Cox, in his "Comparative Mythology," says: "Living in a land of ice-bound fjords and desolate fells, hearing the mournful wail of the waving pine branches, looking on the stern strife of frost and fire, witnessing year by year the death of the short-lived summer, the Northman was inured to sombre, if not gloomy thought, to the rugged independence of the country as opposed to the artificial society of a town. His own sternness was but the reflection of the land in which he lived, and it was reflected, in its turn, in the tales which he told, whether of the heroes or the gods." And after having shown, mainly from the labors of German *savans*, how "phrases which denoted at first the death of the Dawn, or her desertion by the Sun as he rose in the heavens, or the stealing away of the evening light by the forms of darkness, gave birth to legends of Helen and Guinevere, of Brynhild and Gudrun, of Paris and of Lancelot, of Achilles and Sigurd," he says: "No pain which we may feel at the possible necessity of parting with old associations should have the slightest weight with us. Even if we had to abandon a rich inheritance of poetical beauty, the sacrifice ought to be cheerfully made."

For any one who has studied the mythology of the Aryan races, — of the Germans and the Scandinavians, of the Celts, the Sclavonians, the Lithuanians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Persians, and the Hindoos, — there can be no doubt that their gods and their mythic heroes have been fashioned out of this original elementary worship. Socrates, not to speak of Herodotus, had already obtained a glimpse of this symbolical

view, as may be seen in a very remarkable passage of Plato's "Phaidros." The question had been started "whether it is true that Boreas carried away Oreithyia from the Ilissos." Socrates said: "Well, if I did not believe it, *like the wise people*, I should not be so very far wrong; and I might set up an *ingenious theory* and say that a gust of boreas, that is, the north-wind, carried her down from the rocks in the neighborhood, while she was playing with her friend Pharmakeia. . . . . A man, when he has set right this one fable, is *bound to do the same* for the form of the Hippokentaurs, and again for that of the Chimæra. And then a host of such beings rush in, Gorgons and Pegasoses, and masses of other hopeless beings, and absurdities of monstrous creatures."

In saying that the mythological systems and many of the hero legends contain a symbolization of the powers of nature, the admixture of strong historical elements need by no means be denied. They have generally been superadded. In some cases, perhaps, an originally historical figure has, by an inverse process, been afterwards dissolved into a cloudy phenomenon. Upon the whole, however, we must look to nature-worship as the explanation of the forms and even the names of those mythic divinities. The heroes of the later sagas are only modifications of the same, under a seeming garb of historical reality. The poet, glossing all over, makes out of these different constituent parts some grand epic, adding, as a third constituent, that which always will attract sympathy, so long as there are feeling hearts. And I confess it is difficult to understand those who are afraid of losing the substance of poetry, if once they were to grant this symbolical explanation of the origin of sagas and tales. Do we less enjoy the fruits, the fragrant blossoms, and the noble aspect of a tree because we know that it began as a poor seed, which required soil, moisture, light, and warmth in order to develop its present beauty?

I come to the question as to how a pagan creed which was so fully formed made place for a new religious system which was apparently so little in accordance with the character of the Germanic nations of that time.

Now, that is a long chapter, of which, in this essay, only a

few points can be indicated. First of all, the Saxons of Germany were not converted by means of persuasion. They struggled for thirty years against Karl the Great for their Wodanic creed and their right of self-government. That Frankish Emperor had to employ the most cruel means — for instance, on a single day, the execution of some five thousand prisoners, and the compulsory baptism of others, who were driven like cattle into the river — in order to make the Saxons adopt the Christian creed together with his own despotic government. This was one means. Another consisted in making use of the points of contact which could be found between the mythic system of the Teutons and the Gospel. Here we come upon some facts which at first sight appear rather startling.

The Germanic races, like many others, had the tradition of a great flood. They had a ceremony of baptism. They had the sign of the cross. They had a Queen of the Heavens, who was merciful interceder with the almighty Wodan; a Queen of the Heavens, whose son, destined to suffer death, is called "the blood-covered god." They believed in twelve divine personages, among whom a thirteenth played the traitor. They had a god of peace who died through that traitor. They spoke of the Supreme Being as hanging, in the flesh, on a tree, wounded by a spear, suffering thirst, and "offering himself to himself." They erected wooden columns and crosses in honor of their divinities. They believed that the god who had been slain by treachery would come back at the end of time, when a golden age, a millennium, would follow. They had lays in which that return was prophesied in words remarkably similar to those contained in the Gospels of Saint Mark and Saint Luke, where the world's end and the coming of the Son of Man are prophesied.

Any one conversant with Eddaic literature will easily recognize the passages here alluded to. On the various points we may now rapidly touch.

The great flood of which the Germanic heathens spoke was supposed by them to have occurred *before* the origin of man. They called it the *sind-flut*, that is, the universal flood. *Sind* is an old German word, of the same root as the Greek σύν, meaning "along with," or "together." The Germans

have lost that word in their present speech. At least, the simple root is no longer in use, or rather its meaning has become obscured; so much so, that the word *sindflut*, or great flood, was afterwards understood to signify a *sündflut*, or deluge in punishment of the *sins* of man. Such errors of the ear are the frequent source of new conceptions. Hence it was more easy to ingraft the new religious idea about the deluge on an old mythic stem.

The baptismal rite of the Germanic heathens was performed at the birth of a child by sprinkling water over it. When Chlodwig, a king of the Franks, who had become a convert to Christianity, lost a child, he became doubtful for a moment of the truth of his new creed, and bitterly exclaimed, "O that the child had been baptized in the name of my gods! It would never have died!"

The Queen of the Heavens, the Mother of God, of the German heathens, was Freia, or Frigg. Her son Balder, the god of peace, was one of the twelve Asa-gods; Loki, who brought about his death, played the traitor among them. Of Odin, who appears in various incarnations, several miracles are recorded. It was said that he could raise men from death, and make the wind cease, and still the tempest of the sea, and prevent the waves from swamping the ship. In the ninth incantation of the *Runa-tal* he says: —

"For the ninth I know:
If I stand in need
My bark on the water to save,
I can the wind
On the waves allay,
And still the sea."

In the same runic song, Odin says of himself: —

"I know that I hung
On a wind-beaten tree,
Nine whole nights,
With a spear pierced,
And to Odin offered
Myself to myself
On that tree
Of which no one knows
From what root it springs.

"Bread no one gave me,
Nor a horn of drink;
Downward I peered,
To runes applied myself,
Then fell down thence."

At a first glance one would think that there was a trace here of Christian influence on the composition of this part of the Edda; but such is not the opinion of Icelandic and Scandinavian scholars.

The final cataclysm of the universe is preceded, in the "Vala's Prophecy," by a time of horror: —

"an axe age, a sword age,
a wind age, a wolf age,
ere the world sinks.
Brothers shall fight
and slay each other,
the bonds of kinship
be ruthlessly broken."

Even as in Saint Mark it is said: "The brother shall betray the brother to death, and the father the son, and children shall rise up against their parents, and shall cause them to be put to death."

Again, the "Vala's Prophecy," when describing how the very powers in heaven shall be shaken and dissolved, says: —

"The sun darkens;
Earth into ocean sinks;
From Heaven fall
The bright stars";

a passage that comes remarkably close to Saint Mark: "The sun shall be darkened, ... and the stars of heaven shall fall, and the powers that are in heaven shall be shaken."

At last, after the world has been consumed and the great struggle with the Wolf-Beast has been fought out, a golden age begins. "Unsown," says the "Vala's Prophecy," —

"Unsown shall
The fields bring forth;
All will be amended:
Balder shall come!
Höder and Balder,
The heavenly gods,
Hropt's (Odin's) glorious dwellings shall inhabit.

"A hall is standing
Brighter than the sun,
With gold bedecked,
In heaven.
There shall the righteous
People dwell
And forevermore
Happiness enjoy.

"Then comes the Mighty One
To the great Judgment,
The powerful from above,
Who rules over all.
He shall dooms pronounce
And strifes allay,
Holy peace establish
Which shall forever last."

This, again, comes surprisingly close to the last chapter but one in Saint John's Revelation.

Among the symbols of the creed which was to replace the Wodanic circle of myths, the cross stands foremost; yet even the cross had, strange to say, its counterpart in Teutonic mythology. On Scandinavian runic stones the cross is found before the time of the conversion of the Northmen. The hammer of the god of Thunder had the shape of one of the numerous forms of the Christian cross. It is reported that when King Hakon Adalsteinsfostri, the first Christian ruler of Norway, had to drink in honor of Odin before his heathen countrymen, he secretly made the sign of the cross over the cup. On being reproved, it was pretended, by way of explanation, that "he had not made the sign of the cross at all, that it was the sign of the hammer of Thor." To this day, a representation of the hammer of Thunar, or Donar, may be found on the barns and stable doors of some German villages; and in some of the northern, midland, and eastern counties of England, church-bells still bear the same sign, as a magic charm against the tempest.

From the remotest antiquity, crosses have been religious symbols. They are to be seen in the rock-hewn caves and temples of Asia and of Central America; nay, in the very wilds of India, among groups of cairns, dolmen, and cromlechs, where it is supposed they were erected by an aboriginal race,

which had been driven there by the first Aryan invasion, several thousand years before Christ. The Egyptians had the cross as a symbol of immortality. They had a crucified god, too; crucified to the tree that represented his fructifying power. Osiris appears with a cross in his hand. So does Astarte, the Phœnician goddess. So does Shing-moo, the Chinese madonna, who is frequently represented with an infant in her arm. In Buddhist mythology, the cross occurs as an emblem. It is to be found on Etruscan and Pompeiian monuments, and on the most ancient British, Gallic, and Massilian coins. The Celtic races had it. The Druids cut trees in cross-shape, even as the Hebrews seem to have done. The cross, with a circle round or above it, seems to have been a favorite symbol of many nations. In Kamtschatka, Humboldt found pre-Christian crosses. In the British Museum there are now some statues from an island of the South Pacific, which have crosses of the simplest form (in the shape of a T) engraven on their backs.

The points above indicated are of importance, because, when the conversion of the Germanic tribes was effected, the means employed were partly of a forcible kind, partly of a persuasive and even subtle character. There is a letter extant, written by Pope Gregory in the sixth century, which refers to the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons; a letter which has served as a guide, at least in the majority of instances, for the missionary labor among the heathens of Germany. In it Pope Gregory recommends that the sacred places of the pagans should not be destroyed, but be sprinkled over with consecrated water, and then changed into Christian churches, so that the people should be gradually induced, on the places dear to them through old custom, to devote themselves to the service of the true God. The sacrificial meals in honor of the pagan divinities, the Pope said, should be changed into repasts in honor of the holy martyrs. On the *fête*-days of the saints, the people ought to encamp round the churches which had once been pagan temples, forming tents of the branches of trees, slaughtering cattle, and making a sacrificial repast, even as they had been accustomed to do, but invoking at the same time God, and no longer the demons of paganism.

This letter offers a valuable clew. Even now, such a custom as Gregory recommended to be upheld is to be found in Northwestern Germany. Annually the people of the Eifel Mountains flock, on Michaelmas day, to the Michelsberg, formerly a mountain dedicated to the worship of Wodan. One of Wodan's names was "Mickle," — the Great One, — the same word which the Scotch still use; but in the place of this Mickle Wodan a Saint Michael was introduced by the Christian missionaries. Still, on that old sacrificial mountain, the people gather every year in tents formed of the branches and boughs of trees; and when service is over, they remain assembled in the open air, cook meat in large caldrons, and then make a sacrificial repast.

To show how many of those heathen rites survive, partly in Christian garb, partly as mere popular usages and mummeries, would require a second essay. The fires lighted at midsummer time and in other parts of the year are remnants of fire and sun worship. When Jack-in-the-Green dances in the streets of England on May day, this, too, is a remnant of the old Teutonic tree and forest worship. When the reapers in some Bavarian districts have done their harvest work, they bind the stalks together that have remained untouched by the sickle, form a figure of it, with a head and arms rudely fashioned out of a corn-sheaf, and then kneel down before it, offering thanks, and exclaiming, "This is for the Oswald!" Here we have an original Teutonic form of worship in honor of the *Asenwalter*, or ruler of the gods, the all-creative force, who, however, is converted into a saint of the Church, and called "Saint Oswald." And when we hear of a certain personage who in low parlance is called "Old Nick," that term is also reducible to some ancient appellatives of the great god Wodan, who, as the source of the down-pouring streams of rain, was called "Nicor," whose offspring were the nixes, and who also had the name of "Hnikor," that is, the Victor, but who afterwards, when Christianity came in, was turned into a synonyme of the prince of the lower regions.

Such transfigurations and transmutations are most frequent in mythology. Out of them there comes, ever and anon, a fresh crop of figures. Thus the Barbarossa legend,

of which so much has been made in a political sense, is proved, as I have shown elsewhere, to be nothing else than a remnant of the Wodan myth, only clad in strange array. The "Sleeping Deliverer" of Germany has arisen out of a circle of ideas which was simply an ancient Germanic attempt at an explanation of the phenomena of nature. Yes, paradoxical as it may sound, the Emperor who dreams in the mountain cave, who has never died, and who is surrounded by crystal splendor, is but a human transformation of the All-Father Wodan. More than this, the tale of the "Wild Hunter," and of the *Wüthende Heer*, is equally to be traced back to Wodan; and in a great measure the vast and winding currents of that strange myth commingle with the not less fantastic course of the Redbeard legend. Besides, not Barbarossa alone, but other Germanic leaders and heroes also, were "enmountained," if I may say so, by popular fiction. This singular procedure was in direct connection with the decay of Teutonic paganism and the rise of Christianity. In order to wean the people from its heathen creed, the priests themselves did not deny the existence of the pagan divinities, but only degraded them, turning them into nocturnal phantoms or devils, and making the converts abjure them as if those devils had real existence. On their part, the people often changed the dethroned gods and goddesses into dead-alive cave-dwellers of the heroic mould, or into ghastly forms of the subterranean world. Still faithful to the old superstition, and bearing in their hearts the ancient god, though not daring to exhibit him in the light of day, those secret adherents of the decaying creed hid him by preference in a mountain, embalmed him, as it were, put him to sleep, made him dream, and only called him out, in their imagination, at night, or at great distances of time, when he came, so to speak, on an occasional visit.

After a while, all recollection of the original significance of a myth vanished; and as this occurred in an age when there were few books and the art of printing was still unknown, fancy, which is always apt to run wild among the half-cultivated, then felt perfectly free, and easily broke out into the most disordered inventions. In the long evenings, at the fir-wood fire, when light and shadow play hide-and-seek, the

most incredible substitutions and transformations were begotten by an unbridled imagination. Thus Charlemagne, that enemy of the Wodan religion, himself became the substitute of Wodan, and *he* was concealed in an underground palace! Again, later, his place was taken by Frederick of Hohenstaufen, called Barbarossa; the despotic enemy of the people becoming its apparent favorite! In this way, the most opposite notions and tendencies, heathen and Christian, European and Asiatic, religious and political, were combined in inextricable confusion. The forces of nature, gods, heroes, devils, hags, gnomes, and animals were all thrown together in a confused heap, forming a precious broth of witchcraft.

But on looking closely to it, we find that, in the main, it is always the same mythic story, or tale; only, new raiments are ceaselessly woven for it at the ever-whirring loom of time. Extraordinary or even ridiculous as it may sound, there is yet no doubt for the inquirer that Barbarossa in the Kyffhäuser, that the Rodensteiner who dwells in a hill of the Odenwald ("Odin's Wood"), that the Schnellert's Spirit, ay, that the Rat-catcher of Hameln, known to the reader of German literature from Goethe's poem, and that the very sprites of the Christmas time — Knecht Ruprecht, Niklas, and Pelzmärtel — are, after all, the same figure, only in different costumes, and that their prototype is the supreme god of the Teutons.

Through centuries, through thousands of years, the materials of sagas remain essentially the same. The ever-weaving hand of fiction only seeks for new garnish, wherewith to edge, lace, and border out the familiar garment. Fresh colors are added, fresh adornment wrought into it; but its basis remains unchanged. Thus it preserves the charm of time-honored remembrances, and still appears attractive to each succeeding generation. When we look at the old Germanic tale-treasure and endeavor to reduce its contents to the simplest elements, — even as we do with a language, when trying to get at its roots, — we experience a feeling as if seeing, in remote antiquity, lofty trees growing up from a few germs, — trees which, like unto those of the virgin forest, lower their branches earthwards, striking root once more from above; then rise again with firm stem,

spreading their boughs, until at last an impenetrable thicket is created, an entangled, labyrinthine wood, in which tree interlaces and grows out from tree, and the very soil seems gnarled, knotted, and fibrous, while the thick roof of leaves shuts out every ray of light. So it is with sagas and tales. From Asia a forest of popular legends have spread over Europe, which all curiously hold and interlace with each other. Tales which at present have only a place in the nursery, or are yet narrated in a lonely village, — by the side of the spinning-wheel, before the flickering fire, when nature seems entranced in a weird winter sleep, — were once part of glorious hero-sagas, of ambitious religious systems, of heathen creation-stories, of ancient attempts at a philosophical or physical explanation of this wondrous world. That which a superficial half-culture formerly derided as mere boorish nonsense can in this way be followed into Indian or Egyptian antiquity, and sometimes suddenly comes back upon us in the legends of the red-skins on your side of the ocean.

Mythology, the heroic legend, and all folk-lore and fairy-tale matter is engaged in a continuous up-and-down process of development and degeneracy. First, we see the feeble attempts of a people in remote antiquity, trying to account for the world and its working forces. Then, partly by the artistic instinct, partly by a misconception of words, partly by the rise of a priestly caste, which endeavors to use the crude ideas of the mass as a means of power and influence for itself, a series of idols and gods are shaped, which either are supposed to walk on the green earth, to haunt its mountains, fields, and rivers, or which are enthroned in the welkin. With these celestial figures the heroes of this world, raised to the position of demi-gods, are gradually confused, if the gods have not been altogether fashioned out of worshipped human leaders. Later, when the original belief suffers in its influence by the invasion of a new mythic creed, an evolution in an inverse rate takes place. Then fiction no longer spreads upwards, but it descends from the serene and lofty heights to the earth, and even into the regions beneath it. The gods once more become simple heroes, men, nay, even kobolds and spectres. The once powerful figure of Wodan shrinks into an uncommon, or even a

common, emperor or king. It suffers diminution to the extent of being changed into a wild hunter, or a gamekeeper on a lordly demesne; or it turns up, after much variegated masquerading, as a Pelznickel ("Nicholas-in-the-Fur") among the peasant children, whom it terrifies or rewards before Christmas, according to their behavior. In this way, Freia-Holda, the German Venus, becomes simple "Frau Holle," a beautiful witch, or even a spook, and a hag, charming in the face, but similar to a hollow tree from behind. And songs which once may have formed part of religious rites are at last only found in a fragmentary form, apparently devoid of sense, or only with an occasional glimpse of meaning, such as the "Song of the Stork," or song of the *Kindlein's Brunnen* (the Children's Fountain), which children repeat with lisping voices, having heard them when on the mother's or the nurse's knee.

In this way, that which once was revered as heavenly, returns to the earth, is transplanted into field and dale, into caves, nay, even into the kitchen; and a splendid fable of gods ends as an Ashpitel, a Cinderella, who drearily sits at the hearth, shelling peas, despised and ill-used by her sisters, the new religions, until one day the inquirer comes, who, from the delicate slipper, recognizes the sublime beauty, and who raises the soiled tale once more from dust and dirt to its high poetical rank, to its philosophical significance.

To give a typical instance of the manner in which a number of divine and half-divine forms are wrought out from a central idea, as well as of the peculiar transmutation and degeneracy which these fresh forms undergo in course of time, we may take a goddess whose worship has been one of the most extensive in ancient Germany, judging from the numerous traces her *cultus* has left, whilst that of the other Germanic divinities — barring Wodan and Donar — does not, by far, show equally strong vestiges.

The noblest type of our heathen female divinities was Freia-Holda, the goddess of love. She dwells in an enchanted garden, surrounded by the eternal light, holding gentle sway over the sources of life, and scattering beauty and fertility over the earth by her ethereal passage. A strange glow and shim-

mer surrounds her heart-entrancing form. Fragrance arises when she floats by with her suite of blissful maidens. Her abode is in the sunny region, far behind the sea of clouds which hover over us. There, on an ever-blooming meadow, the finest flowers bloom, and the most luscious fruits ripen; crowds of children play in happy innocence; and there, also, the "Fountain of Rejuvenescence" is to be found, — a representation of nature's renovating powers that know of no death. The name of the goddess — Friia, Frea, Freia, or Frikka — signifies the "friendly," the loving, from the Gothic *frijon*, to love; with which *Freund*, friend, and *freien*, to woo, are connected. Friday (*Dies Veneris*) has its appellation from that Teutonic Venus. In the folk-lore of our people she continues to hold a great position, though much transmuted, and though no longer to be identified by her original chief name. It is supposed that such places as Frickenhausen and Frickenhorst were formerly sanctuaries dedicated to her. Many of those places are situated near lakes. In fact, Freia is represented in the myth as dwelling by preference near a lake, under willow-trees, even as Venus Anadyomene arose out of the water of the sea.

In describing the figure and the surroundings of Freia in the few words above given, I have, of course, seized upon her characteristics at a particular point of the development of the sagas referring to her. As mythology is engaged in a continuous up-and-down process of growth and degeneracy, it is necessary, for plastic purposes, to choose a special period, most favorable to the setting forth of a clear image. The gods of Greece, who appear so eminently distinct and rounded off, have also had their time of floating nebulousness; and it is owing to the graphic delineation in which poets naturally delight, that from mere shadowy symbols of physical phenomena they grew into the form which painters and sculptors were afterwards able to set before the eye. So Freia also was but gradually condensed, — if that is not a word rather inapplicable to her delicate figure; the idea originally underlying it being the same as that from which the figure of Wodan was procreated. She is, indeed, at first, simply the female form of Wodan, or Woden; hence we find her, in one of her many celestial in-

carnations, as Frau Goden, or Gauden; the change of the "w" into the "g" being, as need scarcely be remarked, of most frequent occurrence.

When our forefathers wandered forth from their home in Central Asia, they brought with them, into what is now Germany, that worship of the forces of nature, which is also the substratum of the ancient Vedic religion. Light, warmth, the nourishing rain that pours upon the earth, were to them subjects of wonder and adoration. In the darker climate of Northern Europe, this form of worship necessarily assumed a sombre hue: the sunlit heads of the *Vanen*, or gods of light, disappear, and Wodan, the storm-god, who chases through the air in the roaring tempest, comes to the foreground. The cloud-specked sky of the country in which the Germanic branch of the Aryan race had found a new home, now mirrored itself in the religion of that immigrant people. I will not here go into the question of the derivation of Wodan's name, whether it signifies the quick-going,* the storming, the raging; or whether an explanation is to be supplied from a root referring to the creating force. Nor will I allude more specially to the alleged connection of Wodan with the name of Buddha, the reformer of the Vedic creed. It is sufficient for the present purpose to state that the Teutonic All-Father, who pervades the world, originally simply signified the wind, in its purifying and its destructive quality. Sometimes he also served as a symbol of the cloud-covered sky itself, or in a more refined form of the starry firmament. All the attributes with which he appears when the myth has assumed a more definite shape, point to this quality of his as Lord of the air. The ancient god careers along on a milk-white horse, from whose nostrils fire issues; a wide, flowing mantle flutters about his shoulders; a broad hat covers his hoary head. The horse is considered a symbol of the drifting cloud. The wide mantle equally typifies the cloud-specked sky. The hat, even, is thought to be a representation of the cloudy cover of the earth.

Now, Freia-Holda, or Goden, Wodan's female form, at first makes her appearance as the Lady of the Air, the wife of the

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* From Old Saxon, *wadan;* Old Norse, *vadha;* Old High German, *watan.*

Storm-god, who chases her through the sky. She is the cloud, driven along by the wind. Occasionally she is surrounded by other female forms, also representing clouds which career along; and these are said to change now and then into horses. This myth brings to recollection the corresponding Indian legend, which says that the goddess of the Storm-cloud flies in the guise of a mare before the embrace of the Ruler of the Air. The clouds are regarded as women, because they nourish the earth, the rain being conceived as the milk of heaven; whence the clouds are also, in an earlier stage of mythological formation, looked upon as cows from whose udders the fertilizing liquid pours down. It will presently be seen how these cows, cloud-horses, or cloud-women, which form the retinue of the goddess of the Air, are, together with her, refined in course of time, until we get, out of them, a charming bevy of figures representing loveliness, fertility, benevolence, and kindly feeling, with a halo of beauty thrown round the whole.

But before going over to that more attractive picture, we have yet to look upon another feature of Freia's original character, as the wife of the Storm-god. Wodan, the ruler of the sky and the winds, has the additional attribute of a leader and marshal of the dead, who conducts the spirits of the departed through the air to the heavenly abode, the Walhalla. This attribute of his evidently furnished the Romans with the point of comparison, when they likened our Wodan to their own Mercury. Both held the office of guides to the other world; Mercury being, on that account, called Psychopompos. The notion of our forefathers was that the souls departed like a breeze in the air. The Storm-god, therefore, was their natural conductor. Now, in her original shape, Goden-Freia also is the queen of the winds, the clouds, and of the lightning rays; and she sits entranced, in company with the souls, in a glistening cloud-castle, from where she now and then issues, to make a procession through the world, even as Wodan does. The obvious meaning of this myth is, that the storm, or, in more plastic form, the Storm-god, sleeps in the clouds, and that ever and anon it awakens, when it recommences its roaring march through the universe. Gradually Wodan, the ruler

of the winds and the leader of the army of the dead, who leaves his cloud-castle only at times, sitting during the remainder in a kind of trance in his *Wolkenburg* or *Wolkenberg*,* is converted into a great army-leader, or warrior king, or even a wild hunter, who sleeps and dreams in a mountain, where he bides his time, or from which he occasionally breaks forth. In this way, the legend of the *Wüthende Heer* and of the *Wilde Jäger* has arisen. The *Wüthende Heer* is simply Wuotan's army, the nocturnal phantom passage of the departed. When in the memory of the masses, all recollection of the root and origin of the words that were connected with the early pagan creed had died out, a misconception easily took place. That which seemed now senseless was supplied with a new meaning by a transmutation to which the tongue and the ear quickly accustomed themselves; and so the hosts of the quick-going, raging Storm-god Wodan became a *wüthendes Heer*, whose natural chieftain seemed to be a wild hunter.

Even so it was with Goden-Freia. At first herself chased by Wodan, she, in her turn, becomes a wild huntress, after having passed through the intermediate stage of a leader of the departed souls. In her quality of a wild huntress, she is represented as extremely vindictive against disbelievers, doubters, and scoffers. The same was said of the male form of the wild hunter. Perhaps this attribute of revengefulness was conferred upon both of those who struggled for the preservation of the Wodanic creed against the encroachments and the triumph of Christianity.

Remnants of the worship of Goden-Freia as the conductor of the souls of the departed may even now be found in the children's games of various parts of Germany. Those games are in many respects a valuable source for filling up the flaws that exist in our knowledge of ancient Germanic mythology, though it is often difficult to get at the real meaning of such disjointed fragments of early religious rites which have found a last refuge in the nursery and in the world of children, where necessarily they have been much disfigured in course of time by absurd additions. However, the game of "Frau-Goda," or,

* *Burg* and *berg* (castle and mountain) come from the same root.

as she is called in Eastern Prussia, *ole moder Türsche*,* that is, Old Mother Sorceress, is yet recognizable enough. A girl, as Frau-Goda, squats down on the ground; a number of children, representing souls, place themselves on her lap. Another girl, representing a woman with a limping foot, comes to fetch them away, one after the other; which is done with some difficulty. The game is ended in various ways in different parts of Germany; but there can be no doubt of its meaning. Goda-Freia has the hosts of souls in her charge, either in her quality as the leader of the departed to their resting-place, or, — as will presently be shown, — in the complementary quality of a custodian of the souls that yet await their embodiment in the flesh. The limping woman, therefore, may either mean the slowly, but surely, coming death; or she may typify the transformation of the pre-existing souls, that had dwelt blissfully with Freia, into an imperfect earthly condition. I will only add that the game alluded to is sometimes finished in this way: the goddess, deprived of all her children, goes forth to revisit them. Thereupon the latter, suddenly changed into dogs, utter the sounds and make the gestures of enraged animals bent upon tearing a prey into pieces. The dogs represent the roaring winds by which Freia, the goddess of the Clouds, is surrounded. The Cloud, on meeting the Wind, is torn, or dispersed. In more plastic shape, Goden-Freia is torn by her own transformed children, the dogs.

Gradually, the stern image of the goddess of the storm, the conductress of the departed souls, and of the *wilde Jägerin*, melts into softer conceptions. Thus we have a tale of Wodan's consort, clad in a white, waving robe, wandering about, with tears and wails, over hill and dale, in quest of her lost husband. Scarcely has she found him, when she loses him once more, and must recommence her painful journey. The goddess in the white, waving robe is no longer a representative of the dark, swift-travelling storm-cloud, but of the fleecy, bright-colored welkin, which in German, as in English, are called "lambs." She dwells in a sphere of light; a glittering necklace adorns her; she is surrounded by swan-maidens. The

* *Türsche*, contraction of *Töwersche-zaubrerin*.

cows, cloud-horses, or cloud-women, that formerly constituted her suite, are thus changed into more pleasing images. The milk-white swan-maidens are the fleecy cloudlets in the cerulean sky.

Having assumed a more benevolent, as it were humanized, shape, Freia now comes nearer to mankind: she descends to the earth, scattering fruitfulness over it, and conferring benefits on the good and the industrious. Together with her sister, Volla, and other deities, we find her as a healing goddess. (See the "Merseburg Incantation," where she helps in curing the lamed horse of Balder.) Her powers of healing, of fruitfulness, of beneficence, gradually bring her up to the position of a kindly, creative, all-nourishing force. Therefore, when the harvest is gathered in, the last stalks of corn, which have remained untouched by the sickle, are sometimes tied into a rude imitation of a female figure; and the mowers kneel down before it, offering thanks and prayers, even as is still done in some parts of Bavaria, as before stated, in honor of an alleged "Saint Oswald," who has his name from a word signifying the ruler of the gods.

In the tale of *Frau Holda*, — which is but one of the appellatives of Freia, that has gradually grown into a distinct figure, — we find the goddess merging from general benevolence and kindliness into a representative of love, whilst she retains in the main some of her former characteristics. She is again clad in a white, flowing robe; a veil covers her face; her figure is that of a woman of transcendent beauty. Long, golden locks stream from her head; her body is snow-white; she has something of the Aphroditean type. On her forehead a tangled ringlet of hair is observable. Rudra, the Indian storm-god, had the same; the tangled curl typifies the scattered streaks of clouds. In her representation as Holda, the goddess still remains the source of rain and of snow; but the images adapted to that quality of hers bear now a more refined, or a more home-like, human aspect. She ascends a mountain with a golden, bottomless bucket, from which the fertilizing liquid pours down upon the earth. Or people say, when it snows, "Frau Holle spreads her white mantle"; or, "She throws out her bed-feathers." To liken snow to feathers is an

ancient image, which we recognize in that passage of Herodotus where he reports that the Scythians declare the northern region inaccessible, because it is filled with feathers.

Not of rain and snow only is Frau Holda the source; she is also the goddess of the warming sun. On her own day, on Friday (Freia's day), a clear sky is always expected, even though it has rained the whole week; for then Frau Holda must dry her veil on her own Sunday. That veil she spreads over rose-boughs and willow-trees, which are sacred to her. It may be remarked here that Friday, in popular superstition generally assumed to be an unlucky day, is yet, in some parts of Scotland, and, if I do not much mistake, also in some parts of Germany, even now pre-eminently the marriage-day, the day of wedding-feasts. Freia on that day was supposed to preside as an auspicious deity over this confirmation of love. There can scarcely be a doubt that the almost invincible tenacity with which the people held to the worship of this Germanic Venus is the very reason why her day was declared by Christian missionaries to be an unlucky one. The explanation usually given of "the unluckiness of everything that is commenced on a Friday," must be regarded as a fiction calculated to wean people from a heathen tradition which could not even be fully vanquished by clever adaptations.

On the Aphroditean myth of Freia-Holda, the saga of the *Venusberg* and of Tannhäuser, the amorous knight, is evidently founded. The goddess of love, in this tale, has her abode in a mountain grotto. From her heavenly *burg* she is, by a transition of which we have before spoken, transplanted into the subterranean cave of a *berg*. Tannhäuser clearly signifies the struggle going on between the two creeds, — that of enjoyment and that of abnegation. Characteristically enough, the well-known poem ends with Tannhäuser, who had been at Rome to obtain absolution by the Pope, falling off from the worship of "Maria the pure virgin," and returning once more to "Frau Venusinne" and her joyous surroundings.

The goddess of love, Holda or Holle, is in many myths represented as dwelling in a beautiful garden, filled with fragrant flowers and luscious fruits. It is situated in a sunny region beneath the waters of a well; that is, in the clear ether

behind the clouds. Sometimes the garden, or meadow, is also placed in the interior of a mountain; it being a peculiarity in the formation of myths that that which originally had been placed in the skies is in course of time charmed down to the earth, whilst that which had been on the earth is gradually spirited away into cloud-land. In the garden, or on the meadow, where Frau Holda reigns, children play amidst flowers and bushes; from the chalice of blossoms they, fairy-like, sip honey. They are the souls of the unborn whom corporeal embodiment yet awaits. Here we meet one of those truly Germanic myths in which, to speak with Luther, "the mystery of grief that underlies all human things" is blended with an ineffable charm. The spiritualist and the naturalist creeds are here strangely intertwined, showing the same inseparability as the corresponding phenomena of actual life.

Freia-Holda, formerly but the leader of the departed souls, is now also the guardian of spirits in pre-existence, which have the form of children. She still receives the souls of the departed, but she changes them back into children's souls. It is the doctrine of a continual transformation and rejuvenation of all eartly things and living forms. In the guise of a crude tale we have here a philosophical or scientific tenet. The idea of such rejuvenescence was represented by the *Jungbrunnen* or *Quickborn;* that is, the fountain of youth or of life, in which old men and cripples are recast; whilst the idea of the embodiment of the unborn was typified in the *Kindleins-Brunnen*, which plays still so great a part in the nursery, in answer to inquisitive youngsters. And lest it might be thought that this latter notion simply arose out of the necessity of silencing precocious inquirers by a harmless joke, it will be useful to mention that actual wells and pumps, covered over by some structure, have from early times been consecrated, under the name of *Kindleins-Brunnen*, to the idea of fecundity. The Roman Catholic Church, in all probability, took possession, in this case also, of places of ancient heathen worship, and baptized them with a new name. Wells sacred to Freia-Holda, the guardian of the unborn, were thus dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Women that drank the water of such a well

were promised fecundity. There is an authenticated instance of such a consecration of an ancient *Gulckbrunnen*, at Dresden, by a bishop, Johann von Saalhausen, in the year 1512, when a new chapel was built over the well, on account of the great concourse of women flocking thither. The well was dedicated to the "Holy and Chaste Virgin Mary." On the top of the structure is a weather-vane in the shape of a stork, who in his beak, as well as in one of his claws, bears a baby in swaddling-clothes.

The Virgin Mary has been shown, in this instance, to be only the substitute of the Germanic goddess of love. Hence, when the children of our country sing even now,

> "Mutter Gottes thut Wasser tragen,
> Mit goldenen Kannen,
> Aus dem goldenen Brünnele:
> Da liegen viel' drinne.
> Sie legt sie auf die Kissen,
> Und thut sie schön wiegen
> Auf der goldenen Stiegen,"

they repeat in apparently Christian form, that which once was, no doubt, part of some pagan hymn. As to the stork, who is still considered, in the world of children, to be the bringer of the new-born, his ancient appellation of *Adebar*, or *Odebar*, — bearer of children, bearer of souls, — shows that from times immemorial he has symbolized the arrival of new citizens of this earth. The question arises, why that bird should have been especially chosen for that object. The explanation is, that the stork, on account of the color of his legs, is ranked among those sacred flying creatures which are considered "carriers of lightning," representatives of the electric flash that shoots from the sky to the earth. Now, in ancient creed, the soul, regarded as a breath of air, was supposed to descend to the earth in the flashes of lightning. The stork, with his legs of fiery red, is therefore at the same time the bringer of the souls of children embodied in the flesh, and the averter of lightning from the dwellings of man, provided man protects that sacred bird. A house on which the storks breed is considered safe from the danger of a conflagration. A cart-wheel laid on the roof, for the more convenient formation of

the nest by the storks, is looked upon as a kind of amulet. The cart-wheel is the image of the "sun-wheel," in which, according to an ancient notion, the lightning-spark was first struck. To kill a stork is a means of attracting the fire of heaven to the house of the offender. These superstitions exhibit the curious intermixture of ideas apparently without connection: a similar confusion and intricacy is observable in a great number of other myths.

I may add that the lady-bird — so called, because it was first sacred to Freia, and then dedicated to the Virgin Mary — is also among the creatures which are considered carriers of lightning. The red color of that insect is, of course, equally the point of comparison. The present German name of the lady-bird is *Marien-Käfer*, or *Herrgotts-Käfer*, which shows the transfer — a not unfrequent one in the development of myths — of the worship from the female to the male divinity. In some German countries, the lady-bird is called "sun-calf," or "sun-chicken," which brings us back at once to the idea of fire and light. At the same time, the lady-bird is supposed, even as the stork, to bring the children from heaven to earth; whence, in Suabian dialect, the children's song,

> "Herrgotts-Moggela! flieg auf,
> Flieg' mir in den Himmel 'nauf!
> Bring a goldis Schüssela runter,
> Und a goldis Wickelkindla drunter!"

Among English children, too, a remnant of such ancient folk-lore has been preserved in the song,

> "Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
> Your house is on fire, your children at home!"

The "house on fire" is the sunlit abode of Freia, "our lady." The "children at home," whom the lady-bird is to fetch, are the unborn that are expected on earth. But not birds and insects alone are mixed up with the ideas of lightning and at the same time of fecundity; for the mountain-ash, on account of its red berries, and the hazelnut-tree, which also bears fruit with a reddish shell, are similarly regarded as representatives of the electric flash. The latter tree is used even now as a symbol of fecundity in the marriage rites of the

peasantry of some German provinces. The messenger who brings the invitation to the wedding-feast carries a twig of the hazelnut. In other provinces, hazelnuts are thrown after the newly married couple.

From Freia-Holda to the prosaic hazelnut seems a long step. Let us return, therefore, to the more poetic conceptions of the myth. Among the Franconian population there is a tale about Holda, or Holle, sitting in the moonlight, — when the vines are in the bloom, and hill and dale are filled with fragrance, — on a rock, clad in a white, shining robe, and singing lays which make the heart melt. Here we have the figure of the goddess of love and of fertility faintly, but delicately, preserved in one of the most pleasing images; but already she approaches the character of a weird sorceress. The children are warned against listening to the songs of the beautiful witch. They are told to say their *Pater nosters* when they hear her enchanting voice, lest they should have to remain with her, in the wood, until the day of judgment. The character of Holda here approaches the type of the "Venusinne." Her fascination borders even upon violence: the tale has a strong admixture of the demoniacal element.

The rock on which the nocturnal sorceress sits, bears the name of *Hulli-Stein*, — Holda's Stone. But, by a misconception of the ear, it is now supposed to mean a *hollow* stone; and the myth which always lays hold of misconceived words for the purpose of spinning out a new yarn of the tale, now relates that Holda has sat on the rock, where she moans after her lost husband, so long as to have hollowed out the stone! Trees dedicated to Holda, and therefore called *Hollenbaum*, become, by a similar process, hollow trees. Out of hollow trees children are said to come, even as they come from the *Kindleins-Brunnen.* The "hollow" tree here stands again as a symbol of "Holda," with whom the unborn dwell. At last, the goddess herself becomes hollow, though she still preserves her enchanting face.

Another attribute, or surname, of Freia was Perahta, the Shining One. The root of this word is the same as that of πῦρ, and of the German *feuer*, fire. Now, even as Freia, the wife of Woden, or Goden, became Frau Goden, even as her

attribute of Holda (the charming) gave rise to a special goddess of that name, so also the attribute of "shining" was converted, individualized, into a witch, called Perahta, or Bertha. As such we find her in the folk-lore of German Austria, Bavaria, Suabia, and Alsace, — all through the south of Germany. Remarkably enough, Bertha is sometimes conceived as a cloud-woman, in the shape of a cow; sometimes also merely as clad in a cowhide. Here we find the trace of the earliest cloud and sky worship in a fairy figure otherwise belonging to the later period of decay. A spiritual retinue are said to accompany Bertha; they are called *Heimchen*. They represent the souls of the unborn. True to the original character of Freia-Holda, Bertha is a protectress of cradles against nocturnal lemures and evil spirits, named *Trudl* and *Nachtahndl*. In the Tyrol, Bertha, or Perchta, is mixed up with the Christian legend. She is said to have been the wife of Pontius Pilate, and to have become a convert to Christianity after the crucifixion of the Saviour. But in her quality as a protecting angel of those children who have died before baptism, we once more recognize a trait of the ancient pagan goddess of love.

In Franconia, there is a fairy figure, called *Eisenbertha*, or the Iron Bertha. She appears in a cowhide, with horns on her head. It is the old corruption of the cloud-cow, the rain-giver, the fertilizer, — the earliest idea of Freia. The "iron" Bertha has arisen from a misunderstood word, which originally had the same meaning as Bertha. In Gothic, *eiso* (in Middle German, *ise*) also signified "shining." *Eisenbertha* is therefore a tautology, even as, for instance, *Donaufluss* (the river Danube) is a triple tautology; *don*, *au*, and *fluss*, all signifying "river." But this tautology led, in the case of Bertha, to droll errors; thus we find in Luther's writings a "Bertha with the iron nose." This Bertha with the iron nose is then very properly converted into a wintry goddess, who runs about with dishevelled hair. In this latter characteristic there is once more a trait of the early notion of a storm-goddess Freia, on whose forehead hung a dishevelled lock of hair.

There are many more transformations of this divinity. In some parts of Saxony, the appellation of "Hera," which Freia

also had, was changed into a special fairy figure, sometimes conceived under the form of a snow-white dove that wings its way through the air. The snow-white garb of the goddess of the silvery clouds, the goddess of love, is here transfigured into a bird which represents innocence and love. In another tale, Holda, or Holle, or Wolle, is represented as spinning wool. In her quality as bringer of fertility she was, in early mythic conception, a goddess of agriculture, and more especially a protectress of the culture of flax. The name of Holle being misunderstood as "Wolle" (which in German means wool), gave rise to the myth just mentioned. So also, from her designation as "Mother Holle," or *Haulemutter*, there arose, through a misunderstanding, the idea of her being a "howling" or wailing woman. But in this, again, there is a trace of the early notion of Freia as a goddess of the storm. Then we have another figure evolved out of Freia, in the shape of "Mother Rose," who still plays her part in German children's games. *Hrôdsa*, the bearer of glory, was a cognomen of Wodan's wife; out of *Hrôdsa* came Mother "Rose." Then we have a fairy form, called Stempe or Stampa, who appears partly in the shape of a horse, but has much of the qualities of Holda and Bertha. The horsy appearance, which is also observable in the "stamping" sound of the name of that witch, is traceable to the early conception of Holda as a cloud-horse. A more pleasing and tender recollection of the reign of Holda is an appellation given to the milky-way on the firmament. *Frau Hilden-Strasse*, in Dutch *Vronelden-Straet*, is the street of Holda, the milky-way being regarded as the path of the souls which they take on departing this life.

The *weisse Frau*, the White Woman, who at times appears at night in royal palaces, and who typifies the ancestress of the house, is equally traceable to Holda, the mother of all life. In each special case, her figure is of course loaded with historical or pseudo-historical characteristics, so as to render her fit for her particular part. Again, Holda is transformed, in the Barbarossa legend, into a handmaiden of the enmountained emperor. And no wonder; for even as Barbarossa is only the wraith of the ancient Germanic god, even as his fellow-champions, and the horses and wild boars that are with them,

are a sort of subterranean *fata morgana* of ancient Walhalla, so also Holda, Wodan's consort, is naturally changed into the helpmate of the cave-dwelling warrior. The Holda myth, in this particular form, retains many characteristics of the tale of the Wild Huntress. On the other hand, it has also affinities with the Aphroditean aspect of the Freia saga; for when Barbarossa's handmaiden leaves the mountain, she is preceded by an old man, the trusty Eckhart, who has a long beard, and bears a white staff, and tells people to get out of the way of his mistress. This trusty Eckhart we find again, in the Tannhäuser legend, at the entrance of the Venusberg. He forms a link between the most ancient circle of Wodanic myths and their later transformations.

Like Freia, the other divinities of the Germanic Asgard have left their vestiges in numerous figures of the fairy and kobold world. The tales of the German and Scandinavian peasantry are still full of them; and they may be found, in strange disguises, even in Scotland, nay, in France, in Italy, in Spain, wherever, in fact, Germanic tribes have penetrated. Incantations, of an originally heathen character, are in use to this day. In Robert Chambers's "Fireside Stories" it is reported from Scotland that "when a person has received a sprain, it is customary to apply to an individual practised in casting the wresting-thread. This is a thread spun from black wool, on which are cast nine knots, and tied round a sprained leg or arm. During the time the operator is putting the thread round the affected limb, he says, but in such a tone of voice as not to be heard by the bystanders, nor even by the person operated upon: —

"The lord rade,
and the foal slade;
he lighted,
and he righted,
set joint to joint,
bone to bone,
and sinew to sinew:
heal in the Holy Ghost's name!"

The same incantation, in almost identical terms, is used in Norway, where, instead of the Lord, the name of Jesus is used. In Sweden, however, "Oden" Odin or Wodan, takes his

place. Now, any one comparing the above with the famous Merseburg incantation, which is one of the earliest remnants of the old German language, will find that the Scotch sorcerer's say, which Roberts Chambers cited as being still in use, is almost literally the same as that ancient heathen charmer's charm which begins with the words: —

"Phol ende Wodan
vuoran zi holza."

Truly, a remarkable instance of the tenacity of rites and ceremonies, dating back to gray pagan antiquity!

The ideas, the language, the every-day customs of the masses in Europe, continue to bear, unknown to them, the imprint of early paganism. We shall certainly not lose anything if, by studying the mythology of our Germanic forefathers, we are enabled to restore an original meaning even to the apparently absurd phrases which daily strike our ear. But the greatest gain will be if, in this way, we can pour light over the dark world of superstition, enlarge the domain of reason, and by placing full knowledge within universal reach, take out from people's minds that sharp bitterness of sectarian fanaticism which is one of the worst impediments of progress. If, at the same time, a new poetical enjoyment can be offered to large intellectual classes, who have hitherto failed to know the rugged grandeur and the delicate charms of the ancient Teutonic creed, the gain becomes only the more valuable; and we owe additional thanks to those earnest workers who have brought together stone by stone, broken column after column, out of which we can once more rebuild, before our mind's eye, the lofty and noble hall of the Germanic world of gods.

KARL BLIND.

Art. III. — Niccolini's Anti-Papal Tragedy.

As readers of Italian history know, the school of Romantic poets and novelists which flourished at Milan during the first quarter of the century, and of which Manzoni, Pellico, and Grossi are the principal names that remain to us, was practically dispersed by the Austrian police after the Carbonari disturbances in 1821–22, and the literary spirit of the nation took refuge under the mild and careless despotism of the grand dukes at Florence.

In 1821 Austria was mistress of pretty near all Italy. She held in her own grasp the vast provinces of Lombardy and Venetia; she had garrisons in Naples, Piedmont, and the Romagna; and Rome was ruled according to her will. But there is always something fatally defective in the vigilance of a policeman; and in the very place which perhaps Austria thought it quite needless to guard, the restless and indomitable spirit of free thought entered. It was in Tuscany, a fief of the Holy Roman Empire, reigned over by a family set on the grand-ducal throne by Austria herself, and united to her Hapsburgs by many ties of blood and affection, — in Tuscany, right under both noses of the double headed eagle, as it were, that a new literary and political life began for Italy. The Leopoldine code was famously mild towards criminals, and the Lorainese princes did not show themselves crueler than they could help towards poets, essayists, historians, philologists, and that class of malefactors. Indeed, it was the philosophy of their family to let matters alone; and the grand duke restored after the fall of Napoleon was, as has been said, an absolute monarch, but he was also an honest man. This *galantuomo* had even a minister who successfully combated the Austrian influences, and so, though there were of course spies and a censorship in Florence, there was also indulgence; and if it was not altogether a pleasant place for literary men to live, it was at least tolerable, and there they gathered from their exile and their silence throughout Italy. Their point of union, and their means of affecting the popular mind, was for twelve years the critical journal entitled the *Antologia*, founded by that Vieus-

seux who also opened those delightful and beneficent reading-rooms whither we all rush, as soon as we reach Florence, to look at the newspapers and magazines of our native land. The *Antologia* had at last the misfortune to offend the Emperor of Russia, and to do that prince a pleasure, the Tuscan government suppressed it: such being the international amenities when sovereigns really reigned in Europe. After the *Antologia* there came another review, published at Leghorn, but it was not so successful, and in fact the conditions of literature gradually grew more irksome in Tuscany, until the violent liberation came in '48, and a little later the violent re-enslavement.

Giambattista Niccolini, like nearly all the poets of his time and country, was of noble birth, his father being a *cavaliere*, and holding a small government office at San Giuliano, near Pistoja. Here, in 1782, Niccolini was born to very decided penury. His father had only that little office, and his income died with him; the mother had nothing, — possibly because she was descended from a poet, that famous Filicaja, namely, whose tender sigh over the weakness and the ill-starred beauty of his country, —

"Oh, fossi tu men bella, od almen piu forte!" —

is about the only breath of nature and of poetry that has reached us from the whole thirteen hundred poets of the famous Arcadian folds. From his mother, doubtless, Niccolini inherited his genius, and perhaps his patriotism. But little or nothing is known of his early life. It is certain, merely, that after leaving school, he continued his studies in the University of Pisa, and that he very soon showed himself a poet. His first published effort was a sort of lamentation over an epidemic that desolated Tuscany in 1804, and this was followed by five or six pretty thoroughly forgotten tragedies in the classic or Alfierian manner. Of these, only the *Medea* is still played, but they all made a stir in their time; and for one he was crowned by the Accademia della Crusca, which we suppose does not mean a great deal. The fact that Niccolini early caught the attention and won the praises of Ugo Foscolo is more important. There grew up, indeed, between the two poets such esteem that the elder at this time dedicated one of his books to the younger, and their friendship continued through life.

When Elisa Bonaparte was made queen of Etruria by Napoleon, Niccolini became secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, and professor of history and mythology. It is said that in the latter capacity he instilled into his hearers his own notions of liberty and civic virtue. He was, in truth, a democrat, and he suffered with the other Jacobins, as they were called in Italy, when the Napoleonic governments were overthrown. The benefits which the French Revolution conferred upon the people of their conquered provinces when not very doubtful were still such as they were not prepared to receive; and after the withdrawal of the French support, all the Italians through whom they had ruled fell a prey to the popular hate and contumely. In those days when dynasties, restored to their thrones after the lapse of a score of years, ignored the intervening period and treated all its events as if they had no bearing upon the future, it was thought the part of the true friends of order to resume the old fashions which went out with the old *régime*. The queue, or pigtail, had always been worn when it was safe to wear it by the supporters of religion and good government, (from this fashion came the famous political nickname *codino*, pigtail-wearer, or conservative, which occurs so often in Italian talk and literature,) and now whoever appeared on the street without this emblem of loyalty and piety was in danger of public outrage. A great many Jacobins bowed their heads to the popular will, and had pigtails sewed on them,—a device which the idle boys and unemployed friends of monarchy busied themselves in detecting. They laid rude hands on this ornament, singing,

> "If the queue remains in your hand,
> A true republican is he;
> Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
> Give him a kick for liberty."

And it is related that the superficial and occasional character of Niccolini's conservatism was discovered by this test, and that he underwent the apposite penalty. He rebelled against the treatment he received, and was arrested and imprisoned for his contumacy. When Ferdinando III. had returned and established his government on the let-alone principle to which we have alluded, the dramatist was made librarian of the Pal-

atine Library at the Pitti Palace, but he could not endure the necessary attendance at court, where his politics were remembered against him by the jibing courtiers, and he gave up the place. The grand duke was sorry, and said so, adding that he was perfectly contented. "Your Highness," answered the poet, "in this case it takes two to be contented."

The first political tragedy of Niccolini was the "Nebuchadnezzar," which was printed in London in 1819, and figured, under that Scriptural disguise, the career of Napoleon. After that came his "Antonio Foscarini," in which the poet, who had heretofore been a classicist, tried to reconcile that school with the romantic by violating the sacred unities in a moderate manner. In his subsequent tragedies he seems not to have regarded them at all, and to have been as romantic as the most romantic Lombard of them all could have asked. Of course, his defection gave exquisite pain to the lovers of Italian good taste, as the classicists called themselves, but these were finally silenced by the success of his tragedy. The reader of it nowadays, we suspect, will think its success not very expensively achieved, and it certainly has a main fault that makes it strangely disagreeable. When the past was chiefly the affair of fable, the storehouse of tradition, it was well enough for the poet to take historical events and figures, and fashion them in any way that served his purpose; but this will not do in our modern daylight, where a freedom with the truth is an offence against common knowledge, and does not charm the fancy, but painfully bewilders it at the best, and at the second best is impudent and ludicrous. In his tragedy, Niccolini takes two very familiar incidents of Venetian history: that of the Foscari, which Byron has used; and that of Antonio Foscarini, who was unjustly hanged more than a hundred years later for privity to a conspiracy against the state, whereas the attributive crime of Jacopo Foscari was the assassination of a fellow-patrician. The poet is then forced to make the Doge Foscari do duty throughout as the father of Foscarini, the only doge of whose name served out his term very peaceably, and died the author of an extremely dull official history of Venetian literature. Foscarini, who, up to the time of his hanging, was an honored servant of the state, and had been ambassador to France, is

obliged, on his part, to undergo all of Jacopo Foscari's troubles; and we have not been able to see why the poet should have vexed himself to make all this confusion, and why the story of the Foscari was not sufficient for his purpose. In the tragedy there is much denunciation of the oligarchic oppression of the Ten in Venice, and it may be regarded as the first of Niccolini's dramatic appeals to the love of freedom and the manhood of the Italians. It has not a perfection of form, nor particular beauties of expression or character, that would commend it to our taste, and we relegate the fact of its success to that large number of mysteries concerning the Italians which we hope to have explained in another life.

It is much easier to understand the success of Niccolini's subsequent drama, *Lodovico il Moro*, which is in many respects a touching and effective tragedy, and the historical truth is better observed in it; though, as none of our race can ever love his country with that passionate and personal devotion which the Italians feel, — as we Americans especially are seldom able to symbolize our republic, and in our tenderest moments perhaps think of it as Uncle Sam, — we shall never relish the high patriotic flavor of the piece. The story is simply that of Giovan-Galeazzo Sforza, Duke of Milan, whose uncle, Lodovico, on pretence of relieving him of the cares of government, has usurped the sovereignty, and keeps Galeazzo and his wife in virtual imprisonment, the young duke wasting away with a slow but fatal malady. To further his ambitious schemes in Lombardy, Lodovico has called in Charles VIII. of France, who claims the crown of Naples against the Aragonese family, and pauses, on his way to Naples, at Milan. Isabella, wife of Galeazzo, appeals to Charles to liberate them, but reaches his presence in such an irregular way that she is suspected of treason both to her husband and to Charles. Yet the king is convinced of her innocence, and he places the sick duke under the protection of a French garrison, and continues his march on Naples. Lodovico has appeared to consent, but by seeming to favor the popular leaders has procured the citizens to insist upon his remaining in power; he has also secretly received the investiture from the Emperor of Germany, to be published upon the death of Galeazzo. He now, therefore, defies the French;

Galeazzo, tormented by alternate hope and despair, dies suddenly; and Lodovico, throwing off the mask of a popular ruler, puts the republican leaders to death, and reigns the feudatory of the Emperor. The interest of the play is almost entirely political, and patriotism is the chief passion involved. The main personal attraction of the tragedy is in the love of Galeazzo and his wife, and in the character of the latter the dreamy languor of a hopeless invalid is delicately painted.

The *Giovanni da Procida* was a further advance in political literature. In this tragedy, abandoning the indirectly liberal teachings of the Foscarini, Niccolini set himself to the purpose of awakening a Tuscan hatred of foreign rule. The subject is the expulsion of the French from Sicily; and when the French ambassador complained to the Austrian that such a play should be tolerated by the Tuscan government, the Austrian answered, "The address is to the French, but the letter is for the Germans." The *Giovanni da Procida* was a further development of Niccolini's political purposes in literature, and at the time of its first representation it raised the Florentines to a frenzy of theatre-going patriotism. The tragedy ends with the terrible Sicilian Vespers, but its main affair is with preceding events, largely imagined by the poet, and the persons are in great part fictitious; yet they all bear a certain relation to fact, and the historical persons are more or less historically painted. Giovanni da Procida, a great Sicilian nobleman, believed dead by the French, comes home to Palermo after long exile to stir up the Sicilians to rebellion, and finds that his daughter is married to the son of one of the French rulers, though neither this daughter Imelda, nor her husband Tancredi, knew the origin of the latter at the time of their marriage. Procida, in his all-absorbing hate of the oppressors, cannot forgive them; yet he seizes Tancredi, and imprisons him in his castle, in order to save his life from the impending massacre of the French; and in a scene with Imelda, he tells her that, while she was a babe, the father of Tancredi had abducted her mother and had carried her to France. Years after, she returned heart-broken to die in her husband's arms, a secret which she tries to reveal perishing with her. While Imelda remains horror-struck by this history, Procida receives an in-

tercepted letter from Eriberto, Tancredi's father, in which he tells the young man that he and Imelda are children of the same mother. Procida in pity of his daughter, the victim of this awful fatality, prepares to send her away to a convent in Pisa; but a French law forbids any ship to sail at that time, and Imelda is brought back and confronted in a public place with Tancredi, who has been rescued by the French. He claims her as his wife, but she, filled with the horror of what she knows, declares that he is not her husband. It is the moment of the Vespers, and Tancredi falls among the first slain by the Sicilians. He implores Imelda for a last kiss, but wildly answering that they are brother and sister, she swoons away, while Tancredi dies in this climax of self-loathing and despair. The management of a plot so terrible is very simple and unromantic. The feelings of the characters in the hideous maze which involves them are given only such expression as should come from those utterly broken by their calamity. Imelda swoons when she hears the letter of Eriberto declaring the fatal tie of blood that binds her to her husband, and forever separates her from him. When she is restored, she finds her father weeping over her, and says: —

> "Ah, thou dost look on me
> And weep! At least this comfort I can feel
> In the horror of my state: thou canst not hate
> A woman so unhappy. . . . .
> . . . . O, from all
> Be hid the atrocity! to some holy shelter
> Let me be taken far from hence. I feel
> Naught can be more than my calamity,
> Saving God's pity. I have no father now,
> Nor child, nor husband, (heavens, what do I say?
> He is my brother now! and well I know
> I must not ask to see him more). I, living, lose
> Everything death robs other women of."

By far the greater feeling and passion are shown in the passages describing the wrongs which the Sicilians have suffered from the French, and expressing the aspiration and hate of Procida and his fellow-patriots. Niccolini does not often use pathos, and he is on that account perhaps the more effective in the use of it. However this may be, we find it very touching when, after coming back from his long exile, Procida says to

Imelda, who is trembling for the secret of her marriage amidst her joy in his return : —

> " Daughter, art thou still
> So sad ? I have not heard yet from thy lips
> A word of the old love. . . . .
> . . . . Ah, thou knowest not
> What sweetness hath the natal spot, how many
> The longings exile hath ; how heavy 't is
> To arrive at doors of homes where no one waits thee !
> Imelda, thou may'st abandon thine own land,
> But not forget her ; I, a pilgrim, saw
> Many a city ; but none among them had
> A memory that spoke unto my heart ;
> And fairer still than any other seemed
> The country whither still my spirit turned."

In a vein as fierce and passionate as this is tender, Procida relates how, returning to Sicily when he was believed dead by the French, he passed in secret over the island and inflamed Italian hatred of the foreigners : —

> "I sought the pathless woods,
> And drew the cowards thence and made them blush,
> And then made fury follow on their shame.
> I hailed the peasant in his fertile fields,
> Where, 'neath the burden of the cruel tribute,
> He dropped from famine 'midst the harvest sheaves,
> With his starved brood : ' Open thou with thy scythe
> The breasts of Frenchmen ; let the earth no more
> Be fertile to our tyrants.' I found my way
> In palaces, in hovels ; tranquil, I
> Both great and lowly did make drunk with rage.
> I knew the art to call forth cruel tears
> To every eye, to wake in every heart
> A love of slaughter, a ferocious need
> Of blood. And in a thousand strong right hands
> Glitter the arms I gave."

In the last act occurs one of those lyrical passages in which Niccolini excels, and two lines from this chorus are perhaps the most famous in modern Italian poetry : —

> " Perchè tanto sorriso del cielo
> Sulla terra del vile dolor ? "

The scene is in a public place in Palermo, and the time is the moment before the massacre of the French begins. A chorus of Sicilian poets remind the people of their sorrows and degradation, and sing : —

"The wind vexes the forest no longer,
In the sunshine the leaflets expand;
With barrenness cursed be the land
That is bathed with the sweat of the slave!

"On the fields now the harvests are waving,
On the fields that our blood has made red;
Harvests grown for our enemy's bread
From the bones of our children they wave!

"With a veil of black clouds would the tempest
Might the face of this Italy cover;
Why should heaven smile so glorious over
The land of our infamous woe?

"All nature is suddenly wakened,
Here in slumbers unending man sleeps;
Dust trod evermore by the steps
Of ever-strange lords he lies low!"

"With this tragedy," says an Italian biographer of Niccolini, "this poet potently touched all chords of the human heart, from the most impassioned love to the most implacable hate. . . . . The enthusiasm rose to the greatest height, and for as many nights of the severe winter of 1830 as the tragedy was given, the theatre was always thronged by the overflowing audience; the doors of the Cocomero were opened to the impatient people many hours before the spectacle began. Spectators thought themselves fortunate to secure a seat next the roof of the theatre; even in the prompter's hole [on the Italian stage the prompter rises from a hole in the floor behind the foot-lights, and is hidden from the audience merely by a canvas shade] places were sought to witness the admired work. . . . . And whilst they wept over the ill-starred love of Imelda, and all hearts palpitated in the touching situations of the drama, — where the public and the personal interests so wonderfully blended, and the vengeance of a people mingled with that of a man outraged in the most sacred affections of the heart, — Procida rose terrible as the billows of his sea, imprecating before all the wrongs of their oppressed country, in whatever servitude inflicted, by whatever aliens, among all those that had trampled, derided, and martyred her, and raising the cry of resistance which stirred the heart of all Italy. At the picture of the abject

sufferings of their common country, the whole audience rose and repeated with tears of rage, —

> 'Why should heaven smile so glorious over
> The land of our infamous woe?'"

By the year 1837 had begun the singular illusion of the Italians, that their freedom and unity were to be accomplished through a liberal and patriotic Pope. Niccolini, however, never was cheated by it, though he was very much disgusted, and he retired, not only from the political agitation, but almost from the world. He was seldom seen upon the street, but to those who had access to him he did not fail to express all the contempt and distrust he felt. "A liberal Pope! a liberal Pope!" he said, with a scornful enjoyment of that contradiction in terms. He was thoroughly Florentine and Tuscan in his anti-papal spirit, and he was faithful in it to the tradition of Dante, Petrarch, Macchiavelli, Guicciardini, and Alfieri, who all doubted and combated the papal influence as necessarily fatal to Italian hopes. In 1843 he published his great and principal tragedy, *Arnaldo da Brescia*, which was a response to all the ideas of the papal school of patriots. In due time the present Pope corroborated the arguments of Niccolini, and of all others that distrusted him, by turning his back upon the revolution, which belief in him, more than anything else, had excited.

The tragedies which succeeded the *Arnaldo* were the *Filippo Strozzi*, published in 1847, which was "the symbol of a corrupt and sceptical Italy in the midst of all the splendor of her glories and her vices, that still in a moment of shame and of remorse makes a last effort for liberty"; the *Beatrice Cenci*, a version from the English of Shelley, and the *Mario e i Cimbri*.

A part of the *Arnaldo da Brescia* was performed in Florence in 1858, not long before the war which has finally established Italian freedom. The name of the Cocomero theatre had been changed to the Teatro Niccolini, and, in spite of the governmental anxiety and opposition, the occasion was made a popular demonstration in favor of Niccolini's ideas as well as himself. His biographer says: "The audience now maintained a religious silence, now moved by irresistible force broke out into uproarious applause as the eloquent protests of the friar

and the insolent responses of the pope awakened their interest; for Italy then, like the unhappy martyr, had risen to proclaim the decline of that monstrous power which, in the name of a religion profaned by it, sanctifies its own illegitimate and feudal origin, its abuses, its pride, its vices, its crime. It was a beautiful and affecting spectacle to see the illustrious poet receiving the warm congratulations of his fellow-citizens, who enthusiastically recognized in him the utterer of so many lofty truths and the prophet of Italy. That night Niccolini was accompanied to his house by the applauding multitude." And if all this was a good deal like the honors the Florentines were accustomed to pay to a very pretty *ballerina* or a successful *prima donna*, there is no doubt that a poet is much worthier the popular frenzy; and it is a pity that the forms of popular frenzy have to be so cheapened by frequent use. The two remaining years of Niccolini's life were spent in great retirement and in a satisfaction with the fortunes of Italy, which was only marred by the fact that the French still remained in Rome, and that the temporal power yet stood. He died in 1861.

The work of Niccolini, in which he has poured out all the lifelong hatred and distrust he had felt for the temporal power of the popes, is the *Arnaldo da Brescia*. This we shall best understand through a sketch of the life of Arnaldo, who is really one of the most heroic figures of the past, deserving to rank far above Savonarola, and with the leaders of the Reformation, though he preceded these nearly four hundred years. He was born in Brescia of Lombardy, about the year 1105, and was partly educated in France, in the school of the famous Abelard. He early embraced ecclesiastical life, and, when he returned to his own country, entered a convent, but not to waste his time in idleness and the other vices less namable of his order. In fact, he began at once to preach against these, and against the usurpation of temporal power by all the great and little dignitaries of the Church. He thus identified himself with the democratic side in politics, which was then locally arrayed against the bishop aspiring to rule Brescia. Arnaldo denounced the temporal power of the Pope, as well as that of the prelates; and the bishop, making this known to the pontiff at Rome, had sufficient influence to procure a sentence

against Arnaldo as a schismatic, and an order enjoining silence upon him. He was also banished from Italy; whereupon, retiring to France, he got himself into further trouble by aiding Abelard in the defence of his teachings, which had been attainted of heresy. Both Abelard and Arnaldo were at this time bitterly persecuted by St. Bernard, and Arnaldo took refuge in Switzerland, whence, after several years, he passed to Rome, and there began to assume an active part in the popular movements against the temporal power. He was an ardent republican, and was a useful and efficient partisan, teaching openly that, whilst the Pope was to be respected in all spiritual things, he was not to be recognized at all as a temporal prince. When the English monk, Nicholas Breakspear, became Pope Adrian IV., he excommunicated and banished Arnaldo; but Arnaldo, protected by the senate and certain powerful nobles, remained at Rome in spite of the Pope's decree, and disputed the lawfulness of the excommunication. Finally, the whole city was laid under interdict until Arnaldo should be driven out. Holy Week was drawing near; the people were eager to have their churches thrown open and to witness the usual shows and splendors, and they consented to the exile of their leader. The followers of a cardinal arrested him, but he was rescued by his friends, certain counts of the campagna, who held him for a saint, and who now lodged him safely in one of their castles. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, coming to Rome to assume the imperial crown, was met by embassies from both parties in the city. He warmly favored that of the Pope, and not only received that of the people very coldly, but arrested one of the counts who had rescued Arnaldo, and forced him to name the castle in which the monk lay concealed. Arnaldo was then given into the hands of the cardinals, and these delivered him to the prefect of Rome, who caused him to be hanged, his body to be burned upon a spit, and his ashes to be scattered in the Tiber, that the people might not venerate his relics as those of a saint. "This happened," says the priest Giovanni Battista Guadagnini, of Brescia, whose Life, published in 1790, we have made use of, "this happened in the year 1155 before the 18th of June, previous to the coronation of Frederic; Arnaldo being, according to my thinking, fifty years of age. His elo-

quence," continues Guadagnini, "was celebrated by his enemies themselves; the exemplarity of his life was superior to their malignity, constraining them all to silence, although they were in such great number, and it received a splendid eulogy from St. Bernard, the luminary of that century, who, being strongly impressed against him, condemned him first as a schismatic, and then for the affair of the Council of Sens (the defence of Abelard) persecuted him as a heretic, and then had finally nothing to say against him. His courage and his zeal for the discipline of the Church have been sufficiently attested by the toils, the persecutions, and the death which he underwent for that cause."

The scene of the first act of Niccolini's tragedy is near the Capitoline Hill, in Rome, where two rival leaders, Frangipani and Giordano Pierleone, are disputing in the midst of their adherents. The former is a supporter of the papal usurpations; the latter is a republican chief, who has been excommunicated for his politics, and is also under sentence of banishment, but who, like Arnaldo, remains in Rome in spite of Church and State. Giordano withdraws to the Campidôglio with his adherents, and there Arnaldo suddenly appears among them. When the people ask what cure there is for their troubles, Arnaldo answers, in denunciation of the papacy: —

"Liberty and God.
A voice from the orient,
A voice from the occident,
A voice from thy deserts,
A voice of echoes from the open graves,
Accuses thee, thou shameless harlot! Drunk
Art thou with blood of saints, and thou hast lain
With all the kings of earth. Ah, you behold her!
She is clothed on with purple; gold and pearls
And gems are heaped upon her; and her vestments,
Once white, the pleasure of her former spouse,
That now 's in heaven, she has dragged in dust.
Lo, is she full of names and blasphemies,
And on her forehead 's written, *Mystery!*
Ah, nevermore you hear her voice console
The afflicted; all she threatens, and creates
With her perennial curse in trembling souls
Ineffable pangs; the unhappy — as we here
Are all of us — fly in their common sorrows

To embrace each other; she, the cruel one,
Sunders them in the name of Jesus: fathers
She kindles against sons, and wives she parts
From husbands, and she makes a war between
Harmonious brothers; of the Evangel she
Is cruel interpreter, and teaches hate
Out of the book of love. The years are come
Whereof the rapt Evangelist of Patmos
Did prophesy; and, to deceive the people,
Satan has broken the chains he bore of old;
And she, the cruel, on the infinite waters
Of tears that are poured out for her, sits throned.
The enemy of man two goblets places
Unto her shameless lips; and one is blood,
And gold is in the other; greedy and fierce
She drinks so from them both, the world knows not
If she of blood or gold have greater thirst. . . . .
Lord, those that old time fled before thy scourge
No longer stand to barter offerings
About thy temple's borders, but within
Man's self is sold, and thine own blood is trafficked,
Thou son of God!"

The people ask Arnaldo what he counsels them to do, and he advises them to restore the senate and the tribunes, appealing to the glorious memories of the place where they stand, the Capitoline Hill, —

"Where the earth calls at every step, 'O pause,
Thou treadest on a hero!'"

They desire to make him a tribune, but he refuses, promising, however, that he will not withhold his counsel. Whilst he speaks, some cardinals, with nobles of the papal party, appear, and announce the election of the new Pope, Adrian. "What is his name?" the people demand; and a cardinal answers, "Breakspear, a Briton." Giordano exclaims: —

"Impious race! you've chosen Rome for shepherd
A cruel barbarian, and even his name
Tortures our ears.
Arnaldo. I never care to ask
Where popes are born; and from long suffering,
You, Romans, before heaven, should have learnt
That priests can have no country. . . . .
I know this man; his father was a thrall,

And he is fit to be a slave. He made
Friends with the Norman that enslaves his country;
A wandering beggar to Avignon's cloisters
He came in boyhood, and was known to do
All abject services; there those false monks
He with astute humility cajoled;
He learned their arts, and 'mid intrigues and hates
He rose at last out of his native filth
A tyrant of the vile."

The cardinals, confounded by Arnaldo's presence and invectives, withdraw, but leave one of their party to work on the fears of the Romans, and make them return to their allegiance by pictures of the desolating war which Barbarossa, now approaching Rome to support Adrian, has waged upon the rebellious Lombards at Rosate and elsewhere. Arnaldo replies: —

"Romans,
I will tell all the things that he has hid.
I know not how to cheat you. Yes, Rosate
A ruin is, from which the smoke ascends.
The bishop, lord of Monferrato, guided
The German arms against Chieri and Asti,
Now turned to dust; that shepherd pitiless
Did thus avenge his own offences on
His flying flocks; himself with torches armed
The German hand, houses and churches saw
Destroyed, and gave his blessing on the flames, —
This is the pardon that *you* may expect
From mitred tyrants. A heap of ashes now
Crowneth the hill where once Tortona stood;
And drunken with her wine and with her blood,
Fallen there amidst their spoil upon the dead,
Slept the wild beasts of Germany: like ghosts
Dim wandering through the darkness of the night,
Those that were left by famine and the sword
Hidden within the heart of thy dim caverns,
Desolate city! rose and turned their steps
Noiselessly towards compassionate Milan.
There they have borne their swords and hopes: I see
A thousand heroes born from the example
Tortana gave. O city, if I could,
O sacred city! upon thy ruins fall
Reverently, and take them in mine arms,
The relics of thy brave I'd gather up
In precious urns, and from the altars here

In days of battle offer to be kissed!
O praise be to the Lord! Men die no more
For chains and errors; martyrs now at last
Hast thou, O holy Freedom; and fain were I
Ashes for thee! — But I see you grow pale,
Romans! Down, go down; this height
Is not for cowards. In the valley there
Your tyrant waits you; go and fall before him
And cover his haughty foot with tears and kisses.
He 'll tread you in the dust, and then absolve you.

The People. The arms we have are strange and few. Our walls
Are fallen and ruinous.

Arnaldo. Their hearts are walls
Unto the brave. . . . .
And they shall rise again,
The walls that blood of freemen has baptized,
But among slaves their ruins are eternal.

People. You outrage us, sir!

Arnaldo. Wherefore do ye tremble
Before the trumpet sounds? O thou that wast
Once the world's lord and first in Italy,
Wilt thou be now the last?

People. No more! Cease, or thou diest."

Arnaldo, having roused the pride of the Romans, now tells them that two thousand Swiss have followed him from his exile; and the act closes with some lyrical passages leading to the fraternization of the people with these.

The second act of this curious tragedy, where there may be said to be scarcely any personal interest, but where we are aware of such an impassioned treatment of public interests as perhaps never was before, opens with a scene between the Pope Adrian and the Cardinal Guido. The character of both is finely studied by the poet; and Guido, the type of ecclesiastical submission, has not more faith in the sacredness and righteousness of Adrian, than Adrian, the type of ecclesiastical ambition, has in himself. The Pope tells Guido that he stands doubting between the cities of Lombardy leagued against Frederic, and Frederic, who is coming to Rome, not so much to befriend the papacy as to place himself in a better attitude to crush the Lombards. The German dreams of the restoration of Charlemagne's empire; he believes the Church corrupt;

and he and Arnaldo would be friends, if it were not for Arnaldo's vain hope of re-establishing the republican liberties of Rome. The Pope utters his ardent desire to bring Arnaldo back to his allegiance; and when Guido reminds him that Arnaldo has been condemned by a council of the Church, and that it is scarcely in his power to restore him, Adrian turns upon him: —

"What sayest thou?
I can do all. Dare the audacious members
Rebel against the head? Within these hands
Lie not the keys that once were given to Peter?
The heavens repeat as 't were the word of God,
My word that here has power to loose and bind.
Arnaldo did not dare so much. The kingdom
Of earth alone he did deny me. Thou
Art more outside the Church than he.

Guido (kneeling at Adrian's feet). O God,
I erred; forgive! I rise not from thy feet
Till thou absolve me. My zeal blinded me.
I 'm clay to thee; now shape me as thou wilt,
A vessel apt to glory or to shame."

Guido then withdraws at the Pope's bidding, in order to send a messenger to Arnaldo, and Adrian utters this fine soliloquy: —

"At every step by which I 've hither climbed
I 've found a sorrow; but upon the summit
All sorrows are; and thorns more thickly spring
Around my chair than ever round a throne.
What weary toil to keep up from the dust
This mantle that 's weighed down the strongest limbs!
These splendid gems that blaze in my tiara,
They are a fire that burns the aching brow,
I lift with many tears, O Lord, to thee!
Yet I must fear not; he that did know how
To bear the cross, so heavy with the sins
Of all the world, will succor the weak servant
That represents his power here on earth.
O silences of the cloister, O ye mists
Of mine own isle that make the light o' the sun
Obscure as one day was my lot, amidst
The furious tumults of this guilty Rome,
Here, under the superb effulgency
Of burning skies, I think of you and weep!"

The Pope's messenger finds Arnaldo in the castle of Giordano, where these two are talking of the present fortunes and future chances of Rome. The patrician forebodes evil from the approach of the emperor, but Arnaldo encourages him, and, when the Pope's messenger appears, he is eager to go to Adrian, believing that good to their cause will come of it. Giordano in vain warns him against treachery, bidding him remember that Adrian will hold any falsehood sacred that is used with a heretic. It is observable throughout that Niccolini is always careful to make his rebellious priest a good Catholic; and now Arnaldo rebukes Giordano for some doubts of the spiritual authority of the Pope. When Giordano says,

> "These modern pharisees, upon the cross
> Where Christ hung dying once, have nailed mankind,"

Arnaldo answers,

> "He will know how to save that rose and conquered."

And Giordano replies: —

> "Yes, Christ arose; but freedom cannot break
> The stone that shuts her ancient sepulchre,
> For on it stands the altar."

Adrian, when Arnaldo appears before him, bids him fall down and kiss his feet, and speak to him as to God; he will hear Arnaldo only as a penitent. Arnaldo answers: —

> "The feet
> Of his disciples did that meek One kiss
> Whom here thou representest. But I hear
> Now from thy lips the voice of fiercest pride.
> Repent, O Peter, that deniest him,
> And near the temple art, but far from God!
> . . . . .
> The name of king
> Is never heard in Rome. And if thou art
> The vicar of Christ on earth, well shouldst thou know
> That of thorns only was the crown he wore.
>
> *Adrian.* He gave to me the empire of the earth
> When this great mantle I put on, and took
> The Church's high seat I was chosen to;
> The word of God did erst create the world,
> And now mine guides it. Wouldst thou that the soul
> Should serve the body? Thou dost dream of freedom,
> And makest war on him who sole on earth

Can shield man from his tyrants. O, Arnaldo,
Be wise; believe me, all thy words are vain,
Vain sounds that perish or disperse themselves
Amidst the wilderness of Rome. I only
Can speak the words that the whole world repeats.

Arnaldo. Thy words were never Freedom's; placed between
The people and their tyrants, still the Church
With the weak cruel, with the mighty vile,
Has been, and crushed in pitiless embraces
That emperors and pontiffs have exchanged,
Man has been ever.

. . . . .

Why seek'st thou empire here, and great on earth
Art mean in heaven? Ah! vainly in thy prayer
Thou criest, 'Let the heart be lifted up!'
'T is ever bowed to earth.

. . . . .

Now then, if thou wilt,
Put forth the power that thou dost vaunt; repress
The crimes of bishops, make the Church ashamed
To be a step-mother to the poor and lowly.
In all the Lombard cities every priest
Has grown a despot, in shrewd perfidy
Now siding with the Church, now with the Empire.
They have dainty food, magnificent apparel,
Lascivious joys, and on their altars cold
Gathers the dust, where lies the mitre dropt,
Forgotten, from the haughty brow that wears
The helmet, and no longer bows itself
Before God's face in th' empty sanctuaries;
But upon the fields of slaughter, smoking still,
Bends o'er the fallen foe, and aims the blows
O' th' sacrilegious sword, with cruel triumph
Insulting o'er the prayers of dying men.
Then the priest rides o'er breasts of fallen foes,
And stains with blood his courser's iron heel.
When comes a brief false peace, and wearily
Amidst the havoc doth the priest sit down,
His pleasures are a crime, and after rapine
Luxury follows. Like a thief he climbs
Into the fold, and that desired by day
He dares amid the dark, and violence
Is the priest's marriage. Vainly did Rome hope
That they had thrown aside the burden vile
Of the desires that weigh down other men.
Theirs is the ungrateful lust of the wild beast,
That doth forget the mother nor knows the child.

. . . . On the altar of Christ,
Who is the prince of pardon and of peace,
Vows of revenge are registered, and torches
That are thrown into hearts of leaguered cities
Are lit from tapers burning before God.
Become thou king of sacrifice; ascend
The holy hill of God; on these perverse
Launch thou thy thunderbolts; and feared again
And great thou wilt be. Tell me, Adrian,
Must thou not bear a burden that were heavy
Even for angels? wherefore wilt thou join
Death unto life, and make the word of God
That says, 'My kingdom is not of this world,'
A lie? O, follow Christ's example here
In Rome; it pleased both God and her
To abase the proud and to uplift the weak.
I'll kiss the foot that treads on kings!

Adrian. Arnaldo,
I parley not, I rule; and I, become
On earth as God in heaven, am judge of all,
And none of me; I watch, and I dispense
Terrors and hopes, rewards and punishments,
To peoples and to kings; fountain and source
Of life am I, who make the Church of God
One and all-powerful. Many thrones and peoples
She has seen tost upon the madding waves
Of time, and broken on the immovable rock
Whereon she sits; and since one errless spirit
Rules in her evermore, she doth not rave
For changeful doctrine, but she keeps eternal
The grandeur of her will and purposes.
. . . . Arnaldo,
Thou movest me to pity. In vain thou seek'st
To warm thy heart over these ruins, groping
Among the sepulchres of Rome. Thou 'lt find
No bones to which thou canst say, 'Rise!' Ah, here
Remaineth not one hero's dust. Thou thinkest
That with old names old virtues shall return?
And thou desirest tribunes, senators,
Equestrian orders, Rome! A greater glory
Thy sovereign pontiff is who doth not guard
The rights uncertain of a crazy rabble;
But tribune of the world he sits in Rome,
And 'I forbid,' to kings and people cries.
I tell thee a greater than the impious power
That thou in vain endeavorest to renew,

Here built the dying fisherman of Judæa.
Out of his blood he made a fatherland
For all the nations, and this place, that once
A city was, became a world; the borders
That did divide the nations, by Christ's law
Are ta'en away, and this the kingdom is
For which he asked his father in his prayer.
The Church has sons in every race; I rule,
An unseen king, and Rome is everywhere!

Arnaldo. Thou errest, Adrian. Rome's thunderbolts
Wake little terror now, and reason shakes
The bonds that thou fain wouldst were everlasting.
. . . . Christ calls to her
As of old to the sick man, 'Rise and walk.'
She 'll tread on you if you go not before.
The world has other truth besides the altar's.
It will not have a temple that hides heaven.
Thou wast a shepherd: be a father. The race
Of man is weary of being called a flock."

Adrian's final reply is, that if Arnaldo will renounce his false doctrine and leave Rome, the Pope will, through him, give the Lombard cities a liberty that shall not offend the Church; Arnaldo refuses, and quits Adrian's presence. It is quite needless to note the bold character of the thought here, or the nobility of the poetry, which Niccolini puts as well into the mouth of the Pope whom he hates as the monk whom he loves.

Following this scene is one of greater dramatic force, in which the Cardinal Guido, sent to the Campidôglio by the Pope to disperse the popular assembly, is stoned by the people and killed. He dies full of faith in the Church and the righteousness of his cause, and his body, taken up by the priests, is carried into the square before St. Peter's. A throng, including many women, has followed; and now Niccolini introduces a phase of the great Italian struggle which was perhaps the most perplexing of all. The subjection of the women to the priests is what has always greatly contributed to defeat Italian efforts for reform; it now helps to unnerve the Roman multitude; and the poet finally makes it the weakness through which Arnaldo is dealt his death. With a few strokes in the scene that follows the death of Guido, he indicates the remorse and dismay of the people when the Pope repels them from the

church door and proclaims the interdict; and then follow some splendid lyrical passages, in which the Pope commands the pictures and images to be veiled and the relics to be concealed, and curses the enemies of the Church. We shall but poorly render this curse by a rhymeless translation, and yet we are tempted to give it: —

"*The Pope.* To-day let the perfidious
Learn at thy name to tremble,
Nor triumph o'er the ruinous
Place of thy vanished altars.
O brief be their days and uncertain;
In the desert their wandering footsteps;
Every tremulous leaflet affright them!

The Cardinals. Anathema, anathema, anathema!

Pope. May their widows sit down 'mid the ashes
On the hearths of their desolate houses,
With their little ones wailing around them.

Cardinals. Anathema, anathema, anathema!

Pope. May he, who was born to the fury
Of heaven, afar from his country
Be lost in his ultimate anguish.

Cardinals. Anathema, anathema, anathema!

Pope. May he fly to the house of the alien oppressor
That is filled with the spoil of his brothers, with women
Destroyed by the pitiless hands that defiled them;
There in accents unknown and derided, abase him
At portals ne'er opened in mercy, imploring
A morsel of bread.

Cardinals. Be that morsel denied him!

Pope. I hear the wicked cry: I from the Lord
Will fly away with swift and tireless feet;
His anger follows me upon the sea;
I'll seek the desert; who will give me wings?
In cloudy horror, who shall lead my steps?
The eye of God maketh the night as day.
O brothers, fulfil then
The terrible duty;
Throw down from the altars
The dim-burning tapers;
And be all joy, and be the love of God
In thankless hearts that know not Peter, quenched,
As is the little flame that falls and dies,
Here in these tapers trampled under foot."

In the first scene of the third act, which is a desolate place in the Campagna, near the sea, Arnaldo appears. He has been expelled from Rome by the people, eager for the opening of their churches, and he soliloquizes upon his fate in language that subtly hints all his passing moods, and paints the struggle of his soul. It appears to us that it is a wise thing to make him almost regret the cloister in the midst of his hatred of it, and then shrink from that regret with horror; and there is also a fine sense of night and loneliness in the scene: —

"Like this sand
Is life itself, and evermore each path
Is traced in suffering, and one footprint still
Obliterates another; and we are all
Vain shadows here that seem a little while,
And suffer, and pass. Let me not fight in vain,
O son of God, with thine immortal word,
Yon tyrant of eternity and time,
Who doth usurp thy place on earth, whose feet
Are in the depths, whose head is in the clouds,
Who thunders all abroad, *The world is mine!*
Laws, virtues, liberty I have attempted
To give thee, Rome. Ah! only where death is
Abides thy glory. Here the laurel only
Flourishes on the ruins and the tombs.
I will repose upon this fallen column
My weary limbs. Ah, lower than this ye lie,
You Latin souls, and to your ancient height
Who shall uplift you? I am all weighed down
By the great trouble of the lofty hopes
Of Italy still deluded, and I find
Within my soul a drearer desert far
Than this, where the air already darkens round,
And the soft notes of distant convent bells
Announce the coming night. . . . . I cannot hear them
Without a trembling wish that in my heart
Wakens a memory that becomes remorse. . . . .
Ah, Reason, soon thou languishest in us,
Accustomed to such outrage all our lives.
Thou know'st the cloister; thou a youth didst enter
That sepulchre of the living where is war, —
Remember it and shudder! The damp wind
Stirs this gray hair. I 'm near the sea. O night,
Thy silence is no more; sweet on the ear
Cometh the far-off murmur of the floods

In the vast desert; now no more the darkness
Imprisons wholly; now less gloomily
Lowers the sky that lately threatened storm.
Less thick the air is, and the trembling light
O' the stars among the breaking clouds appears.
Praise to the Lord! The eternal harmony
Of all his work I feel. Though these vague beams
Reveal to me here only fens and tombs,
My soul is not so heavily weighed down
By burdens that oppressed it. . . . .
I rise to grander purposes: man's tents
Are here below, his city is in heaven.
I doubt no more; the terror of the cloister
No longer assails me."

Presently Giordano comes to join Arnaldo in this desolate place, and, in the sad colloquy which follows, tells him of the events of Rome, and the hopelessness of their cause, unless they have the aid and countenance of the Emperor. He implores Arnaldo to accompany the embassy which he is about to send to Frederic; but Arnaldo, with a melancholy disdain, refuses. He asks where are the Swiss who accompanied him to Rome, and he is answered by one of the Swiss captains who at that moment appears. The Emperor has ordered them to return home, under penalty of the ban of the Empire. He begs Arnaldo to return with them, but Arnaldo will not; and Giordano sends him under a strong escort to the castle of Ostasio. Arnaldo departs with much misgiving, for the wife of Ostasio is Adelasia, a bigoted papist, who has hitherto resisted the teaching to which her husband has been converted.

As the escort departs, the returning Swiss are seen. One of their leaders expresses the fear that moves them, when he says that the Germans will desolate their homes if they do not return to them. Moreover, the Italian sun, which destroys even those born under it, drains their life, and man and nature are leagued against them there. "What have you known here?" he asks, and his soldiers reply in chorus: —

"The pride of old names, the caprices of fate,
In vast desert spaces the silence of death,
Or in mist-hidden lowlands, his wandering fires;
No sweet song of birds, no heart-cheering sound,

But eternal memorials of ancient despair,
And ruins and tombs that waken dismay
At the moan of the pines that are stirred by the wind.
Full of dark and mysterious peril the woods;
No life-giving fountains, but only bare sands,
Or some deep-bedded river that silently moves,
With a wave that is livid and stagnant, between
Its margins ungladdened by grass or by flowers,
And in sterile sands vanishes wholly away.
Out of huts that by turns have been shambles and tombs,
All pallid and naked, and burned by their fevers,
The peasant folk suddenly stare as you pass,
With visages ghastly, and eyes full of hate,
Aroused by the accent that 's strange to their ears.
O, heavily hang the clouds here on the head!
Wan and sick is the earth, and the sun is a tyrant."

Then one of the Swiss soldiers speaks alone: —

" The unconquerable love of our own land
Draws us away till we behold again
The eternal walls the Almighty builded there.
Upon the arid ways of faithless lands
I am tormented by a tender dream
Of that sweet rill which runs before my cot.
O let me rest beside the smiling lake,
And hear the music of familiar words,
And on its lonely margin, wild and fair,
Lie down and think on my belovèd ones."

There is no page of this tragedy which does not present some terrible or touching picture, which is not full of brave and robust thought, which has not also great dramatic power. But we are obliged to curtail the proof of this, and we feel that after all we shall not give a complete idea of the tragedy's grandeur, its subtlety, its vast scope and meaning.

There is a striking dialogue between a Roman partisan of Arnaldo who, with his fancy oppressed by the heresy of his cause, is wavering in his allegiance, and a Brescian, whom the outrages of the priests have forever emancipated from faith in their power to bless or ban in the world to come. Then ensues a vivid scene, in which a fanatical and insolent monk of Arnaldo's order, leading a number of soldiers, arrests him by command of Adrian. Ostasio's soldiers approaching to rescue him, the monk orders him to be slain, but he is saved, and the

act closes with the triumphal chorus of his friends. Here is fine occasion for the play of different passions, and the occasion is not lost.

With the fourth act is introduced the new interest of the German oppression; and as we have had hitherto almost wholly a study of the effect of the papal tyranny upon Italy, we are now confronted with the shame and woe which the empire has wrought her. Exiles from the different Lombard cities destroyed by Barbarossa meet on their way to seek redress from the Pope, and they pour out their sorrows in pathetic and passionate lyrics. To read these passages gives one a favorable notion of the liberality or the stupidity of the government which permitted the publication of the tragedy. The events alluded to were many centuries past, the empire had long ceased to be; but the Italian hatred of the Germans was one and indivisible, for every moment of all times, and we may be sure that to each of Niccolini's readers these mediæval horrors were but masks for cruelties exercised by the Austrians in his own day, and that in those lyrical bursts of rage and grief there was full utterance for his smothered sense of present wrong. There is a great charm in these strophes; they add unspeakable pathos to a drama which is so largely concerned with political interests; and they make us feel that it is a beautiful and noble work of art, as well as grand appeal to the patriotism of the Italians and the justice of mankind.

When we are brought into the presence of Barbarossa, we find him awaiting the arrival of Adrian, who is to accompany him to Rome, and crown him emperor, in return for the aid that Barbarossa shall give in reducing the rebellious citizens, and delivering Arnaldo into the power of the papacy. Heralds come to announce Adrian's approach, and riding forth a little way, Frederic dismounts, in order to go forward on foot and meet the Pope, who advances, preceded by his clergy, and attended by a multitude of his partisans. As Frederic perceives the Pope and quits his horse, he muses: —

> "I leave thee,
> O faithful comrade mine in many perils,
> Thou generous steed, and now, upon the ground

That should have thundered under thine advance
With humble foot, I silent steps must trace. . . . .
But what do I behold? Towards us comes,
With tranquil pride, the servant of the lowly,
Upon a white horse docile to the rein
As he would kings were; all about the path
That Adrian moves on, warriors, and people
Of either sex, all ages, in blind homage,
Mingle, press near and fall upon the ground,
Or one upon another; and man, whom God
Made to look up to heaven, becomes as dust
Under the feet of pride; and they believe
The gates of Paradise would be set aside
To any one whom his steed crushed to death.
With me thou never hast thine empire shared;
Thou alone hold'st the world! He will not turn
On me in sign of greeting that proud head,
Encircled by the tiar; and he sees
All under him, like God, in murmured prayer
Or silence, blesses them, and passes;
What wonder if he will not deign to touch
The earth I tread on with his haughty foot!
He gives it to be kissed of kings; I, too,
Must stoop to the vile act."

Since the time of Henry II. it had been the custom of the emperors to lead the Pope's horse by the bridle, and to hold his stirrup while he descended. Adrian waits in vain for this homage from Frederic, and then alights with the help of his ministers, and seats himself in his episcopal chair, while Frederic draws near, saying aside: —

"I read there in his face his insolent pride
Veiled by humility."

He bows before Adrian and kisses his foot, and then offers him the kiss of peace, which Adrian refuses, and haughtily reminds him of the fate of Henry. Frederic answers furiously that the thought of this fate has always filled him with hatred of the papacy, and Adrian, perceiving that he has pressed too far in this direction, turns and soothes the Emperor: —

"I am truth,
And thou art force, and if thou partest from me,
Blind thou becomest, helpless I remain.
We are but one at last. . . . .
Cæsar and Peter,

They are the heights of God; man from the earth
Contemplates them with awe, and never questions
Which thrusts its peak the highest into heaven.
Therefore, be wise, and learn from the example
Of impious Arnaldo; he 's the foe
Of thrones that wars upon the altar."

But he strives in vain to persuade Frederic to the despised act of homage, and it is only at the intercession of the Emperor's kinsmen and the German princes that he consents to it. When it is done in the presence of all the army and the clerical retinue, Adrian mounts, and says to Frederic, with scarcely hidden irony: —

"In truth thou art
An apt and ready squire, and thou hast held
My stirrup firmly. Take then, O my son,
The kiss of peace, for thou hast well fulfilled
All of thy duties."

But Frederic, crying aloud, and fixing the sense of the multitude upon him, answers: —

"Nay, not all, O father! —
Princes and soldiers, hear! I have done homage
To Peter, not to him."

The Church and the Empire being now reconciled, Frederic receives the ambassadors of the Roman Republic with scorn; he outrages all their pretensions to restore Rome to her old freedom and renown; insults their prayer that he will make her his capital, and heaps contempt upon the weakness and vileness of the people they represent. Giordano replies for them: —

"When will you dream,
You Germans, in your thousand stolid dreams, —
The fume of drunkenness, — a future greater
Than our Rome's memories? Never be her banner
Usurped by you; in prison and in darkness
Was born your eagle, that did but descend
Upon the certain prey of Roman dead,
But never dared to try the ways of heaven,
With its weak vision wounded by the sun.
Ye prate of Germany. The whole world conspired,
And even more in vain, to work us harm,
Before that day when, the world being conquered,
Rome slew herself. . . . .
. . . . . .

Of man's great brotherhood
Unworthy still, ye change not with the skies.
In Italy the German's fate was ever
To grow luxurous and continue cruel."

The soldiers of Barbarossa press upon Giordano to kill him, and Frederic saves the ambassadors with difficulty, and hurries them away.

In the first part of the fifth act, Niccolini deals again with the *rôle* which woman has played in the tragedy of Italian history, the hopes she has defeated, and the plans she has marred through those religious instincts which should have blest her country, but which through their perversion by priest-craft have been one of its greatest curses. Adrian is in the Vatican, after his triumphant return to Rome, when Adelasia, the wife of that Ostasio, Count of the Campagna, in whose castle Arnaldo is concealed, and who shares his excommunication, is ushered into the Pope's presence. She is half mad with terror at the penalties under which her husband has fallen, in days when the excommunicated were shunned like lepers, and to shelter them, or to eat and drink with them, even to salute them, was to incur privation of the sacraments; when a bier was placed at their door, and their houses were stoned; when King Robert of France, who fell under the anathema, was abandoned by all his courtiers and servants, and the beggars refused the meat that was left from his table; and she comes into Adrian's presence accusing herself as the greatest of sinners. The Pope asks: —

"Hast thou betrayed
Thy husband, or from some yet greater crime
Cometh the terror that oppresses thee?
Hast slain him?

Adelasia. Haply I ought to slay him.

Adrian. What?

Adelasia. I fain would hate him and I cannot.

Adrian. What
Hath his fault been?

Ad. O, the most horrible
Of all.

Adr. And yet is he dear unto thee?

Ad. I love him, yes, I love him, though he 's changed
From that he was. Some gloomy cloud involves
That face one day so fair, and 'neath the feet,
Now grown deformed, the flowers wither away.
I know not if I sleep or if I wake,
If what I see be a vision or a dream.
But all is dreadful, and I cannot tell
The falsehood from the truth; for if I reason,
I fear to sin. I fly the happy bed
Where I became a mother, but return
In midnight's horror, where my husband lies
Wrapt in a sleep so deep it frightens me,
And question with my trembling hand his heart,
The fountain of his life, if it still beat.
Then a cold kiss I give him, then embrace him
With shuddering joy, and then I fly again,
For I do fear his love; and to the place
Where sleep my little ones I hurl myself,
And wake them with my moans, and drag them forth
Before an old miraculous shrine of her,
The Queen of Heaven, to whom I 've consecrated,
With never-ceasing vigils, burning lamps.
There naked, stretched upon the hard earth, weep
My pretty babes, and each of them repeats
The name of Mary whom I call upon;
And I would swear that she looks down and weeps.
Then I cry out, 'Have pity on my children!
Thou wast a mother, and the good obtain
Forgiveness for the guilty.'"

Adrian has little trouble to draw from the distracted woman the fact that her husband is a heretic, — that heretic, indeed, in whose castle Arnaldo is concealed. On his promise that he will save her husband, she tells him the name of the castle He summons Frederic, who claims Ostasio as his vassal, and declares that he shall die, and his children be carried to Germany. Adrian, after coldly asking the Emperor to spare him, feigns himself helpless, and Adelasia too late awakens to a knowledge of his perfidy. She falls at his feet: —

"I clasp thy knees once more, and I do hope
Thou hast not cheated me! . . . . Ah, now I see
Thy wicked arts! Because thou knewest well
My husband was a vassal of the Empire,
That pardon which it was not thine to give
Thou didst pretend to promise me. O priest,
Is this thy pity? Sorrow gives me back

My wandering reason, and I waken on
The brink of an abyss; and from this wretch
The mask that did so hide his face drops down
And shows it in its naked hideousness
Unto the light of truth."

Frederic sends his soldiers to secure Arnaldo, but as to Ostasio and his children he relents somewhat, being touched by the anguish of Adelasia. Adrian rebukes his weakness, saying that he learned in the cloister to subdue these compassionate impulses. In the next scene, which is on the Capitoline Hill, the Roman Senate resolves to defend the city against the Germans to the last, and then we have Arnaldo a prisoner in a cell of the Castle of St. Angelo. The Prefect of Rome vainly entreats him to recant his heresy, and then leaves him with the announcement that he is to die before the following day. As to the soliloquy which follows, Niccolini says: "I have feigned in Arnaldo in the solemn hour of death these doubts, and I believe them exceedingly probable in a disciple of Abelard. This struggle between reason and faith is found more or less in the intellect of every one, and constitutes a sublime torment in the life of those who, like the Brescian monk, have devoted themselves from an early age to the study of philosophy and religion. None of the ideas which I attribute to Arnaldo were unknown to him, and, according to Müller, he believed that God was all, and that the whole creation was but one of his thoughts. His other conceptions in regard to divinity are found in one of his contemporaries." The soliloquy is as follows: —

"Aforetime thou hast said, O King of Heaven,
That in the world thou wilt not power or riches.
And can he be divided from the Church
Who keeps his faith in thine immortal word,
The light of souls? To remain in the truth
It only needs that I confess to thee
All sins of mine. O thou eternal priest,
Thou read'st my heart, and that which I can scarce
Express thou seest. A great mystery
Is man unto himself, conscience a deep
Which only thou canst sound. What storm is there
Of guilty thoughts! O, pardon my rebellion!
Evil springs up within the mind of man,

As in its native soil, since that day Adam
Abused thy great gift, and created guilt.
And if each thought of ours became a deed,
Who would be innocent? I did once defend
The cause of Abelard, and at the decree
Imposing silence on him I, too, ceased.
What fault in me? Bernard in vain inspired
The sovereigns of Europe to defence
O' the sepulchre of God. Mankind, his temple,
I sought to liberate, and upon the earth
Desired the triumph of the love divine,
And life, and liberty, and progress. This,
This was my doctrine, and God only knows
How reason struggles with the faith in me
For the supremacy of my spirit. O,
Forgive me, Lord. These in their war are like
The rivers twain of heaven, till they return
To their eternal origin, and the truth
Is seen in thee, and God denies not God.
I ought to pray. Thinking on thee, I pray.
Yet how thy substance by three persons shared,
Each equal with the other, one remains,
I cannot comprehend, nor give in thee
Bounds to the infinite and human names.
Father of the world, that which thou here revealest
Perchance is but a thought of thine; or this
Movable veil that covers here below
All thy creation is eternal illusion
That hides God from us. Where to rest itself
The mind hath not. It palpitates uncertain
In infinite darkness, and denies more wisely
Than it affirms. O God omnipotent!
I know not what thou art, or, if I know,
How can I utter thee? The tongue has not
Words for thee, and it falters with my thought
That wrongs thee by its effort. Soon I go
Out of the last doubt unto the first truth.
What did I say? The intellect is soothed
In faith on Christ, and therein it reposes
As in the bosom of a tender mother
Her son. Arnaldo, that which thou art seeking
With sterile torment, thy great teacher sought
Long time in vain, and at the cross's foot
His weary reason cast itself at last.
Follow his grand example, and with tears
Wash out thy sins."

This is very fine poetry, we think; and the thoughts are not less striking whether they are Niccolini's or Arnaldo's, for they are not the thoughts that we should look for from any Italian mind, — that is, the conventional Italian mind of our prejudices, which we may begin to suspect is not at all the real one.

We leave Arnaldo in his prison, and it is supposed that he was put to death during the combat that follows between the Germans and Romans immediately after the coronation of Frederic. As the forces stand opposed to each other, two beautiful choruses are introduced, — one of Romans, and one of Germans, — and just before the onset Adelasia appears and confesses that she has betrayed Arnaldo, and that he is now in the power of the papacy. At the same time the clergy are heard chanting Frederic's coronation hymn, and then the battle begins. The Romans are beaten by the number and discipline of their enemies, and their leaders are driven out. The Germans appear before Frederic and Adrian with two hundred prisoners, and ask mercy for them. Adrian delivers them to his prefect, and it is implied that they are put to death. Then turning to Frederic, Adrian says: —

> "Art thou content? for I have given to thee
> More than the crown. My words have consecrated
> Thy power. So let the Church and Empire be
> Now at last reconciled. The mystery
> That holds three persons in one substance, nor
> Confounds them, may it make us here on earth
> To reign forever, image of itself,
> In unity which is like that of God."

So ends the tragedy, and so was accomplished the union which has rested so heavily ever since upon the hearts and hopes, not only of Italians, but of all Christian men. So was confirmed that temporal power of the popes, whose destruction, if it be at last really destroyed, will be known in history as infinitely the greatest event of our greatly eventful time, and will free from the doubt and dread of many one of the most powerful agencies for good in the world, namely, the Catholic Church.

We have tried to give an idea of the magnificence and scope of this mighty tragedy of Niccolini's, and we do not know that we can now add anything which will make this clearer. If we

think of the grandeur of its plan, and how it employs for its effect the evil and the perverted good of the time in which the scene was laid, how it accords perfect sincerity to all the great actors, — to the Pope as well as to Arnaldo, to the Emperor as well as to the leaders of the people, — we must perceive that its conception is that of a very great artist. It seems to us that the execution is no less admirable. We cannot judge it by the narrow rule which the tragedies of the stage must obey; we must look at it with the generosity and the liberal imagination with which we can alone enjoy a great romance. Then the patience, the subtlety, the strength, with which each character, individual and typical, is evolved, the picturesqueness with which every event is presented, the lyrical sweetness and beauty with which so many passages are enriched, will all be apparent to us, and we shall feel the æsthetic sublimity of the work as well as its moral force and its political significance.

W. D. Howells.

Art. IV. — American Novels.

We have often wondered that the people who raise the outcry for the "Great American Novel" did not see that, so far from being of any assistance to our fellow-countryman who is trying to win fame by writing fiction, they have rather stood in his way by setting up before him a false aim for his art, and by giving the critical reader a defective standard by which to judge his work. Whenever this so-longed-for novel does appear, we may be sure that our first impression will not be that it is American. It may be American, without a doubt, but it will not be ostentatiously so; that will not be its chief merit. If it is written in this country and about this country, there will be of course a flavor of the soil, which is to be desired, but the epicure does not want his coffee muddy. There is an American nature, but then there is human nature underlying it, and to that the novel must be true before anything else. That is what is of importance; it is that alone which makes the novel great, which causes it to be read in all times and in all countries. If the

author so far forgets this, his first duty, as to imagine that the simple rehearsal of the barrenest external phenomena of life and nature in this country can be of any real interest to the reader, he makes as great a mistake as would an actor who should fancy that nothing more was needed for representing Hamlet than to dress in black, wear a light wig, and to powder his cheeks to look pale. It is the bane of realism, as of all *isms*, to forget that it represents only one important side of truth, and to content itself, as complacently as an advocate, with seeing its own rules obeyed, and, generally, with the narrowest construction of the law. By insisting above all things on the novel being American, we mistake the means for the end; we have a perfect right to demand accuracy in the writer, — in spite of Mrs. Spofford we cannot read about castles in New England, — but we should not regard it as anything but the merest machinery, the least part of a novel; it is a *sine qua non*, to be sure, but so in man is the spinal marrow; we think no more of a friend on account of his having a spinal marrow. So long as we over-estimate the value of this formal accuracy, it will be possible for any one to prove to his own satisfaction and to ours that such and such a novel is the best. "See here," he will say, "So-and-so makes the Connecticut River two hundred and fifty miles long, while 'Civis Americanus' gives it its proper length; and then 'Geographicus' says on page 343, just before the Boston horse-car conductor declares his love to the Nova Scotia servant of the selectman, that Vermont has thirty-five inhabitants to the square mile; he was thinking of New Hampshire; he 's no novelist." No one fancies a novel that can be proved to be better than another, like a manual of geometry. Nor do we care for one that loses its value at every census. It may be well that novels should be of temporary interest, but they should at least outlast the year's almanac.

It might not be amiss to pause for a moment to consider the origin of this expression, "The great American novel." Critics would differ about the great English novel or the great French novel; why should America have one? Nevertheless, novelists have striven for this prize, genial critics have imperilled their reputations by rashly awarding it to various writers, who have as rapidly faded into oblivion, and we are as far from

unanimity about it as we ever were. We imagine that it is a term that has come down to us from the time, a generation or two ago, when, America having an army and navy, consideration in the eyes of Europe for its material strength and future importance, the absence of a fully developed literature was keenly felt. Literature, too, was considered a branch of manufactures and not a thing of growth. We were to have an American Byron; possibly with good Presidents and a proper tariff, an American Shakespeare; and then the public, detecting the great differences between the society of Europe and that of this country, cried aloud for the novel that should do for us what Fielding had already, and Thackeray has since, done for England. That this should be done is indeed desirable; but our hopes will be vain unless our writers, with keener vision than the public, see the uselessness of a mere outside resemblance to their models.

That a novel is not good by simply being un-American, one can see by recalling a by no means unreadable story — "Miss Van Kortland" — that appeared about four or five years ago. The effect of reading to excess the modern English novel was here clearly seen. There was the general air of English country life barely disguised by American names. Congress was made exactly like Parliament. It was an English bottom sailing under American colors. Of the elaborate Americanism of "Lady Judith," we need not speak. The reader could not help being reminded of the Yankees in Punch's caricatures, who would be arrested as suspicious characters in the backwoods of Maine, nor could their apt use of "old hoss" save them. Such hybrids we may trust will be soon forgotten; but in vastly the greater number of the American novels of the present day we find perhaps equally damaging faults, although of a different kind. Let us take, for example, Mr. De Forest's novels. In his writings we find a great deal that is American, but not so much that goes to the making of a really great novel. His stories have certain undeniable merits, and if the great American novel needed only to be American, he would easily bear off the palm. "Miss Ravenel's Conversion," "Overland," "Kate Beaumont," are three novels that could have been written in no other country; but such geographical criticism wholly leaves their real

value out of the question, as if Charles Reade were to be exalted for having written the "great Australian novel," "Never too Late to Mend," or De Foe for his "great Juan Fernandez novel." In the true novel the scene, the incidents, are subordinated to the sufferings, actions, and qualities of the characters. They are for the time living beings, and our greatest sympathy is necessarily given to those who deserve it from some internal reason, not from the number of miles they may have travelled, or the number of times they may have been shot at in the dark. Such incidents lend an interest, it is true, but it is not of the highest kind. The geology, the botany, the ethnography, may be accurate to date, the reader may be in perpetual shivers from the urgency of the dangers that threaten every one in the novel, but the real story lies beneath the hats and bonnets of those concerned, not in the distant cataracts that wet them, nor the bullets that scar them. It would seem as if the author had contented himself too readily with but one side, and that not the most valuable, of the novelist's work. He should retain the skill that he now possesses and use it, not as a thing of lasting value in itself, but as an aid to the representation of what is more genuine art. We should be sorry, however, if we did not do justice to the vividness with which he has drawn many of his side-characters, especially in his latest novels and in many of his less ambitious magazine sketches. As a simple narrator he is deserving of much praise; he can draw admirably the less important personages, so that one only notices more sharply his smaller degree of success when he undertakes to represent that more difficult character, a man under the influence of some all-controlling passion. What he can see he can write down for our reading, and this is certainly a rare gift, but his eye is stronger than his imagination. It is when he comes to this more delicate part of his work that the reader is disappointed, and all the more, as we have said, from his skill elsewhere.

Of the society novel this is the more common form. One takes the manly A and represents some possible complications of his "heart-agony," and that of the lovely C, from the persecution of flinty-hearted parents, loss of money, jealousy, etc. One would be averse to saying that his own country cannot

supply as good material for such novels as any other. There are here pretty women and good men. In spite of our race for wealth, our early marriages, our bolting our meals and consequent dyspepsia, the devious course of what is strangely called the tender passion may still be observed by those who watch their kind. Lovers languish and rejoice, hearts threaten to break and then grow indifferent, as truly here as in any German village, where the full moon shines every night of the year. But can any one name a good American love-story? With the exception of "Esmond" it might be hard to find one in the language; but let us consider America alone. What are the American novels of society, in which we might suppose love-making would have full sway? Those of Mrs. Stowe suggest themselves at once. We cannot believe that her great popularity is due entirely to her wonderful success with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." To her youngest readers that book must be already a thing of the past; but we fancy that it is because she has succeeded in catching certain traits of American life that she is so widely read. Besides, with all her faults, she is a humorist, and is often entertaining enough; but what could be more ignoble than her last two novels of society, "Pink and White Tyranny," and "My Wife and I"? It is profound criticism to call Thackeray a cynic; perhaps Mrs. Stowe is one in disguise, but no man would dare show his head in a drawing-room after describing such a character as the heroine of the last of these novels. One would have to be disappointed in love a great many times before young ladies made upon him such an impression of furbelowed, curled, food-despising, thin-voiced flirts as one finds here. The men are the infant heroes of Mrs. Sherwood's tales grown up. As for the manners of these people, their giggling, their love-making, it is what one imagines to be the romance of a "calico and neck-tie ball." For example, we find in Chapter XXX. of "My Wife and I": —

"'O, you know! — this inextricable puzzle, — what does ail a certain person? Now he did n't come at all last night, and when I asked Jim Fellows where his friend was (one must pass the compliment of inquiring, you know), he said, "Henderson had grown dumpy lately," and he could n't get him out anywhere.'

"'Well, Eva, I 'm sure I can't throw any light on the subject. I know no more than you.'

"'Now, Ida, let me tell you, this afternoon when we stopped in the park, I went into that great rustic arbor on the top of the hill there, and just as we came in on one side, I saw him in all haste hurrying out on the other, as if he were afraid to meet me.'

"'How very odd.'

"'Odd! well, I should think it was; but what was worse, he went and stationed himself on a bench under a tree where he could hear and see us, and there my lord sat — perhaps he thought I did n't see him, but I did.'

"'Lillie and Belle Forester and Wat Jerrold were with me, and we were having such a laugh! I don't know when I have had such a frolic, and how silly it was of him to sit there glowering like an owl in an ivy-bush, when he might have come out and joined us, and had a good time! I 'm quite out of patience with the creature, it 's so vexatious to have him act so!'"

Further on we find: —

(*Enter* ALICE *with empressement.*)

"'Girls, what do you think? Wat Sydney come back and going to give a great croquet party out at Clairmont, and of course we are all invited with notes in the most resplendent style, with crest and coat of arms, and everything — perfectly "*mag.*" There 's to be a steamboat, with a band of music, to take the guests up, and no end of splendid doings; *marquées* and tents and illuminations and fireworks, and to return by moonlight after all 's over; is n't it lovely? I do think Wat Sydney 's perfectly splendid, and its all on your account, Eva, I know it is,'" etc., etc.

And so they artlessly prattle on. This is by no means an extract, which, taken away from its context, seems unduly ridiculous; far from it, it is a very good specimen of the whole tone of the book. Be these the manners of good society? Is there nothing nobler in life than a horse-car flirtation? Is it necessary that society novels should be like fashion-plates, with the same jaunty ease and simpering gentility that mark those illustrations of the happy life of the rich and great? If the people are tawdrily dressed, if their talk is empty enough to shame the silliest school-girl that ever chattered until she gasped for breath, if their manners are either rude or pompously haughty, how can one take a genuine interest in the story? Let their manners be as bad as possible, their clothes and grammar in tatters, provided they have one trait, one quality, be it

one that makes or mars human beings, and then we can read the story. To be interested in characters in fiction, as with human beings in life, our sympathy must be aroused; for beings who simply giggle and pout, indifference is kindness.

Most American writers are afraid of their heroes and heroines. They give them homes by the side of imaginary rivers, in impossible cities. They are as shy of fairly introducing their characters as if we were all strangers at a watering-place hotel, and were very nervous about tainting our tender gentility. That this is the result of attempting to represent in this country, with its changing, uncertain classes, what in England is clear enough from its fixed social laws, is highly probable. But a novel to be good may well let good society alone. The best that Mrs. Stowe has done leaves the dancing master out entirely. For the English novel the task is greatly simplified by the fact that every man in that country is much more closely connected with the whole social system than is the case with us. In their novels we are introduced to distinct characters, say to a barrister, an officer, a young lord. Besides, whatever personal characteristics may belong to each of these persons, they all stand in a certain definite relation to society at large. Each carries a certain atmosphere with him. With us when we read about a lawyer in one of our stories, nothing more is told us than if we were informed that he always wore Roman scarfs, perhaps not so much. We have all sorts of lawyers; no one man is a representative of the class. Occasionally we find that a good word is given to an omniscient professor who sits by a lamp and dabbles in Sanskrit, botany, methaphysics, chemistry, anatomy, zoölogy, etc., etc. He generally wears a long beard, has acquired patience by his severe studies, and is especially remarkable for the unexpected way in which he makes an offer of marriage after nourishing an untold and unsuspected love for a long time, while he pretended to be looking out words in the dictionary. Occasionally, we say, this representative of the quiet ideal appears in fiction, but he is an uncertain and artificial creation. In spite of the young girl's rapture over hops at West Point, an officer is not always an entrancing lover in fiction. There is, possibly, a vague Bohemian glamour around the artist, but even that is by no means certain. Since in

general this deficency exists, the task of the writer is rendered more difficult. Our democracy certainly equalizes us: it enlists us, as it were, into a vast army, but a peaceful, unheroic army, and to make any fictitious person interesting the author is put to the greater task of distinctly drawing his character as a man; he gets no aid from his surroundings. One would say that the natural tendency of the American novelist would be toward romance; that the very uniformity of our social life would offer nothing tempting to the writer, unless, indeed, to the satirist, who should turn to ridicule the shallowness, greedy pretence, and emptiness which he might see about him. In spite of the contumely that is thrown upon the frivolities of fashion in "Pink and White Tyranny" and in "My Wife and I," it may be said that it is not given to every one to be a satirist. No satire is keener than that which tells the truth. One is only tender about his favorite vice. To call a selfish man a murderer, or a pirate, would be as idle as to write odes in praise of an honest bank clerk. And so in these stories Mrs. Stowe has overshot her mark by caricaturing what only needed to be shown in its real dulness to appear worthless. To her, and to many others, American society seems frivolous, but it is only exalted when a writer wastes his powder by attacking it as he would a dangerously false religion.

While the American writer finds these difficulties in the way of the "novel of society," it may be just that those tales should be considered that take up man from some other point of view than that which controls the respectable matron who is making out a list of invitations for her daughter's party. There are the dry-humored Yankees, the Yankee-despising, self-praising Westerners, and the lordly Southrons, who hate both. What has been done with such characters as these?

In hardly any book do we get more of the Yankee than in the novel "Margaret," by Sylvester Judd. It is a story of life in New England nearly a hundred years ago, and, although it stands in about the same relation to most novels that Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" does to ordinary manuals of anatomy, it has a certain interest of its own. This is, to be sure, hardly great enough to beguile the reader to the reading of the book, which is written in defiance of every rule of literary com-

position; but yet, in spite of a crabbed style, as rough as a corduroy road, of tedious and impossible conversations, of great delays in the telling of the story, the reader can readily see a sincerity in the writer that is often much less evident in the works of much cleverer writers. As an example of its artistic crudeness we quote the following conversation: —

"Another day Mr. Evelyn came to the Pond. Margaret watched his approach with composure, and returned his greeting without confusion. 'You have been at the Head,' said she, 'and I must take you to other places to-day. First the Maples.'

"'This is a fine mineralogical region,' said he, as they entered the spot. 'I wish I had a hammer.'

"'I will get one,' said she. 'Let me go for it.'

"'You are not in health, you told me, and you do not look very strong. I must go by all means. I will be back in a trice. You will have quite as much walking as you can master before the day is through.'

"'I fear I shall be more tired wandering than in going.'

"'See this,' said he, exposing a hollow stone filled with rare crystals, which he found and broke during her absence.

"'I thank you, I thank you,' she replied. 'The master has given me an inkling of geology, but I never imagined such beauty was hidden here.'

"'With definite forms and brilliant texture these gems vegetate in the centre of this rough rusty stone.'

"'Incomparable mystery! New anagogics! I begin to be in love with what I understand not.'

"'Humanity is like that.'

"'What is humanity?'

"'It is only another name for the world that you asked me about.'

"'I am perplexed by the duplicity of words. He is humane who helps the needy.'

"'That is one form of humanity. I use the term as expressing all men collectively viewed in their better light. Much depends upon this light phase, or aspect, what subjectively to us is by the Germans called stand-point. Indian's Head, in one position, resembles a human face; in another, quite as much a fish's tail. Man, like this stone, is geodic, — such stones, you know, are called geodes.'

"'Have you the skill to discover them?'

"'It is more difficult to break than find them. Yet if I could crack any man as I do this stone, I should open to crystals.'

"'Any man?'

"'All men.'

"'Passing wonderful! I would run a thousand miles for the hammer! I have been straining after the stars, how much there is in the stones! Most divine earth, henceforth I will worship thee! Geodic Androids! What will the master say?'

"'I see traces of more gems in these large rocks. Let me rap here, and lo! a beryl; there is an agate, yonder is a growth of garnets."

"'Let me cease to be astonished, and only learn to love.'

"'An important lesson, and one not too well learned.'

"'Under this tree I will erect a temple to the god of rocks. Was there any such? Certes, I remember none.'

"'The god of rocks is God.'

"'You sport enigmas. Let us to Diana's Walk.'"

We will not follow them. Their talk flows on as easily and naturally as in the extract given above, closely resembling the conversations in the chapters in the phrase-book for advanced pupils. But with all these obvious faults, and an almost impossible plot, the writer shows a genuine love of nature, and an appreciation of character that is really poetical. It is a book that is good in spite of itself, but yet it is barely readable. Its merits are those that are hardly evident enough to tempt the ordinary reader, who, naturally enough, wishes the way made easy before him. He takes a novel as he takes a walk, for amusement; he does not care for ruggedness, — that wearies him, everyday life gives him that, — any more than he does for an afternoon stroll through the thickets of the untrodden forest.

In Dr. Holmes's novels, — if we can call them novels, — in spite of his way of treating his characters like pathological or anatomical specimens, and in Mr. Henry Ward Beecher's "Norwood," we find the humorous Yankee admirably given. But, while "Elsie Venner" is in its way a well-constructed romance, and Hiram in "Norwood" is an amusingly and accurately drawn character, neither novel deserves the highest praise. They are both very clever attempts by men who are not novelists. Sam Lawson, in Mrs. Stowe's "Old Town Stories," is an extremely amusing person. This lady has certainly, to a remarkable extent, the power of detecting the humorous side of what she sees and of representing it. The

Yankee in her writings is an admirable copy of an original that can be found in almost every New England village, — a man, namely, of greater or less worthlessness, but with a wisdom, or rather shrewdness, that makes him far superior to the ordinary people around him. It is part of the novelist's work to introduce just such characters. They are, so to speak, picturesque, and yet true to nature. Of the immense superiority of a story that contains one personage that is really a human being, it would be needless to speak. Most novels leave as shadowy an impression of the genuineness of their heroes and heroines upon the minds of their readers, as does the pictured Quaker of the advertisements of the soundness of his religious views. But the introduction of a character that is only of dramatic importance, that is to say, who is more truly drawn as a representative of a class than as a human being, does not of itself make a good novel. The reader is more easily satisfied with a superficial sketch in the former case than he would be in the latter. A man may be well drawn as a village loafer, he may give us the very impression that the genuine idler makes upon us, and to do this is no light task; it is one for which a writer deserves high praise, and this no one would deny to Mrs. Stowe. But there is beyond this a feeling in the reader's mind that he has a right to expect a solution of more difficult characters, a representation not only of one or two persons, but also of some probable and well-connected incidents. In the better sort of novels we get some human beings, but we also demand a story, a plot that shall be probable and interesting. One character, no matter if very lifelike, in an awkwardly constructed story is as out of place as would be a poet on a desert island. But still it cannot be denied that it is the drawing of a character which is the most difficult part of the novelist's task, and if he succeeds he has thereby the surest hold upon his readers. If he fails in this, he fails indeed, for even the most imaginative are cold to the dangers that threaten even the most carefully dressed puppets. But a well-drawn character, one which we feel to be an accurate representation of what a human being might be, one who seems to us not merely what we fancy fellow-travellers, for instance, are, but who is a consistent creation, moved by passion, with feelings of his own, and his own special tempta-

tions, who may differ entirely from ourselves, but yet of the truth of whose delineation every one can instinctively be sure, is a rare person in fiction. For creating him there are no infallible rules, any more than there are for painting a good portrait in oils. It all depends upon the writer's brains. But if he is successful, if he creates a character with whom we can feel any sympathy, although the feeling may not be one of admiration, we are sure that the writer has done something of which he may well be proud.

The story that is to be told is another thing for which no definite *a priori* rules can be given. Great tragedies can be utterly spoiled and the humblest incidents can be exalted by the attitude which the writer's mind takes toward them. To argue from analogy is often unsafe, because the argument generally begins where the analogy ceases; but a Bierstadt can choose for himself in the whole wide world the most wonderful spot to paint, with mountains, rivers, lakes, and forests — such as poets are said to dream of — before him, but his canvas, when he has done his best, leaves us as cold as if we had been looking at a new drop-curtain in the theatre; while Millet can paint a little rustic scene, a woman driving sheep into their pen, a dim road in a dark wood, that we can never forget. It is not what the writer selects that moves us, but his way of treating it. A vulgar mind can degrade "King Lear," and a poet can throw a charm over the tritest line in the copy-book.

We need not go far for illustrations of what we have been saying; it is only necessary to recall some of the fantastic stories for which Southern novelists often betray a fondness. For example, there is one which is both described and criticised by its title, "Heart-Hungry." We need not go into a special examination of that novel, however, for the same thing may be said of the whole class, that they deal with the most tremendous manifestations of the power of love and jealousy, which combine to poison young lives and lead to the most heinous crimes. The books are, so to speak, thunder-storms in print, and seem to be written to make the way easy for some future Taine in a history of American literature to illustrate his remarks on the influence of hot climates upon the tastes of writers. But there is already good authority against tearing a

passion to tatters. It has been widely acknowledged, and for a long time, that bombast is not the most effective means that a writer can use.

Of novels that fail from their dulness, whether caused by their photographic accuracy, or by the sluggish imagination of the author, we are sure that no examples need be given, especially in a land of circulating-libraries. All that we have tried to do is to set before our readers some of the more obvious faults of some of our popular writers. To do this it is by no means necessary to discuss at length all the American novels of recent years. They are, naturally, of different degrees of merit, from these weird visions of the Southern novelist to the innocently prattling stories for which Harper's Magazine is famous. The great novel is yet unwritten. We hope that he who shall attempt to write it will see the simplicity, the singleness of the problem that lies before him. The surer he is of this, the better will be his work. The less conscious he is of trying to be American, the more truly will he succeed in being so. Self-consciousness does not make a strong character, and so it is with this quality of the novelist. Lay the scene on the limitless prairie or in limited Fifth Avenue, but let the story rise above its geographical boundaries; let the characters be treated as human beings, not simply as inhabitants of such or such a place, with nothing to distinguish them from the beasts that perish, except certain peculiarities of dress and language. They must dwell somewhere, but they must be something besides citizens. Fantastic creatures dwelling in pure ether are not what the reader demands, but beings true, not to fashion, but to those higher laws and passions that alone are real, that exist above all the petty, accidental caprice of time and place. The real novelist, he who is to write the "great American novel," must be a poet; he must look at life, not as the statistician, not as the census-taker, nor yet as the newspaper reporter, but with an eye that sees, through temporary disguises, the animating principles, good or bad, that direct human existence; these he must set before us, to be sure, under probable conditions, but yet without mistaking the conditions for the principles. He must idealize. The idealizing novelist will be the real novelist. All truth does not lie in facts.

T. S. Perry.

Art. V. — Kristofer Janson and the Reform of the Norwegian Language.

The last feeble ripple of the French Revolution of 1848 reached Norway in the so-called workingmen's movement; but when the would-be revolutionists broke a few windows, and, we believe, attacked a policeman, it grew to be a serious matter; the government stepped in and sent the leaders to prison, while the cavalry scattered the rebellious populace. The Norwegians are not of a revolutionary temperament; they have just celebrated the millennium of their national existence, which seems to speak well for their character as a patriotic and law-abiding people. They like to think (as what nation does not?) that their own country still occupies a central position on the historical arena of the world; and as long as the world will allow them to live on in this fond illusion, it will at the same time continue to furnish them the first impulse for that fresh, healthy circulation of spiritual life, which is both the condition and the result of liberty and a recognized *nationality*. We here purposely use the term "nationality" in its narrowest sense, because it will furnish us with the corner-stone, on which the significance of Kristofer Janson's labors rests. It was evidently not by a merely accidental coincidence that the movement, with which he has identified himself, began at the time when the national question agitated the half-Slavonic, half-Teutonic Austria, and when Bismarck, as far as Prussia was concerned, settled the difficulty in his own summary manner. It was the remote ground-swell of the same storm that shook the king of Hanover from his throne, convulsed Denmark, and sent the representatives from Holstein into the German *Reichstag*. A nation, then, according to the notion of the Norwegian Reform party, is not a heaping together of all manner of discordant elements, but a race of men, small or great, whom community of traditions and feeling binds together into a firm indestructible unity, and whose love of the same past directs their hopes and their fears to the same future. A party with such an ideal conception of nationality would naturally form an opposition to those who blindly assert that in union there is

strength, regardless of the elements of which the union is composed, and by what means it is effected. And this doctrine has also found its representatives in Norway, in the so-called Scandinavian party, which as yet by far outnumbers the National ultraists, and whose object is nothing less than a union of three Scandinavian nations under one king, or perhaps even under one government. Without undertaking to pronounce upon the merits of the two parties, or their prospects of success or failure, we shall here attempt to give an idea of their influence upon the national literature and of the mutual attitude of their leaders.

It was in the year 1841 that Parmo Carl Ploug, the Danish champion of the Scandinavian cause, was called to the editorship of "Fædrelandet" (The Fatherland), the chief political journal of Copenhagen, and since that time the Scandinavians have been a recognized political power in Denmark. By means of the University meetings, — the triennial gatherings of the academical youth of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, — their teachings rapidly gained ground throughout the North. The undergraduates and the alumni of the Universities, the majority of whom continued to maintain their interest in these academical reunions, felt themselves a great brotherhood, and through them the Scandinavian ideas soon worked to the surface among all ranks and classes. It became fashionable to speak of our old Sagas as Northern (no longer Norwegian); it was deemed fortunate that Norway had lost her rich old language, because the present dialect, being so nearly identical with the Danish, would make the union so much the easier; in short, everything which Norway had boasted her own peculiar treasure was made the common property of the great ideal Scandinavia. Had Denmark and Sweden been as willing to give theirs in exchange, the Scandinavians might now have been as powerful in Christiania as they are in Copenhagen; but with a very pardonable selfishness they both seemed to look upon Norway as the party which was likely to reap the profit of the projected union, and accordingly proved far more willing to receive than to give. It would lead us too far away from our subject to explain what we refer to; but a glance at a collection of Danish ballads, or a slight acquaintance with

the well-known controversy between Professor Munch and Svend Grundtvig would furnish abundant proof of our assertion. Under such circumstances the need of a reaction was clearly felt, and when Osmund Vinje and Ivar Aasen lifted up their voices in favor of the distinctly Norse language, as spoken in the slightly varying dialects of the peasantry, they soon found a party ready to rally round their banner. There could be no doubt that the Danish language, as spoken by the so-called higher classes in Norway, was not a natural development or an outgrowth of the old Norse, while the fact was not to be denied that the peasant, who had lived for centuries in his secluded valley, and exposed to very little influence from abroad, was more likely to have preserved those peculiarly Norse characteristics, the presence of which are so plainly recognizable in the pure old Saga tongue. But here was another problem to be solved, which was enough to perplex the most ingenious. If the Danish language be a mere foreign importation, something that ought to be expelled without mercy, and the sooner the better, to give place to what is truly our own, what is then to be done with that literature, which we are justly so proud of, the noblest fruits of the lives of Norway's best and noblest sons, who thought and saw fit to express their thoughts through this foreign medium? If we keep it and make it as hitherto a part of the education of our youth, it will mould the thought and impress its stamp upon the language of the coming generation; and if we discard it, we shall have to begin our national existence anew. In this dilemma the national cause found a strong and fearless champion in the poet and journalist, Osmund Vinje, whose later public career, until the time of his death in 1870, was marked by an uninterrupted series of attacks upon what he regarded as the pseudo-Norse language, culture, and society. Having himself sprung from the peasantry, he looked upon the cultivated classes as mere invaders, whose unhealthy civilization was destined to be overthrown and superseded by a culture of strong and national growth, founded on the national past, and drawing its life deeply from the national consciousness of the *people*. He could, therefore, well afford to ignore a literature which had never affected the great mass of the people, or had any organic connection with their

modes of life and thought. His newspaper, *Dölen* (The Peasant), was published in the language of his own native valley, and with the most biting satire attacked the government and the existing order of society. As a poet, Vinje gained well-deserved fame through his wonderful work, *Storegut* (The Big Boy), a poem as remarkable for its nervous strength of expression as for the striking originality of its plan and color. The closing stanza in Welhaven's poem, "Protesilaus," may well apply to him: —

> "Whoe'er the vanguard leads in war's alarm,
> He conquers not, he battles for destruction."

Vinje truly bore the brunt of the battle for the Norse language and nationality, but his cynicism and his uncouth manners made it difficult for his contemporaries to recognize the noble self-sacrifice of his life and the high order of his poetic genius.

Ivar Aasen, the second leader of the reform, is a man of no less talent and distinction than Osmund Vinje, although his laurels have been gained in a widely different manner. He was little known, however, until his labors in the interests of the reform brought his name into public notice. Ivar Aasen was well aware that it is a dangerous thing to underestimate the strength of one's opponents; and being by nature, as by education, a scholar, he no sooner saw the character of the problem which the future was to solve, than he eagerly enlisted his heart and his talents for its solution. And, at this stage, it was just a scholar's services which were needed. It was a difficulty, which every sympathizer with the reform must have been fully aware of, that as yet the language, for which he claimed the title of Norse, only existed in innumerable dialects, and that each of these was as Norse in its origin as the others. Ivar Aasen, therefore, took upon himself the perplexing work of grammatically fixing the varying forms of the dialects, and of tracing every anomalous verb or noun back to its original Saga form; and in this manner he has finally proved, beyond a doubt, that these apparently chaotic dialects, through their several processes of development, have been subject to the working of the most inviolable laws, and that consequently they have as good a right to exist as any language of aristocratic antecedents. His lexicon and his grammar of the

Norse language give sufficient evidence that the dialectic differences are such as would naturally disappear when the intercourse between the different parts of the country became more general. Adjunct M. Nygaard, of Christiansand, has also written a very able Norse grammar, and the latest Norwegian papers show that John Bunyan is the first foreign author who has had the honor of being translated into this new-born tongue. But in spite of the indefatigable labors of all these men, the Norse language would probably ever have remained a closed book to the cultivated classes, had not an author arisen, who, aside from his sympathy with the reform, was possessed of poetic genius of a sufficiently high order to attract even those to whom the form of his writings was rather a discouragement than a recommendation. And such a man the reform gained in Kristofer Janson.

It was, we believe, in the year 1865 or 1866 that there appeared in Bergen a little book called *Fraa Bygdom* (From the Parishes). It contained two simple but masterly tales, written in the peasant's own tongue, and describing with wonderful earnestness and fidelity the peasant's ways of life and thought. People read the book and liked it, but perhaps looked upon it as a kind of odd experiment, which it would do no harm to encourage. When the author, however, soon afterwards, declared himself publicly a believer in Vinje's "crazy" language reform, the matter began to wear a more serious aspect; and when, about a year later, he published a tragedy, *Jon Arason* (written, of course, in the same language), he found that the enthusiasm had abated considerably, and that he could no longer expect to have his works judged by their own literary merits. When the public saw that Kristofer Janson aimed at nothing short of establishing a new national literature, and that he was even averse to the idea of having his works translated into the common vernacular, the question to be decided was no longer about his literary accomplishments, but whether a good citizen ought or ought not to encourage him in his work as a reformer. His books, *Han og Ho* (He and She), *Ei Slaastkjempa* (A Wrestler), and *Marit Skjölte*, all deal with different phases of Norwegian peasant-life, and are all remarkable for their genuine simplicity of

thought and style, and in several instances exhibit aspects of character which hitherto have been without representatives in fiction. A volume of "Norse Poems," which he published in 1868, is a little too strongly flavored with "tendency," and is pervaded by a certain persuasive or even polemical tone, which frequently impresses its stamp upon the poetical thought, as well as its form; and, being at the best a foreign if not a discordant element, will hardly accomplish what its author may have intended.

We have heard that the literary leaders of the reform movement, as Vinje and Janson, have had to rely mainly on the national traditions and the rustic life of the people for the subjects of their art. They have not the merit, however, of having been the discoverers of this mine, as Björnson's *Synnöve Solbakken* and *Arne* had been published before any of the Norse literature had appeared. But if they should also have to rely upon the people for their material sustenance, we fear they would realize but a scanty support. In their present state, at least, the peasants are almost totally destitute of literary culture; what little reading they do is confined to religious books and newspapers, and if a taste for a higher order of literature could be awakened among them the chances are, that the well-known scenes of their own life, in which the "Norse Norsemen" delight, would possess far less attraction for them than the great brilliant outside world, which they know only by name. It would be an unworthy insinuation, however, to assume that the natural desire for a wider public has been the chief motive of the reformers in their self-sacrificing efforts. Had mere popularity been their aim, they might have gained it far more easily by following the beaten highway of literature, than by identifying themselves with a movement which carried in it a protest against the whole existing order of society. And the later career of these Norse reformers has established beyond dispute that their motives have been pure and disinterested. Osmund Vinje was willing to give up his office in the service of the government rather than desert his political principles, and Kristofer Janson, who is a graduate of the University of Christiania, and moreover a *Candidatus Theologiæ*, has declined several offers to enter upon a

profitable official career, which in Norway is so alluring to a man of talent, and has preferred to take up his abode in the little parish of Gausdal in Gudbrandsdale, where, assisted by his friend Cand. Theol. Kristofer Bruun, he has established a Folkehögskole (a school or seminary for the higher education of the peasants). There he gathers round him the young lads of all the neighboring valleys, talks with them of the great deeds of their forefathers, teaches them the history and geography of their country, discusses the old and modern literature of the world, and continually strives to rouse their interest in everything good and noble. In the evenings the pupils often assemble in his house, and then those powerful old Norse songs which have slept so long are heard again. The experiment of establishing these seminaries of "High Folk-Lore" was first made in Denmark by the followers of Grundtvig, whose reform in many respects bears a strong resemblance to that of Vinje and Janson. The idea also first gained ground in Norway through the efforts of Ole Arveson and Cand. Anker, who are both known as great admirers of Bishop Grundtvig, at the same time that they warmly sympathize with the Norse reform. Ole Arveson has made a valuable contribution to the Norse literature in his fine collection of poems entitled *Bondeblomster* (Flowers of the Peasantry). Many other "Norsemen" have lately followed the example of Janson and Arveson, and have founded similar seminaries in almost all the principal districts of Norway; and when the reform can bear such fruits in the general desire to enlighten the great mass of the people, and to raise them from that state of ignorance and servitude in which the feudal practices (which still linger in the Norse valleys) and the absence of any spiritual interests have kept them, we think it must be entitled to the admiration and gratitude of every friend of culture and popular freedom. These young peasant lads, who return to their native valleys after having spent two or three years in daily intercourse with men like Janson, Bruun, and Arveson, even if they have acquired but a moderate amount of positive knowledge, cannot but carry with them a living consciousness that there is something in this life which, without being at variance with the toil of the plough and the harrow, still possesses the power to lift the

thoughts of men beyond them, and to exalt and idealize every honest human occupation. And, of the many who come, there may be some whom nature has richly endowed, whose minds have only been waiting for the wakening sunshine and a congenial atmosphere to send forth those rich flowers of genius which would have remained hidden in the germ had not the conditions of growth been present. And that it has been Kristofer Janson's good fortune to hit upon such natures, we judge from his own words, written to a friend during the present year: —

"You may believe there are many fine and deep natures among the peasants here in Gudbrandsdale. I have lately moved the school farther south to Gausdal, as you will see from the superscription of my letter, and here I intend to remain. Here I gather together the young peasant lads from all the neighboring valleys, from Nordmore, Sundmore, Telemark, and Listerland; and it is this intercourse which will be strong to bind our country together. . . . . I don't know if you have any idea of what I mean by Folkehôgskoler, since they are something new, and have probably been established since you left your country. In my opinion they are the best news I can send you from home, for it is upon these schools that the future of our country in many respects depends. They are intended for grown-up peasant lads, and are carried on mostly by oral lectures, without any compulsion, or reciting of lessons. Their object is rather the wakening of the peasant; to loosen that which is bound in him, the thoughts and the feelings which lie dimly dreaming in his heart."

If we have succeeded in giving anything like a clear idea of the origin and the object of this remarkable movement, the reader will have understood that the establishment of these seminaries for the higher enlightenment of the people was the necessary result and the consequent fulfilment of the principles which the reformers from the beginning had declared as their platform. If the civilization of our higher classes is imported and foreign, and our hope for the future lies in our strict adherence to and development in the direction of what truly belongs to our own nation, then, if these preliminaries are true, there is no possible escape from the conclusion, that the peasantry bear the future of our land, and that the sooner they can be made aware of that fact, and the sooner they can be made worthy bearers of it, the earlier we shall be able to occupy that

place among the nations to which the inherent strength and intellectuality of our Northern blood entitles us. The conclusion was inevitable, and Kristofer Janson and his followers no sooner saw the requirements of their reform than they fearlessly set to work in the face of prejudice, mistrust, and ridicule. They were not frightened at the gigantic dimensions of the labor to which they were called, for not only their heads but also their hearts were enlisted in the cause of the reform. And the possession of many such men, we think, would contain a fair promise for the future of any country.

Kristofer Janson's latest work, and the one to which we shall here especially direct the reader's attention, is "Sigmund Bresteson," a poetical version of the well-known old "Fareyinga Saga" (the Saga of the Faroe-Islanders). Here again the tendency is apparent on the very first page, in the Dedication to the Norwegian peasant. We immediately feel that it is the reformer, Kristofer Janson, we have first to do with, and secondarily the poet. We translate a few verses from this Dedication, not attempting to smooth over certain roughnesses in the sound as well as in the form of the verse, which certainly have their parallels in the poetical parts of the Sagas, and which, for this reason, may have been intentional with the author: —

"Thou, Norway's peasant, strong and stern,
The ancient Saga-book I take.
On thy hearth I sit, where the fagots burn,
And with my song thy spirit wake.

. . . . .

"Long thou hast wandered, dull and slow,
And hid the thoughts thy strong soul fed;
Of those that slept in the hill below
Unmindful, in thy strife for bread.

"But if its root forget the race,
And sons forget their fathers' cares,
Then remedies are vain. Alas!
The mark of death the race then bears.

"And therefore up, while day is bright.
Ye sons of Sogn and Gudbrandsdale,
On your old sires bend your sight,
If your own likeness you can tell.

. . . . .

"But if once your backs ye raise,
And forward tread, with head uplift,
And seek the storm-wind's trackless ways,
With gladsome song, and sail unreefed,

"And swift on skees,* o'er mounts of snow,
Chasing the deer and bird, ye run;
And with your daring leaps do show
That ye have legs to stand upon;

"If spite of sneers and scorn, by force
Forward to kings and priests ye throng,
With fearless truth, in plain discourse,
And in your fathers' ancient tongue,

"And beg not thoughts, allowed by grace,
But battle, till your rights are won;—
Then here I name you the proud race
Of ancient Sigmund Bresteson."

One needs no further assurance that the author has had an object in his work, a purpose outside of the poem, and not necessarily flowing from it. And such a purpose cannot but hamper his freedom, draw his imagination earthward, and force it into this stereotyped mould, which the moralist and not the poet in him has set up for imitation. It is this consciousness that all eyes are watching him, that he is being exhibited as an example to his race, and a pattern Norse peasant, — it is this which at times makes Sigmund Bresteson feel ill at ease, and which dictates his words and actions in the scenes where he appears to least advantage. Consequently, that ineffable charm of a tuneful nature, singing, as Keats says, at "full-throated ease," singing because the heart overbrims with song, we shall seek in vain in "Sigmund Bresteson." If the poem were altogether epic in character, we might not be justified in approaching it with such expectations; but in claiming the advantages of a varied verse and generally adopted lyrical metres, the author has evidently hinted the standard by which he wished his work to be judged.

The prelude, "On the Faroe Isles," is a very delightful bit of foreground painting, and, moreover, with great felicity accomplishes the object of a prelude, that of attuning the reader's

* *Skees* are a peculiar kind of Norwegian snow-shoes. They are from four to six feet long, about the width of the foot, and polished on the underside so as to glide easily over the snow. The front end is pointed, and is bent upwards.

mind to the grand theme of the poem. It is all full of that wild picturesqueness which, indeed, characterizes every scene and incident in the succeeding narrative: —

"The Faroe Isles are wild and waste;
The dusky mount, with naked breast,
Full grimly laughs while 'gainst its knee
The surges break incessantly.

"Here blows the whale; the drowsy seal
Amid the shells and sea-weed plays;
And clouds of sea-birds half reveal
The crags, the reefs, and narrow bays.

. . . . .

"The Storm-wind, he who, bold and strong,
Durst sink the boats, uproot the trees,
He meekly steals the shores along,
Chanting repentant melodies."

In the next canto, if we may honor it with such a dignified title, we make the acquaintance of "Trond in Göte," who figures throughout the poem, and who is thus described: —

"Trond in Göte was a goodly churl.

. . . . .

Red as the fox's skin was his hair,
And his heart as the wolf's was wicked.
'One must not judge the dog from his hair,'
'And if the cow be black, the milk will be white still,' said Trond."

It is not to be denied that the highest art will always avoid explanations of this kind; it betrays a certain want of trust in the intelligence of one's readers to label every character, at its first appearance, with his moral testimonials. We should not be surprised, however, if the author, in his blind admiration of the Sagas, has wilfully attempted to imitate their defects as well as their perfections. And in the Sagas these leading hints are not unfrequent. But most of the Sagas had existed a long time before they were written down, and these hints are probably reminiscences of the story-teller's somewhat colloquial style, as sitting by the hearth, in the late winter nights, he gathered his household around him, and tried to adapt his tale to the comprehension of the different classes of men whom chance had brought together. "Now Oswif is out of our story," we read in *Njala*,* the masterpiece of all the Icelandic Sagas;

* In speaking of the old Icelandic histories, the word "Saga" is often omitted to avoid repetition; the letter *a* is then added to the name of the history, if it ends

and in the description of Njal's sons, "These will all afterwards figure in our story." Of Njal himself, the author gives us a most minutely detailed portrait, stating from the beginning not only, that he was handsome of face, although he had no beard, but also giving a complete list of all his accomplishments, and his good as well as his evil qualities. It reminds one a little of Bottom the weaver, and his fellow-actors in the Midsummer Night's Dream: —

> "This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
> Presenteth moonshine,"

but can hardly be worthy of imitation in this age. But to return to Trond in Göte: —

> "So broad on his bench he sat,
> And dealt commands to his slave;
> But if a grandee came near,
> Full lowly would he behave.
> 'It is always the best withe that is the meekest,' said Trond.
>
> "In came Havgrim, the chieftain,
> His broadsword he flung on the board.
> 'Now sooth, my friend, thou must help me
> With more than useless word.'
> 'Well, have you got sand in your washing-rag?' said Trond."

Havgrim now explains that he has had a quarrel with the two chiefs, Breste and Beine, to which Trond laconically replies, that "he who barks himself has no need of keeping a dog." He now feels bound to wreak his vengeance on the offenders, and after some bargaining, Trond promises to help him. The two following cantos give a very vivid description of the attack upon Breste and Beine, which results in the death of both the assailing and the assailed party. Only Trond in Göte survives to reap the benefit of the deed. He attempts to sell the children of the slain, Tore Beineson and Sigmund Bresteson, as slaves; but the man to whom he offers them, on learning their origin, compels him to give them up without payment. They are now brought to Norway, where they are fostered on the Dovre mountains by a peasant, who calls himself Ulv, but who afterwards turns out to be a renowned outlaw, whose real name is Torkell Turrfrost: —

---

with a consonant. *Njala* thus comes to mean Njal's Saga. Saxdäla stands for Saxdäla Saga, etc.

"A goodlier farm you scarce could find;
And they fared sumptuously.
The housewife was exceedingly kind;
And Turid, full fair was she."

Turid is of course Torkell Turrfrost's daughter; and even if she had not been as fair as she is said to have been, we might easily have conjectured, what was to follow. There is something, which in Norway is called "house-warmth," and is defined as a kind of subtle influence; which half unconsciously draws the members of the same household ever nearer together. It is a recognized power — we had nearly said, in Church and State, but we can unhesitatingly assert — in society, and forms an indispensable link in the calculations of fond mothers, and, in the case of Sigmund and Turid, this power soon makes itself felt, and is joyfully hailed by both.

The custom of making love in rhymes, or alliterated riddles (which are of course very easily guessed), is, we believe, still kept up in some parts of Norway. In Landstad's collection of Norwegian ballads there are found several modern specimens. The love-making of Sigmund and Turid runs thus: —

Sigmund. "Listen, listen, Turid;
Canst thou read my riddles? —
Fog-born fays that famish
Far in fog-realms dwelling.
Darkening doubts oppress me;
And my thoughts I liken
To the bashful blossoms
Through the leaflets peeping.

Turid. "Tell thy tidings, Sigmund;
Turid truly listens.
. . . . .
Speak! for when thou speakest
Forward throng fair visions;
And, like blithesome fairies,
Flit across my bosom."

Sigmund then asks what she supposes has the greatest power to make a man happy, to smooth the wrinkles on his brow, and to make him forgetful of his sorrows. "Victory and an honored name," says she, "bring the greatest happiness; fame smooths the wrinkles upon the hero's brow, and skaldship, the gift of song, makes man forgetful of his sorrows." To which he answers: —

"Nay; to meet my maiden,
Higher bliss I know not;
She can smooth the wrinkles
From the troubled forehead.
From her eye's bright lustre
Hope and joy we borrow;
In her fond embraces
Man forgets his sorrow."

After having tested Turid's ingenuity by several more riddles of the same nature, all of which her modesty forbids her to guess, Sigmund finally exclaims: —

"Free and mountain-fostered,
Gleams my bliss full brightly;
Here the blushful maiden
Whom my kiss has plighted, —
Turid! mountain blossom! —
Smileth in the snow-drift;
Here will dwell the eagle,
Here his rest he findeth."

But Sigmund soon has leisure to regret his hasty promises; the memory of his father's bloody death, which he had himself witnessed, weighs heavily upon his mind, and a craven wretch he would be in his own and in other men's eyes if he neglected to avenge his blood upon the slayer. He informs Tore, his foster-brother, of his purpose, and they determine to leave Torkell Turrfrost. Torkell himself follows them down the mountain, and, at parting, asks them about their family and their previous history. "For I should like to know," says he, "who they are whom I have fostered for six years, and from what race they have sprung." Sigmund willingly answers his questions, whereupon Torkell, in return, tells them his Saga. The foster-brothers now betake themselves to the court of Hakon Jarl, who was at that time the ruler of Norway, but, not being of the ancient royal race, had not assumed the name of king. Here they find the Jarl sitting in the high seat on the dais, while the scalds sing his great deeds, and his warriors, seated on the cross-benches, quaff the nut-brown mead out of the silver-mounted ox-horns: —

"Then stepped Einar forth, the scald from Iceland;
Hushed the din, for all were fain to listen.
With his hand the harp he clasped full firmly;

Nimbly ran o'er strings of gold his fingers.
And he sings, as on the heath the storm-wind;
Wild his lay, like helmet-cleaving broadswords.
And he sings the lusty life of Vikings;
Sings the clash of swords, where red the billows
Blush, and rise in foam by whizzing arrows
Lashed, as thick they fly like winter hail-storms;
Then in death they sink, the mighty warriors.
Thus the scald: and on the walls the armor
Rattles, and *Valkyrias* * through the wide hall
Hover, and they rouse Jarl Hakon's warriors;
Fists are clenched, and wild their eyes are burning.
Then the Jarl takes from his arm a gold ring,
Holds it toward the scald; 't was large and gleaming.
Einar lifts aloft the glittering gold ring:
'Ever praised be thou, my generous master.'

. . . . .

In comes Sigmund with his brother Tore;
'Hail to thee, my mighty lord and master.
I am Sigmund, Breste was my father,
He who found his death in distant Faroe.
To avenge my father now I purpose,
And to ask thy aid is here my errand.'"

Sigmund and Tore now enlist in Hakon Jarl's *hird*, or body-guard, and after a few years of faithful service they accomplish their purpose. The Jarl gives them men and ships, wherewith they set out for the Faroe Islands; but, before parting, Sigmund has an interview with the Jarl. The latter is widely known as a zealous worshipper of the old gods, and having never seen Sigmund bring offerings to Odin and Thor, he asks him about his faith: —

"'Hear, Sigmund; thou must tell me how is it with thy faith;
Who is thy god, and fearest thou not Thor's and Odin's wrath?'

"And Sigmund raised his eyes, and gave a toss with his head,
And both his hands he clasped upon his trusty blade.

"'I believe in what I see, and I trust the thing I know;
I trust in that which helps a man, when in distress and woe.

"'And what I see is, that my frame is strong and very good;
And what I know is, that my sword has oft my foes withstood.

"'I never prayed to gods like yours, hewn out of wood or stone,
And heretofore my faith, Sir Jarl, was in myself alone.'"

---

* *Valkyrias*, the three warlike virgins; the choosers of the slain.

The Jarl is much displeased at his words, and tries vainly to persuade him of the power of the gods of Valhal. At length he conducts him to the sacred grove, where the images of the gods stand around the bloody doom-stones. Here he takes a golden ring from the arm of one of the images, and clasps it on Sigmund's, praying that the high gods may prosper him on his journey.

At the Faroe Islands Sigmund finds Ossur, Havgrim's son, in possession of his paternal estate, and immediately after his landing attacks and defeats him. Ossur himself is slain, with many of his men. But Trond in Göte, who had been the cause of Breste's death, with his usual shrewdness escapes the fate Sigmund has intended for him. They open negotiations, and having by common consent appointed Hakon Jarl arbitrator, the foster-brothers again return to Norway to submit their case to his decision.

Turid, in the mean while, lives on the Dovre mountain, weeping over the babe Sigmund has left her, sings her wayward lullabies for him, and teaches him now to curse and now to bless his father's name: —

"Hush, hush, my baby dear;
Thoughts of vengeance I pour in thine ear;
Vengeance, babe, for my spotless name,
Vengeance, too, for my blush of shame.
Vengeance for tears, and vengeance for hate,
Vengeance for hunger and low estate;
Vengence for the nights of waking,
When weeping in bed I sate.

"Hush, hush, my baby dear,
Mighty thoughts I pour in thine ear;
I 've devoted thee to deeds of might,
Quickly grow then in stature and height.
For thou shalt fly o'er the billows blue,
Gather around thee a stalwart crew;
And wide o'er the wide world roaming,
Thy father's track pursue.

"Hush, hush, my baby dear,
Lightsome dreams I pour in thine ear;
Heed not this wayward song of mine,
Think of thy father, that cleaveth the brine.
He shall come to his child one day,

Free us all from the mountain gray;
Shall wipe the tear from the eyelid,
And chase our sorrow away.

"Hush, hush, my baby dear,
Thy father now kisses away thy tear;
Wait but a little, and I shall tell
The deeds of thy father I know so well.
How he could brave both hunger and cold,
How he used to kiss thy mother of old;
And how he was kind and loving,
Nay, matchless, and good as gold!"

And Turid is not disappointed in her faith. The nineteenth canto, describing Sigmund's return, is truly Norse in feeling, and pervaded by that sturdy homeliness which characterizes all the leading situations of the Saga. And here, we think, is a genuine stroke of nature. Turid has betrayed very little emotion at seeing Sigmund; she has daily expected him through long and weary years, but when he finally fulfils her expectations she is as if struck dumb, and hardly knows whether to believe her own eyes; he who would have judged her heart by her conduct would have been sure to misjudge her: —

"Far away from the tumult she silently sped,
To the place where her child lay asleep in his bed;
Such wildered yearnings she felt in her breast,
And, weeping, the boy to her heart she pressed.
'Now tell me, my babe, shall it not be confessed,
That truer is none than thy father?'"

Sigmund now brings his bride to Hlade, where Hakon Jarl celebrates their wedding; he then returns with his wife to his home, and is appointed earl of the Faroe Islands. Trond in Göte, after having made several attempts to escape the payment of the fine for Breste's death, is finally compelled to abide by the Jarl's arbitration. A few years later we find Sigmund fighting in the famous battle of the Jomsvikings, where Hakon Jarl sacrifices his son to one of the Valkyrias. But the dearly bought victory was of little avail. Shortly after the battle, Olaf Trygveson, a descendant of the royal race of Harold the Fair-haired, invades the country, and deserted by all except his mistress, Tora of Rimul, Hakon meets his death at the hand of his thrall, Karker. The new king loses no time in

gaining the earls of the realm for his cause, and among the rest also sends a messenger to Sigmund, inviting him to an interview, and giving him the choice between *Christ the White* and the loss of his earldom. And now it appears to us that Sigmund's conduct becomes a little equivocal. It does not help matters much that the poet, through a fine moonlight night on the sea, attunes his mind to a reflective mood. We cannot doubt that, in spite of the moonlight and the philosophical problem of the nature of truth, which now for the first time seems to worry him, the late political events still remain foremost in his thoughts. At last he is obliged to confess to himself where the real difficulty lies, for he ends his revery with the reflection: "To-morrow I shall be in Norway; to-morrow I shall stand before King Olaf." The next day he accordingly makes his appearance before the king with twenty men, and when the latter wonders that he comes so well attended, Sigmund announces that he has five times as many waiting for him at the ships. The following cantos, describing Sigmund's intercourse with King Olaf, and his final conversion to Christianity, do not sustain the reader's interest to the same degree as the stirring Saga-like strain of his childhood and youth. They contain a number of fine situations, and possess enough of the same traits, which characterize the first part of the book to be eminently readable. But for some reason or other the hero has no longer the same claim upon the reader's sympathy, and he never succeeds in establishing beyond cavil the sincerity of his conversion. It may be quoted in his defence, that if his religion had not had its root in his heart, he would hardly have taken the trouble to convert his countrymen on his return to the Faroe Islands; but here he acted again by command of the king; and, moreover, conversions were a far more summary process then than nowadays. There can be little doubt that all the priests and monks, that Olaf brought with him, would have accomplished little if his own sword had not preached more loudly than them all.

Trond in Göte, in the mean while, has fostered Leiv Ossurson, the son of Ossur Havgrimson, whom Sigmund had slain, and having been compelled by the latter to receive baptism, his ire is again roused, and the thoughts of vengeance leave him

no rest. Under pretence of avenging the death of Ossur, he attacks Sigmund by night with sixty men, and sets fire to his house. And here again the author has allowed his warlike spirits to run away with him. It may be Norse, but it certainly does not enhance either the picturesque or the æsthetic effect of the scene to have Turid so far forget her womanly nature as to mingle with the men, helmet on her head, and axe in hand, and fight like a lioness. We have no doubt the poet can, in this instance, point to his authority; but that hardly alters the fact, that the incident is revolting to our sense of æsthetic propriety, and that consequently *in a poem* it does more harm than good. In reading Sigmund Bresteson the question has often occurred to us, whether the author would not have achieved a better success, if he had been more careful to keep in mind that he was writing a poem, and not a mere historical narrative. Tegner was, as far as we know, the first Scandinavian to adopt a varied verse for the treatment of epic subjects; and the advantages of such a course are too evident to need any explanation. Tegner, however, did not forget that in claiming the advantages of the lyrical verse, he also assumed duties and responsibilities, which he could not violate with impunity. To treat an historical theme poetically, necessarily involves a sacrifice on the one side or the other. The historian who, in the endeavor to shed a poetical light upon his narrative, would leave out or alter historical facts, would be guilty of a falsehood; but no one would think of blaming a poet for taking the same liberty; while on the other hand we should, in nine instances out of ten, strongly criticise him for want of æsthetical judgment, if he did not liberally apply the pruning-knife. In fact, historical poetry can no more than any other kind of poetry be wholly independent of the time in and for which it is written. What may have been a strong dramatic or tragical motive in one age, may have altogether vanished from another, and may no longer appeal to the feelings of men, except as a revolting barbarism. Schiller has evidently felt this when he says: —

> "Alles widerholt sich nur im Leben,
> Ewig jung ist nur die Phantasie;
> Was sich nie und nirgends hat begeben,
> Das allein verältet nie."

This work, however, of adapting an historical theme to the age for which it is written, must necessarily, from the nature of the case, be an essentially negative one; it is not accomplished by altogether removing one's point of view from the past into the present; not by mixing the social and moral ideas of one's own time with that of the poem, but, on the contrary, rather by not representing that which through the lapse of time has lost its æsthetical value. And in this, we think, lies the chief failing of Sigmund Bresteson. The author has truthfully depicted the old heroic age; he has painted his heroes rude and rough, as they were, not always pleasing, but wonderfully lifelike; nay, he has even in his over-scrupulousness appended several pages of notes and personal information, apparently to satisfy the curiosity of those who, at the close of the book, are anxious to know "what became of them afterwards." Speaking of Hakon Jarl's death, he adds the following note: —

"When Olaf Trygveson was about to land in Drontheim, he met Erlend, a very hopeful son of Hakon Jarl, who had intended to escape. Erlend sprang into the water, but Olaf seized the tiller, flung it after him and struck him on the head, so that his skull burst. That was his death."

Again, at the end of the book, he gives an account in prose of the doings of Sigmund's widow, of how his daughter was married, how his sons grew up to be common peasants, etc., all of which goes to prove that the author has looked upon the task before him mainly as an historian, and at least only secondarily as a poet. And Kristofer Janson himself, with his deep-rooted reverence for the early monuments of his nation, would probably be the first to admit that for a second historian of the Saga time (at least in separate productions) there can be no well-founded demand. Truthfulness was, as we learn from numerous passages in Njala and many other Icelandic histories, the first aim of the Saga-man, and misrepresentation of a man's deeds, when he could no longer himself take revenge on the slanderer, was a crime which was liable to be resented by his nearest living relative. But to the poet the ancient Sagas indeed offer a wide field, which is destined to yield an abundant harvest.

We left Sigmund at a very critical moment, attacked at

midnight with fire and sword, and with his house surrounded by his deadliest enemies. He escapes with his foster-brother, Tore, and pursued by Leiv Ossurson and Trond in Göte, seeks refuge in the sea. In a terrible tempest he swims, with Tore on his back, over to one of the neighboring islands, and is there miserably murdered by a peasant, Thorgrim, whom the glittering gold ring, he had received from Hakon Jarl, tempts to the deed. The Danish poet, Hauch, has in one of his essays attempted to prove that in the best of the old Sagas the story-teller has had higher aims than those of simple historical fidelity; that, in fact, the skilful hand of the artist may be recognized in the development of plot and in the *dénouement* of Njala, Laxdöla, and others. As evidence of this he quotes the difference in the proceedings at each of Halgerda's marriages, and the conscious and intentional revelation of the terrible abyss to which the Icelandic idea of revenge and honor must necessarily lead. And we do not hesitate to pronounce this another proof that the ancient author of the "Fareyingja" cannot have been so wholly ignorant of the demands of art. At first sight it seems anything but just, that the noble Sigmund should perish in this pitiful manner, surprised in the gloom of night by a treacherous enemy, being, for the first time in his life, forced to flee, and then, after having lost his sword, finding death at the hand of an avaricious peasant. It is apparently injustice and treachery which here triumph over nobility and worth. But looking more closely at the circumstances of his death, we shall even here find the traces of something, which, considering the superstitious spirit of the age, may have the appearance of a just retribution. It is evidently not by a mere accident, that the Saga-man emphasizes the fact, that it was Hakon Jarl's ring on Sigmund's arm which impelled the murderer to his deed; and looking again at the history of this ring, we no longer wonder that it proves fatal to its wearer. Hakon Jarl had taken it from the arm of his favorite divinity, probably from the Valkyria, to whom he afterwards sacrificed his son. He had himself put it on Sigmund's arm, and commanded him never to part with it; and, consequently, when King Olaf asks him for it, he answers: —

> "Nay, Lord, this ring to me the great Jarl Hakon gave;
> As a keepsake from him shall I wear it to my grave.

. . . . . .

"As an omen of good luck he gave it me of old;
Full many a tear it cost him,—and tears are more than gold,—
And solemnly I promised to wear it on my arm,
And my promise do I keep, be it for good or harm.

"Then suddenly with wrath flushed the visage of the king;
I offered thee salvation, thy death shall be that ring.
Whence that infernal gold hath come I clearly now discern,
How the flames of hell itself in this ring of Hakon burn."

Knowing this prophecy, it will not surprise us that the ring carries no blessing with it. To the mind of the Norsemen the old gods were still a reality, although they had ceased to believe in them as saving powers. *Christ the White* stood before them as the conqueror of Odin and Thor, and at first they probably worshipped him, because they believed him to be the stronger. The heathen deities then gradually assumed the character of demons, who from time to time tried to allure the souls, whom Christ had saved, back into the old darkness. An attempt, therefore, to reconcile heathendom and Christianity was, and, we think, is yet in some parts of Norway regarded as a most dangerous experiment, and sure to result in destruction. And as such, the ancient author of the Saga may have considered Sigmund's continuing to wear the Jarl's ring; and, although wholly unconscious on his part, still as typifying this dangerous reconciliation, could not but bear in it the germ of evil. This is not necessarily at variance with Max Müller's theory* of the growth of Christianity in the North, out of the heathen prophecies and traditions. In the earliest times the missionaries undoubtedly made use of the prophecy of Ragnarok and others, which they could interpret as referring to the reign of Christ; but even if thereby they could convince the people, that the "old gods" were dead, they could not altogether annihilate them, or prevent them from taking their places among the powers of evil. That this really was the common belief, is abundantly proved by the legend of *Asgaardsreien* and many other superstitions. We cannot but wonder that this fine dramatic motive in Sigmund's honorable adherence to his promise to the Jarl, as conflicting with the

* Chips from a German Workshop, Vol. II., "The Norsemen in Iceland."

foreshadowed doom in the king's prophecy, has so altogether escaped Kristofer Janson's notice. It is again his regard for truth which must have blinded his eye; the Saga probably does not speak of any such struggle in Sigmund's mind, and consequently he has not felt at liberty to introduce it.

The book ends with a *draapa*, or death-song, over Sigmund, written in rhymeless, alliterated verses, in the style of the old Norse scalds: —

"Fallen the free-born
Fearless swordsman;
The hopes of his land
With him are buried.
Lifeless lies he!
But, nay! late living;
Living till Saga
Sleep-bound slumbers."

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

ART. VI. — THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN OF 1872.

THE description of a well-known public character as "a first-rate second-rate man," might be so modified as to give a very fair idea of the relative importance of the campaign now technically said to be convulsing the country. Of course the press and the speakers engaged in rallying the opposing sides speak of the issues at stake as simply momentous and unprecedented, involving practically nothing less than national ruin in the inevitable failure at the polls of one or the other of these irreconcilable classes of prophets; and we observe that even so self-contained a participant in the struggle as Mr. Wendell Phillips claims that his candidate stands for "loyalty to-day and salvation ever after." This is the traditional electioneering war-cry, which with "Vote early," "Get out the last man," etc., has done good service in every Presidential campaign thus far, and, it is presumed, will continue in favor till our political duties are resolved by the processes of pure reason. The truth is, something has been gained by the great elemental epoch from which we are just emerging. The rehabilitation

of the nation, by the sword and civil ordinances, is so far complete and secure, that the people of this generation, at least, have earned the right to be relieved from vaticinations of immeasurable woe to their institutions as the result of any election, State or national. In fact, the present campaign — whether we look to the professions formally made by the contending parties, or to the construction of these parties and their obvious aims and tendencies — is essentially of but an ordinary degree of importance. Personalities have characterized it to an unusual extent; policies, rather than principles, are in the minds of a majority of the voters; feelings of confidence and distrust, rather than any profound convictions, will control the final decision; and, whatever that may be, the nation will continue to move on in its present orbit, perhaps more or less slowly, as the decision is this way or that, but with its course and destinies materially unchanged.

Still, the periodical winding up of our political machinery is always a matter of vital concern to thoughtful citizens; and the pending contest, whatever else may be said of it, is certainly one of the most curious in its developments, and possibly one of the most interesting in its suggestions, that this generation has known. It may be difficult, in the midst of the tumult, to trace its springs and to gauge the various forces involved, but its main characteristics are so obvious that there can be no disagreement in regard to them among candid observers, except that arising from their respective points of view.

The first question of fact that claims attention relates to the acceptability of President Grant to the Republican party; because upon that have really hinged the chief peculiarities of the canvass, such as the Republican defection, the shaping of the reform agitation, the Cincinnati movement, the nomination of Horace Greeley, the coalition consummated at Baltimore, the Louisville Convention, and others to be considered hereafter. According to the records of his party, as well as the assertions of the Republican stump orators, General Grant appears to be one of the most popular Presidents that we ever had. He has received quite steadily the support of the Republican majorities of the two Houses of Congress, and he has been nominated

by acclamation in a national convention, which, notwithstanding the official influences clearly apparent in its construction and deliberations, was as free as such gatherings of a party in power ever are, and did undoubtedly reflect the unpurchased and unpurchasable sentiment of the Republicans of the Union. For all that, it was not a nomination made with the heartiness and substantial unanimity of that made four years previous by the same party. In other words, the President, during the first half of his administration, had occasioned some serious and wide-spread disappointment among his supporters, and it is not difficult to see how it was done. Going into power with an unusual exemption from partisan and clique encumbrances, it was expected that, while he would be faithful to Republican ideas, he would give the country an administration exceptionally independent of rings, lobbies, and back-stair influences generally. The man himself was, undoubtedly, animated by a sincere desire and resolve to meet these expectations; but he was a soldier thrust into a strange field, where his peculiar strength did not seem to be available, and where his knowledge was often at fault, while his civil character was wholly unformed. Consequently, when he had fallen into improprieties here, by the official recognition of men who had been his pecuniary benefactors, and had run against the laws there, as in the nomination of A. T. Stewart as Secretary of the Treasury, and had been baffled and set back altogether by public sentiment, as in the San Domingo matter, he began to realize the difficulties of his position, and there were not wanting those who discerned in his embarrassment their own selfish opportunity. Insensibly the semblance, if not something more, of rings, military, senatorial, and otherwise, as described by Mr. Sumner's unsparing pen began to appear. Some unfit appointments were made and some good ones were unmade. And it was particularly observed that officers who had identified themselves with the rising aspirations for reform, like Secretary Cox and David A. Wells, were among the first to be retired. The removal of Mr. Motley from the post of Minister to the Court of St. James, and the degradation of Mr. Sumner from the chairmanship of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, gave a powerful impulse to the disquiet of the

Republican masses, in view of the tendency at Washington, and to a feeling of dissatisfaction with the President, although it found no immediate expression in proportion to its extent. Except in the simplicity and honesty of his character, the President's traits were not calculated to propitiate the critical disposition thus evoked. If he had had the slightest touch of the dramatic dignity of Marlborough, or of the electric tact of Napoleon, he might have shrouded the errors of inexperience beneath a halo of well-earned prestige; but being as plain as an average private, and as silent as a model picket, his short-comings lay open to the dullest observation, with everybody welcome to make the most of them. Hence it happened that, without regard to the question whether nine or thirteen of the President's relatives were in office, — surely about the smallest question ever pressed by grave statesmen upon the attention of the American people, — and independent of the fact that there were grave differences of opinion among Republicans as to the merits of the President's Southern policy, and in defiance of the other more pertinent fact that his administration, on the whole, was a fair one, and was, in some respects, extraordinarily good and effective, the renomination, after all, was carried with the rather qualified heartiness and formal unanimity of which we have spoken.

The truth is, two influences were, throughout, operative upon the judgment which General Grant's administration had to encounter, and which colored the impression produced by every incident of importance as it arose. The first came from that accumulation of grievances, disappointments, hopes deferred, and the other personal discontents which inevitably rage within the bosom of a party that has been ten years in power; and the other from the fact that, owing probably to the grand moral reawakening caused by the struggle for national preservation, there was a vital reform sentiment among the people, prepared to assert itself just as fast as the outstanding issues of the war period — which, in parliamentary language, "had the floor" — should be disposed of. All this led, on the one hand, to Grant's administration being judged by a somewhat higher standard than had been usually applied to its predecessors; and, on the other, to its encounter-

ing a swarm of the most unreasonable and irritating objections. Out of this state of things arose the first marked phenomenon of the present campaign, the Liberal Republican defection; and it showed both the influences we have mentioned: but whether it is to be defined as a reform movement subject to personal perturbations, or as a quarrel taking on the pretensions of reform, is not yet settled beyond question. Perhaps some light can be thrown upon it by considering the manner in which the principal man of the movement became detached from the support of the administration. When General Grant entered upon his Presidential term, Charles Sumner was not only the most prominent figure in the Republican party, but in American civil life. History, indeed, must place him in the van, if not actually in advance, of the guiding minds during that crisis which has resulted in the rescue and regeneration of our institutions. Made for rugged work, his foibles were as plain to his acquaintances as his merits were to the country. Such a man, out of gratitude as well as from the suggestions of an enlightened policy, deserved respectful and generous consideration on the part of all associated with him for common public purposes. If every one who was introduced to Erskine was expected to pay proper regard in conversation to the great principle of the right of trial by jury, if Chatham's most esteemed friends had to wait patiently in his anteroom till his vestments and crutch had been properly disposed and the light adjusted with due Rembrandt effect, it was surely worth while for a new and unskilled Republican President to have paid special attention and even deference to Senator Sumner. It is to the eternal honor of General Grant that he showed a soldier-like delicacy and discretion toward his chief antagonist in the field, when he had him in his power. He ought to have been at least equally delicate and discreet toward his chief supporter in civil affairs, when the latter's power was so considerable and desirable. Had he understood this duty as well as President Lincoln did, it is almost safe to say that Mr. Sumner's defection — so regretted by the best friends he still has — would never have occurred. We are not attempting to settle the question of moral responsibility among the parties to this affair, nor to determine the point at which policy would

cease to be a virtue; but we are endeavoring to take a fair historic view of an event in which, as in most public events, personal influences played an inseparable part. Instead of pursuing the wiser course, the President neglected, not to say slighted, the Senator. The latter was not consulted, as he had a right to be, even in his province of foreign relations; his opponents in the Senate received marked executive favor; his intimate friend, Mr. Motley, was summarily and rudely removed from his responsible position; and Mr. Sumner himself was deposed from the chairmanship which he had signally honored. True, the latter indignity was inflicted by the Senator's own colleagues, but if not prompted by executive influence, it might have been averted by it. The San Domingo agitation widened the breach, till Mr. Sumner stood in open revolt against the President, and ultimately against his administration. From this point onward, truth compels us to say, that the personal injustice, the passion and vindictiveness were, so far as they were discernible to the public, wholly on the side of the Senator. The exhibition is lamentable, but it is not subject to the criticism of those upon whom rests the consciousness that they might have possibly prevented it, or that they ought at least to have made the effort.

While Mr. Sumner is not to be taken as the complete type of the leading class who joined in the Liberal exodus from the Republican party, there were points of similarity in the personal influences visibly operative upon all. Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Schurz, Mr. Greeley and General Banks, undeniably had their grievances with the administration or its too often officious champions, although it is impossible to say how far these were allowed to influence their public action; and the same peculiarity can be traced throughout the length and breadth of the Liberal movement. There was little in common at first between the individual seceders, and the whole movement had the questionable aspect of proceeding downward from the leaders, instead of upward from the masses. An organ of the party, commenting upon the little encouragement derived from the returns of the election in Maine, says that political reforms do not originate among such populations as the voters of that State. The truth is, it is exactly among such populations that they

do originate, as a general thing. When a young British nobleman was sneering at "tea-table reforms," a veteran statesman said, "Never do that; all the reforms in my day have come up from the tea-table." In this country, certainly, there never was a great popular movement, reformatory or otherwise, that did not make itself heard in the "back towns" before it reached Washington. However, the Liberal demonstration was not long in forming its own channels and taking on its distinctive public character. A local contest in Missouri, where a portion of the Republicans had joined with the Democrats against the body of the supporters of the administration as to some points of State policy, particularly amnesty to the late rebels and revenue reform, was seized upon as the nucleus for a national organization. Thence originated the "Cincinnati movement," favored by the Liberal Republicans on the one side, and the "Passivist" Democrats on the other, and ending its first stage with the Cincinnati Convention of May 1st.

That body met avowedly and almost exclusively as a reform gathering, devoted to reform in general and to revenue reform (to be embodied in a purely revenue tariff) in particular. The person chiefly mentioned in connection with the Presidential nomination to be made by the convention was Charles Francis Adams, whose name, should he accept the honor, was a sufficient guaranty that he would keep the movement true to its professed objects, and whose character commanded the respect of all parties. The honor, to the utter surprise and merriment of the people, fell upon Horace Greeley. Precisely how this result was brought about is not known to this day, — whether it came from previous negotiations or understandings with Democratic leaders, of which there are some evidences extant, or was achieved through the skilful tactics of General Blair and Governor Brown of Missouri, in the convention itself, or is to be accepted as the last case of political spontaneous combustion, originating in the inflammable materials of a miscellaneous gathering. What is known is, that Mr. Greeley's nomination proved as great a surprise to the more prominent and best participants in the convention as to the people outside, and a great source of grief as well. Here was a revenue-reform convention nominating the most radical and inveterate

protectionist in the country; a movement for the purification of politics seized upon and controlled by some of the most desperate political gamesters that even New York City could send to Cincinnati; and an endeavor to fill the chief magistracy of the Union with a true statesman resulting in the presentation of a man who, in spite of the talents which had made him a power in his sphere, exhibited not a single statesmanlike quality in his whole nature. Those who had gone into the convention for the purpose of founding a party on a reform policy, whatever had been their faith in reform as a principle, were confounded and paralyzed. They might have repudiated the nomination and made another on the spot; and, since the convention had no formal delegate authority, they might thus have gone before the country with the full weight attaching to the wisdom of their action. But they had not the nerve and intrepidity for this. They hesitated and lost their last opportunity to make their principles felt in this campaign.

In the mean time, where was the old Democratic party, so long the ruling political force of the country? At the point of death as an organization. A writer, whose liveliness is quite in contrast with the solemnity of the subject, affirms that death does not necessarily mean departure from the scenes of life, and he contends that the distinction finds confirmation in such popular phrases as "dead and gone" and the like. Perhaps the Democratic party, therefore, was dead, but not gone. It had seen the main questions which it had contested during the last dozen years of its life decided irrevocably against it, and incorporated in the Constitution or imbedded in permanent legislation. Its prestige had been shattered by its equivocal and carping attitude toward the government in the great struggle for national existence, and during the reconstruction period its mere obstructive activity had exposed it to such uninterrupted defeats at the polls, that it was doubtful if it would make any Presidential nomination. Symptoms of the same condition, indeed, had been disclosed in 1868, when the traditions of the party seemed likely for a time to be disregarded by the nomination of Chief Justice Chase for the Presidency; but in 1872 the conviction had become general among the more vigilant and practical spirits of the organization, that it was the merest folly conceivable to enter into another national campaign

under the old party form, badges, watchwords, and leaders. That is, the day which had finally come upon the old Federal party and upon the Whig party, was now confronting the Democracy, and they looked about to save themselves by translation, — a feat brilliant but of exceeding rarity in this world. The progress of the Republican defection had, accordingly, been watched with the keenest interest, as promising to afford that relief which could be discerned in no other quarter. Thoughtful Democrats saw an opportunity to slough off worn-out and discredited pledges and substitute new strength from what they called "live issues"; the calculating had fresh visions of offices to be obtained through the reinforcement of the usual Democratic array at the polls by all the Liberal Republican voters; and the rank and file were rallied to the inspiring, if not elevating, cry of "Anything to beat Grant."

This tendency was particularly obvious where it was hardly to have been expected, in the Southern wing of the Democracy, who thus appeared to be applying the last public advice of Jefferson Davis, to wait patiently until they saw their political opponents "divided and at issue with themselves, and then join the party and support the candidate and the platform that promises a restoration of constitutional liberty"; and also to be fulfilling apparently a former prediction of Mr. Greeley's, that "they expect to regain as Democrats, through elections, the power they lost as rebels through the war." This singular result certainly did not spring from any new-born impulse toward reform at the South, for those representatives of the section who met the hesitating Liberals at the "Fifth Avenue Conference," to see what should be done about Mr. Greeley's candidature, horrified their associates by their utter indifference to the whole reform question, "caring no more about it," according to one of the conferrees, "than a starving person cares about the religious creed of a man who gives him a dinner." The same Liberal authority testifies to utterances of "a thirst for revenge" on that occasion, — which may have been only the more intense Southern expression of the prevailing Democratic determination to beat Grant. Their peculiar readiness to adopt Mr. Greeley, in spite of his championship of nearly all the reconstruction measures, especially of those

denounced for their "centralization" tendencies, could only be explained by their remembrance of his advocacy of the right of secession at the very moment when such a voice at the North was most fearfully potential at the South, of his misplaced peace negotiations at Niagara Falls, and of his bailing of Jefferson Davis, as well as by the "gratitude" which has been politically defined as "a lively sense of favors yet to come." However that may have been, it was the fact, at once apparent to all intelligent observers, that the idea of accepting Mr. Greeley as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency was especially popular with the Southern section of the party, and was making its way with such rapidity through the rest of the organization as to insure its consummation at Baltimore. The only incidental question that arose in the mean time was as to whether the Liberal candidate should be merely indorsed, and commended, under the circumstances, to the support of the Democracy, or should receive a formal, old-fashioned nomination. The latter process was adopted, because, as explained by leading Democratic authorities, it would enable their party, in case Mr. Greeley should be elected, "to control his administration."

It will be seen that, at this point, the vital question comes in, what was the real character and extent of that change in the Democratic party which could constrain it to the unnatural and unprecedented expedient of going outside of its own ranks for a Presidential candidate? We have said that the party was at the point of death as a political entity and force; and the proof is, that it was no longer able to keep the field with its old organization alone, with its distinctive flag still flying and its record unbroken. It had become, in fact, through the disintegrating recoil of its own bad courses, but an aggregation of individual Democrats, detained within the old party lines because they had nowhere else to go. They might be grouped into three classes, of which the first comprised those who had heartily and from conviction "accepted the situation," as it was termed, or — which will answer as a sufficiently comprehensive designation — had become sincerely reconciled to the adoption of the principle of equal rights as the basis of our regenerated organic law, and who would be faithful to its logi-

cal application in practice. It may be conceded that this class of Democrats still exists to take part in the campaign, and cast votes for Mr. Greeley. But it cannot be large, either absolutely or relatively. It is confined to the young men — like those "not over forty years of age," who alone originally accepted Harvey's theory of the circulation of the blood — and to those men of thoughtful and independent minds upon whom partisan ties rest lightly. The fact that these men, throughout the last decade, have always had the benefit of a natural mode of expressing their approval of Republican measures by leaving their own and going over to the Republican party, and that thousands have availed themselves of that privilege, implies that they have not left many behind them of like convictions; nor do we see any record of such in the usual conventions and other authentic manifestations of the Democratic party, previous to the advent of Liberalism, when such record could have been attributed to principle and not to the hope of spoils. It was only the opportune supremacy of this class that could have justified Mr. Sumner's professed belief in the wholesale conversion of the Democracy, — that could really have wrought the marvel of "the deformed transformed"; and that supremacy was never even pretended. The second class was composed of those Democrats who, within their sphere, made good the rebel boast of having been merely "overpowered, not conquered." They acquiesced in the three last constitutional amendments and the general results of reconstruction just so far, and so far only, as they were compelled to do so by the stress of irresistible public opinion. Whether this class still remains numerous or not within the Democratic lines, it is obvious that the only safe way to deal with it is to keep it fixedly under the impression that the fruits of the war, as embodied in our political system, are a finality. Another grand decision of the people in the line of those heretofore made, four years more of the steady sway and extension of impartial rights, will confirm these unapt students in the school of experience, beyond any danger of retrogression or wavering. But open to them now the prospect, or even the chance, of cancelling the work of reconstruction, by expelling its authors from power and installing its enemies, and all their progress hitherto is

undone in a moment, and they are changed from a negative element on the right side to a positive mischief-making force on the wrong side.

There remain, then, those Democrats who are at heart hostile to the substantial achievements of reconstruction, and who mean to arrest and undo them at the first opportunity, and so far as the circumstances of the times will allow. These are they who carry forward the traditions and record of their party, whose representatives, in national convention assembled, only four years ago deliberately pronounced the whole reconstruction system "unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void." What reason is there to believe that they have changed their minds during this brief period, especially as they have all the while maintained that President Grant's administration was but adding one abuse to another in its policy toward the South? Great parties and extended social communities must have time for radical changes; the angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence in politics as well as in mechanics; and if the secession chiefs were, as one of them has boasted, thirty years engaged in indoctrinating their people for the outbreak, there is no hope that seven years of returning peace are sufficient to restore the victims of this malady to their right minds, and to expel the taint from public life. Accordingly, we have seen, within the last three years, several thousand well-authenticated cases of Ku-Klux violence, the horrible nature of which has been sufficiently certified to by such high-minded and distinguished Democrats as Mr. Stanberry and Reverdy Johnson. We have seen, during the present year, the Democrats of Kentucky — where they are strong enough to speak their minds with freedom — expressly reaffirming a former platform condemnatory of negro suffrage. And within a month or two we have seen the Democrats of West Virginia voting for a constitution framed to discriminate against the rights of the colored citizens of the State. Innumerable expressions of a determination to reverse the work of reconstruction might be quoted, not only from leading Southern men and newspapers, but from representative Democrats at the North. Of the latter, Judge Jeremiah S. Black of Pennsylvania, by reason of his high professional standing and his public career, will serve as a fair example. He speaks

of the present contest as "not all about men, and not wholly on questions of administration," and points out that the real question relates to what he considers the evils inherent in the reconstruction system. Even Mr. Greeley's election, he admits, will not extirpate these evils; "but it will," he declares, "begin the process of their gradual extinction," for which he has faith in Mr. Greeley, not only on account of his history and character, but in consequence of "the moral influence which the Democrats will necessarily exert upon his conduct." In review, therefore, of this branch of our inquiry, we think we are warranted in the very moderate statement that there is among the Democrats of to-day a strong reactionary element, which particularly interests itself in the election of Mr. Greeley.

Lest we be thought to have overlooked another section of the Democracy, which, on the score of party pedigree and inherited prestige, would seem to claim some attention, let us say a word or two in reference to the Straight-out Democrats, who have thrust a candidate into the field, though it is still doubtful at our time of writing whether they will be able to keep him there. The doings of the Louisville Convention and the nomination of Charles O'Conor — with his replies so deliciously garnished with lofty, impracticable, and incomprehensible sentiments, stamping him as the Don Quixote of a vanishing era — are, indeed, farcical enough, but they are significant as to some of the points we have already discussed. They show that there was not moral firmness enough in the Democratic party to prevent its somersault in policy, and not vitality enough to put forth any practical body of principles on the part of those who remained to represent the old organization. If this was the legitimate drama, the Democratic patrons appeared to be quite justified in rushing to the melodramatic exhibition of Cincinnati, for there was life there and not much danger of pathos being mistaken for fun.

Thus we have before us the antagonistic issues and forces of the Presidential campaign of 1872. The student of the era, like the average voter, perceives the usual disproportion of surplusage to substance, of irrelevant personalities to cogent arguments on either side. The roar of laughter that greeted Mr. Greeley's nomination has subsided in a way which his friends

regard as quite complimentary to the dignifying effect of formidable strength. Mr. Nast's caricatures of that candidate, like Mr. Sumner's panegyrics, — nearly as amusing, though hardly as life-like, — have ceased to attract attention; and all the noise about Grant's gift-takings, nepotism, seaside loiterings, etc., has been dismissed as of equally trifling account in the scale of national issues. Such things may qualify opinion as to candidates, but they do not affect their support any more than the great editor's grotesque chirography would disturb his professional standing, or the great general's cigar would interfere with his success in the field. The day is far distant when the American people will decide a Presidential contest on the strength of any considerations purely personal; at all events, they have dropped them from this contest.

There is another thing, however, which has been dropped that is much more serious; for we think it must be conceded on all sides by this time that the question of reform is not now an issue before the country. Possibly it may be doubted whether a Presidential campaign is a fit time for initiating any real reform movement, for it is just then that all the mercenary, corrupting, anti-reform influences and agencies are at the height of their activity. As well expect a Western steamboat captain to set about repairs in the midst of a race. What should have been done was to pass suitable reform measures, and to make their enforcement "all snug and tight," before the tug for the Presidency came on. In this respect the Republicans were negligent, faulty, and all the more so that their President had led the way and invited their support. The measure of civil-service reform, which he established for officering the departments on the principle of ascertained merit, though limited and doubtless imperfect, was an excellent beginning. It failed — so far as it has failed — solely from want of Congressional support; that is, when the trouble is traced down to its roots, the people were found to be not yet earnest enough about the matter to compel their representative servants to relinquish an inherited brokerage in the patronage of the government. This kind of reform, if it ever comes, must strike "the member for the district" first of all; for suppose the President to be limited to one term, according to Mr. Gree-

ley's temporary hobby, the Congressmen would still have their own re-election to look after, their district friends to reward and enemies to punish; and it is *they* who have usurped nine tenths of the appointing power of the executive, with, of course, the full knowledge and consent of their constituents. When the latter are ready for reform, general or special, it will come. The isolated incident which led many enthusiastic persons to suppose that the advent had already occurred — the overthrow of the Tammany thieves — was a special revolt against intolerable outrage, rather than the manifestation of a general sentiment in favor of reform, although such sentiment is unquestionably gathering strength all the time. Reform is in the air; but it scarcely touches the solid ground. It certainly did not at Cincinnati. The body there assembled was expressly called together on a platform of revenue reform; and yet, after wrangling two days, it was discovered that those who had no right to be there at all were strong enough to shuffle the whole question aside and to nominate the chief protectionist of the country. And the candidate capped the climax of recreancy by swallowing all his strongest convictions. In his letter to Mr. Schurz, — who seems, about two months after the nomination, to have had a very natural curiosity to learn what had become of reform, — Mr. Greeley says, in portraying his ideal of a chief magistrate as a sort of Brahma of a new revelation, that "he should dread nothing but the accusing voice of history and the inexorable judgment of God"; but at the same time he admits, by his own pledges to abdicate in advance the constitutional safeguard of the veto upon all revenue measures, that, as to this class of legislation at least, his two supreme objects of dread may fade away before the political obligations incurred in getting into office. From this drying up of reform at the very fountain-head of the coalition movement, it is evident that we have nothing to expect in that quarter, even if we could overlook the notorious clique of politicians who brought about Mr. Greeley's nomination, or the fact that his champions and organs in the campaign have abandoned nearly all reference to the subject. The best that we can hope is, that a continuance of the present administration, by the general quiet it promises to afford and

the exclusion of all new sources of distraction, will provide a sort of coffer-dam, within which the foundation of genuine reform may be securely laid.

Indeed, there is obviously a "previous question" which precludes as yet that full and free consideration of reform by the people which is requisite to its development, and which may come within the next half dozen years. That we are now very near the closing up of one distinct political era and the opening of another is apparent from various signs, such as the disappearance of well-defined principles on either side, the wavering of party lines and the decay of party discipline, the eccentric movements of leaders who once had the fixity of figure-heads on men-of-war, the strong family likeness of all platforms, and the general looking forward to new issues, without a corresponding preparation to meet them. These things indicate that the epoch of the war and reconstruction is about to give way to another with a totally different set of questions, probably reformatory and financial. But the people have an invincible repugnance to dealing with more than one class of questions at a time, or to opening new ones before the old ones are completely and permanently settled. And here, we imagine, is the hinge on which the present Presidential campaign will turn, making the popular decision analogous to the vote of confidence, or want of confidence, which usually settles the fate of British ministries. Two administrations are offered the American people, the one to be conducted by General Grant, the other by Mr. Greeley. Which will they have? In considering the probable import and effect of Grant's re-election, we need not pay the least attention to the Republican platform, since the present administration answers every purpose as a rule of judgment and a basis of expectations. The President's second term will be very much like his first. "Gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Choate, "we have fulfilled our part of the contract by offering them a good, sound, substantial second-hand harness." The administration now in its fourth year, if neither perfect nor signally brilliant, has been so successful as to be dull, and so meritorious as to have its merits taken as a matter of course. It has preserved peace in our foreign relations, having at length disposed of the only

threatening topic of disturbance — and a very serious one — in a way which not only satisfies the body of the people, but actually goes further than any event of modern times toward ushering in the sway of universal peace. A humane Indian policy has been initiated, and a judicious pressure brought to bear upon polygamy, which puts it, as Mr. Lincoln said of its twin relic of barbarism, "in the process of extinction." The national debt has been reduced as no other debt ever was, the annual interest-charge having been diminished by over $22,000,000; our bonds have been brought up to par in gold, and are being renewed with new bonds at a reduced rate of interest; the currency shows an advance of twenty-four cents; over a thousand items of internal taxation, irritating as well as burdensome, have been compressed into a half-dozen, with a reduction of at least one third in the total amount levied; the revenues have been found subject to an unprecedentedly slight shrinkage in passing from the pockets of the people to the coffers of the treasury; the delicate financial machinery of the country appears to be working with comparative ease and security; the hum of prosperous industry rises from every section, and mercantile confidence reigns supreme. But it is said there is a hideous blot in this picture in the condition of the South, aggravated, if not entirely produced, by the despotic disposition, military policy, and systematic neglect of those at the head of the government. When the electioneering contest is over, charges of this nature will surely disappear. It is not necessary to say that the evils which have undoubtedly rested heavily upon the people of the Southern States have been brought upon them by themselves, — they have grown inevitably out of the exigency. In the chaos, social and political, which there succeeded the war, the ballot had to be given to the freedman. His ignorance and other immediate disqualifications were distinctly seen and lamented; but the ground theory of our institutions, all the considerations of the future, and the occurrence of an opportunity which, if neglected at the moment, could perhaps never be redeemed, left no other course. The old master class might have done more than they did to render the initiation of the new citizens into their rights rapid and advantageous to the community, and the same may be said

of the carpet-baggers who overran many parts of the South; but both these classes were equally beyond the reach and control of the government. Perhaps the executive did not sympathize so openly as it should have done with the victims of misrule, but it could *do* nothing, without exposing itself still further to the charge of interfering in local affairs. And so it happened that South Carolina, for instance, in the paralysis which followed an exhausting war on its own soil, and the upheaval of its whole social system, suffered, just as the commercial metropolis of the Union had suffered, from the temporary ascendency of scoundrels over honest men, in addition to those other evils consequent upon the derangement of business, loss of productive power, and vitiated currency, which were afflicting the whole country. At the same time enmity and injustice toward the negro, and those immediately laboring for his elevation, broke out in the form of Ku-Klux violence, which was terribly far from being sporadic in its character, but bore, on the contrary, every evidence of a gigantic political conspiracy, waged for the most part, indeed, by worthless individuals, but having its roots in a bad public sentiment and the sympathies of influential classes. The government called for new measures of repression, and they were granted with powers ample and even dangerous in their scope, and possibly not fully justified under the circumstances. They were used, however, by the President with a discretion and moderation which have compelled the recognition even of those to whom they were most offensive. The cry of military domination was absurd, because, if for no other reason, the military forces were not available for the purpose. Out of the reduced army of thirty thousand men the government could spare only one tenth for service at the South, exclusive of ordinary garrison duty. Amnesty, which the President had early recommended, has been in the mean time extended, till there remain excluded from the privilege of holding office only some two hundred of those original secessionist leaders whose "bad eminence" it was to add perjury to the crime of treason; and these probably have only to go through with the form of application to Congress, or to wait for another session, to have their disability entirely swept away. Already thirteen Confederate generals are sitting in Congress.

Suffrage is, and for five years has been, so far as the Federal government could effect it, universal at the South; and reform movements to rectify local abuses are originating, as they should, in the several communities concerned and among those heartily devoted to the new order of things. All that seems to be wanted is the quiet continuance of the present opportunities and dominant influences, in order that the great settlement may complete itself; and that is precisely what we are to expect from the re-election of President Grant.

What, on the other hand, is the country to expect from the election of Mr. Greeley? To carry him into the Presidency is to put a Democratic majority into the House of Representatives, the Senate, for a time at least, remaining Republican. Discord, therefore, between the legislative branches of the government, an eccentric, fickle, and inefficient executive, and a ravenous horde of office-seekers swarming up from various factions outside, — this is the outline of the new situation which is promised us, and which was but faintly prefigured by the national experience under Andrew Johnson's administration, — a prospect which the business classes of the country certainly cannot contemplate with any complacency. Suppose, however, that through the weak or corruptible elements of the Senate, or by the effect of new elections, that body is brought into accord with the House and the President, — is the prospect any better? Certainly not in the direction of reform. In his Portland speech, and in his assurances to General Gordon of Georgia, Mr. Greeley is the first of our Presidential candidates to give a public pledge as to the manner in which he shall distribute the offices and reward his supporters at the polls. It is understood, therefore, that his inauguration will be the signal for a general revolution among the fifty thousand office-holders under the government; and in the midst of that hurly-burly, who will remember "competitive examinations," unless it be some applicant for place successful and happy enough to indulge in the best joke of the season? Neither can such a prospect be regarded as favorable to the national finances. In the first place it would involve a change, and no change is wanted, least of all one to be inaugurated by a President who believes that a card tacked upon the treasury doors would accomplish the instant resumption of specie

payments, by making the gold in the treasury — which he also thinks ought to be sold off — convertible into five or six times the same amount of paper-money; who has in his train repudiationists on the one hand, and on the other those who advocate the payment of pensions to rebel soldiers and even compensation for the loss of slaves, and who think they see the way for approaching such schemes through so-called revenue measures, which Mr. Greeley has disabled himself from resisting by renouncing the use of the veto.

These, however, serious as they are, may be called minor objections to Mr. Greeley's election; the decisive one is this, that, in relation to reconstruction and the security of all those great results which have been bought by the blood and treasure of the country, that election would mean *reaction*. The composition of his supporters, their avowed aims, and the growth and controlling tendencies of their movement, all drive to this unwelcome conclusion. Every unrepentant rebel in the country, except the few so frenzied as to have fallen into the forlorn hope led by Mr. O'Conor, is in this coalition enterprise, and is there for a purpose; all who are hostile to the establishment of impartial rights, all who would undo special parts of the reconstruction system, and all who are consciously or unconsciously playing into the hands of these men by their reckless political sympathy and co-operation, are now moving fraternally forward under the leadership of Mr. Greeley. It is in this connection chiefly that his personal traits become of any concern to the country. In order to resist or counteract the malign influences that would be swept into power with him, he would have need to be an exceptionally discreet, strong, stable character. That is exactly what Mr. Greeley is not. In the great crucial crisis of secession, when he ought to have been adamant, he was putty. And the fault was not exceptional: it was characteristic, and cropped out all through the war, to the serious detriment of the loyal cause. The mere fact, indeed, that an extreme "centralizationist," an advocate of all the features of reconstruction most offensive to his present supporters, and of still severer measures which a Republican Congress declined to adopt, a life-long denouncer of the Democracy, and a recent eulogist of President Grant, should now be found heading a cause and a party so

utterly at war with his record, and all for the apparent purpose of gratifying a chronic ambition to get into office, affords sufficient proof of his dangerous unfitness for the Presidency at this juncture.

Thousands of his supporters would have no other understanding than that his success meant somehow the reversal of that policy which they have stigmatized as despotism, and which, with all the blindness of prejudice and the sense of injury combined, they have abominated as the cause of their own misfortunes; and we should again witness that hideous uprising of exulting disloyalty and violence which greeted the reactionary course of President Johnson. With these would be joined the mischievous intellects that have never yet paused in their scheming to undermine the whole fabric of reconstruction by whatever insidious measures the times suggested to their hands. It is not necessary to suppose, as General Banks suggests for the play of his grandiloquent refutation, that the restoration of slavery would be immediately attempted. Other lines of operation would be more available and profitable. The Southern war claims, which, at the time the court for their adjudication was established, judicious United States Senators estimated as likely to amount to not over seven or eight millions of dollars in all, have already swollen to fifty millions, and are coming forward at a rate which bids fair to reach double that amount before the close of the year. These would receive a tremendous impetus, in volume and strength, by Greeley's election, and open a new mine of trouble and corruption. Of the ingenious efforts which would be made to amend the pension laws and to do away with all discriminations between those who, it will be said, engaged in a great controversy to determine contitutional questions, we have already spoken. All the laws of Congress, at least, which give to the Federal government, in denial of "State's rights," the enforcement of the later amendments of the Constitution, would be assailed, and if possible repealed. By this process, if successful, the protection of the freedman in his new immunities would be remitted to local legislation; and if that would prove, in some States, any better than slavery, it would be owing to the development of a spirit among the late master class more

satisfactory than we have yet seen generally manifested. Let us distinctly say, however, that we do not apprehend that, even if the worst came to the worst, these nefarious designs could be accomplished. The virtue that has regenerated the Republic will be found adequate to confirm its safety at all points. But we should have a temporary arrest of all the present pacificatory processes; bitter agitation, accompanied possibly with violent outbreaks, would embroil the sections, convulse business, and repress the prosperity and development of the country, — and surely that would be enough. All this, too, would be done under the cry of "reconciliation"! Reconciliation, indeed, is desirable and indispensable; but it is a poor compliment to the rectitude of the American people to say that it can be anything else than an incident of the right settlement of outstanding questions. If, then, the settlement upon which the nation has determined and has brought so near to consummation is wrong, wrong in basis and wrong in purpose, let it be overthrown; and the sooner we begin to build anew the better. But if it is right, as even the Cincinnati platform substantially admits, let us stand by it and keep it in the charge of its tried friends till it is perfected forever.

Art. VII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *A Dictionary of English Etymology.* By Hensleigh Wedgwood, late Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge. Second edition, thoroughly revised and enlarged. With an Introduction on the Origin of Language. London. 1872. 8vo.

The first edition of this work was published in three volumes, which followed one another at intervals of three years, beginning in 1859.* Its first volume was reproduced in this country (New York, 1862), edited and enriched with notes by Mr. G. P. Marsh; what caused the discontinuance of the American edition has not, so far as we know, transpired. It is now brought out anew, in a single stout and handsome volume of 744 pages (besides the Introduction), and its publishers are urging it upon the attention of a larger public than that to which it originally addressed itself. By its inclusion, too, of the Romanic part of our language, which, on principle, was for the most part left untouched before, it now challenges a wider circulation and more general use.

The title, "Dictionary of English Etymology," is a very attractive one. The study of our language, as well as of language in general, has been of late absorbing to itself so much more and more enlightened interest than ever before, and that interest has begun to spread so far beyond the class of scholars proper, that a real need is felt of a good etymological discussion of the English vocabulary. Both the European languages with which we are most familiar possess such etymological hand-books: in French, there are the works of Scheler and Brachet, besides the elaborate and admirable treatment of etymologies in the magnificent thesaurus of Littré; in German, Weigand's edition of Schmitthener is the best and most useful authority, though constructed on a too narrow plan, and marred by some pervading faults. In English, all the older authorities, like Richardson and Webster (the latter in his own editions and those of his continuers, until the last), are simply to be thrown away, as rubbish or worse; nor is the latest Worcester very much better; whatever of good there may be in it, it is on the whole untrustworthy, liable to mislead as often as it guides aright. In the last edition of Webster, however, is included the best body of brief English etymologies, by Dr. Mahn of Berlin, that has ever been put together; it is the one thoroughly and consistently scholarlike element

* The concluding part of the third volume is in separate covers, and came forth, doubtless, somewhat later than the rest; but it is undated.

in that queer compound of very good, very bad, and all the intermediate qualities which now goes by the name of Webster, — the saving feature of the work. But although there is thus a fair authority for an English student to appeal to when a question arises, we crave, none the less, a work which shall be characterized by greater fulness of treatment, which shall discuss doubtful points, explain peculiar changes of form and transfers of use, and give illustrative quotations.

Whoever, now, shall take up Mr. Wedgwood's volume with the expectation of finding in it a reasonable satisfaction of these natural desires, will meet with disappointment. The work was not produced exclusively or especially to answer the practical needs of a student of English, as being constructed, to this end, upon a carefully drawn and consistent plan, governed by the best established philological principles, with industrious and exhaustive use of the soundest authorities. Its fundamental purpose was a much narrower one. Its author is a partisan of the onomatopoetic, or mimetic, or imitative theory of the origin of language. And he is one of those eager partisans who think it incumbent upon them, not merely to show that there is no other theory which accounts for the facts in accordance with the accepted principles of science, but also to prove a good part of the vocabulary of modern tongues directly and traceably derived from onomatopoetic roots. If the theory had not had so much of this sort of advocacy, it would certainly stand at present higher in the estimation of scholars than it actually does; the imputation of unsoundness is apt to be carried over from the examples to the arguments they support. And the dominant idea in Mr. Wedgwood's book is the collection of a body of examples to prove onomatopœia in English words. This is the line of investigation which he especially enjoys; in which he, as it were, revels. The result is such as might be expected: he often bores his readers, generally excites their distrust, and in numberless cases disappoints them of what they hoped to find. His long articles are wont to be those in which he chases the semblance of some word which our ears have never heard, but which offers a temptingly mimetic uncertainty and diversity of form, through a whole series of tongues, near and far, related and unrelated, bringing together a bewildering array of curious material, off some point of which he jumps at an asserted onomatopœia. Instances of this sort abound everywhere: *feaze*, 'whip,' is one; and *fumble*, and *firk*, and *frump*, and *gare*, and so on (we have chanced to fumble especially in the neighborhood of the *f*'s). A good share of the words beginning with *fl*, as *flat*, *flawn*, *fleck*, represent ultimately the sound made by throwing something soft, or hard, or liquid, down upon the ground. *Dam*, after a persistent hunt, has its root discovered in the

Swedish *tapp*, onomatopœia for "a bunch of something," such as might be used to stop an orifice; *dead* and *deaf*, which the author declares it impossible to separate from one another, go back to the same notion of "stopping an orifice" (we would volunteer to suggest here, as corroborative evidence, the well-known lines about "Imperial Cæsar, dead," etc., which seem to have had a deeper meaning in them than their author knew); and when we get to *dock*, the same idea of a "bunch" answering the purpose of a bung is still at the basis. Now it is doubtless true that very queer changes of meaning are to be found in the processes of linguistic growth and change, and that we are never justified in rejecting a derivation because it strikes us at first sight as absurd; still, an author may offer us such an over-supply of strange transfers among his etymologies that we come to distrust his historical sense and critical judgment, and to regard his identifications with incredulity. And Mr. Wedgwood succeeds, in our view, in bringing his readers to this frame of mind, in getting them where all shade of authority vanishes from his statements, and they crave to see what others have said upon any point in question before they form an opinion about it. There is a striking contrast in this respect between him and the American re-editor of his first volume. A refreshing air of sound sense hangs about Mr. Marsh's notes; one sees that he has read much and weighed carefully, that he understands something of the scope of evidence, and stops short of a conclusion which he suspects and craves, if he cannot quite reach it. Mr. Wedgwood's readings appear to have been much more among dictionaries and vocabularies than in the Old English literature. In their own direction, however, they have been not only wide, but a good deal wider than was safe or profitable. Finnish and Lappish are among the sources to which we are referred for explanations of English words. This, indeed, is an old habit of our author's, and has always been one of his weakest points. That the languages mentioned are absolutely known to be of another family than that to which English belongs, and that they therefore have no more right to be used directly in comparisons of English words than Congo or Pawnee, is of small account to him. The fact that the London Philological Society have chosen such a man to be their principal etymological authority in the preparation of the great English dictionary which they have long had in hand has gone far to reconcile us to the delay in its preparation; we have hoped that there might come forward to take the management of it a new generation of English etymologists, trained in a more thorough school and guided by sounder principles. Of course, Grimm's law of the correspondence of mutes in our family is quietly ignored; we have *fist* and Latin *fustis* compared, and *fool*

and *fallere*, and *for* and *foris*, and so on; while *dare* (*durst*) and *trust* are forced into uncomfortable connection. We may sum up in a word by saying that Mr. Wedgwood is at the mercy of every chance resemblance that offers itself, lacking either the ability or the disposition to test it by the established rules of etymological evidence, or by any sound rule, in order to determine whether it be accidental or historical. With Celtic comparisons he is more sparing than might have been expected, and we are grateful to him accordingly; but our gratitude does not go so far as to lead us to accept as valuable the greater part of what he actually gives.

We have no right to look for well-considered and scholarly method in a work originated and executed as this has been. According to the proper meaning of the title, a "Dictionary of English Etymology" ought to contain such a selection of English words as should both explain and commend itself at every step; and under each word should be given first of all the word of the older language — Anglo-Saxon, French, Latin, or other — from which it directly comes (along with its intermediate forms, orthoepical and orthographical, if such there be, in the earlier English dialects), and then the various ancestral and collateral words, well distinguished from one another, back to the ultimate root, if that can be reached. Further, words that are in their whole substance descendants from older words should be described differently from those which come from ancient roots or bases by recent addition of endings. And the chronology of every change should be determined, so far as is possible. This is by no means Mr. Wedgwood's way of doing things. For example, under words of Anglo-Saxon descent, in at least half the cases he either omits the Anglo-Saxon equivalent altogether, or scatters it in just where his fancy suggests, among Old Norse and Dutch and Frisian, if not even Celtic and Finnish; so that to an incautious consultor he would give the impression that we get our vocabulary directly from a highly piquant variety of sources. On the Romanic side the case is not quite so bad, because there is not so much room to go astray. Attention is mainly limited to the root words, derivatives being passed unnoticed; this, to be sure, in a majority of instances has its good reason; yet there are a host of derivatives which have a date and occasion of their own, a private history full of interest: take as an example *selfish*, which has been shown to come from a Puritan source, and to have won its way to general use after the failure of several other attempts, which might in advance have been deemed quite as likely to prove successful, at the expression of its meaning. Information of this character (which constitutes a chief part of the charm of Trench's volumes) would be very much in place in a

work like Mr. Wedgwood's; it was to be one of the valuable results of the lexicographical labors of the Philological Society; and we are rather discouraged at finding that it attracts no attention from the society's chief etymologist.

If we were better satisfied with the general plan and execution of this work, we might be tempted to enter with some detail into the examination and emendation of its etymologies; as things are, we do not care to take the time and trouble; our readers can already form a sufficiently enlightened judgment upon it. It is not what it seems to promise to be; every special student of English etymology, perhaps, will wish to have it at hand for consultation, although without too confident anticipation of valuable aid to be obtained from it; but as a manual of word-histories for the use of the general public it cannot be at all recommended; it has no claim to other than a very limited circulation; Mahn, in spite of his brevity, is greatly to be preferred.

It might seem strange, at first sight, to find an extended treatise (69 pages) on the Origin of Language prefixed to an etymological dictionary of English; but after the explanations we have given, it will be seen that the apparent Introduction is the real occasion of the whole work, the principal discussion, to which the rest stands in the relation of practical application. In the first edition it was, by comparison, a sketch only. But about the time that edition was completed, Mr. Wedgwood wrote out his ideas upon the subject in a fuller and more systematic form, and put them forth in a little volume (On the Origin of Language, London, 1866, pp. 165, 16mo). Of that volume, now, the present Introduction is a somewhat amplified and rearranged reprint. Doubtless there was no impropriety in its author's reproducing it after this fashion; but, not less certainly, he ought to have frankly stated what it was; so far as we have discovered, he does not let fall so much as a hint that it had ever seen the light before. As regards the treatise itself, it is with sincere pleasure that we are able to speak in almost unqualified praise of it, after finding fault with so many things in the dictionary. The discussion is an exceedingly able and acute one, unexceptionably temperate in tone, cogent in argument, and generally sound in illustration; of course, some of its examples admit of being questioned and set aside, but there is no more error of this kind than the best and most careful investigator might fall into. It is in the form especially of a reply to Max Müller's caricature and attempted refutation of what he is pleased to style the "bow-wow" and "pooh-pooh" theories, in the first series of his "Lectures on Language"; and its spirit and method contrast very favorably with those of the great foreigner who, having set up his "German workshop" on

English soil, is now suffered nearly to monopolize the manufacture of English opinion on all the subjects with which he deals. Upon the particular point of the value of the imitative element in the first construction of language, no other treatise has come under our notice that is anything like so good as Mr. Wedgwood's, and Müller and his school may safely be challenged to meet and answer its arguments. There is, to be sure, a deeper question underlying this of specific theories respecting the origin of language, — namely, the relation of language itself to thought, the nature of the aid it furnishes to the operations of the mind, the character of the inducement that called it forth and that still brings about its increase. A radical, though often unspoken and unconscious difference upon these points prevents those who discuss the general subject from getting upon common ground and appreciating one another's arguments; in their settlement is involved the acceptance or rejection of that of the imitative theory.

One oversight Mr. Wedgwood commits in his reply to Müller; he argues against the theory of phonetic types, produced in the mind by the impact of an idea after a fashion analogous with the ringing of a bell on being struck, as if it were still Müller's, not noticing that in the last edition of his Lectures this author steps out from under the burden of it, leaving it to rest upon the shoulders of those who had taken it up on his supposed authority.

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2. — *The Histories of Livy. Books I., XXI., and XXII. With Extracts from other Books.* Edited and annotated by Thomas Chase, M. A., Professor of Philology in Haverford College, etc. Philadelphia: Eldredge and Brother. 1872. pp. 364.

Mr. Chase is well known to all classical scholars in America as truly one of themselves, — accurate, thorough, and most enthusiastic. While tutor at Harvard, many years ago, he brought together in a very pleasing form the various portions of Cicero's writings which treat of immortality. More recently, as professor in Pennsylvania, he has edited Horace and the Æneid. We have here, in a form which has already proved very popular, the whole of those three books of Livy which are most commonly read in our colleges, followed by extracts from others.

In his Preface, Professor Chase has explained his principles of textual construction, and of Latin orthography. His chief guides are very properly Madvig and Gronovius. We confess *Gronov* and *Vergil* — in writing English — savor to us of intense affectation. He has, however,

duly consulted all other prominent editors, especially the latest, — Hertz and Weissenborn.

We entirely approve of his constructing a text for himself, and, with some hesitation, of his principles of orthography. This will, however, seem uncouth to many who still prefer their old *mumpsimus* to the new-fangled *sumpsimus* of Ritschl and Munro. Even Professor Chase feels that it entails constant notes like this, "adpetendo = appetendo." If such explanations are required, even after the note on page 229, the whole system of spelling is too hard for our pupils and teachers; if not, they waste room badly.

The account of Livy and his style is good; but we wish the young student had been told exactly what periods of Roman history are covered by the books preserved to us, and what by those lost.

In the notes, Professor Chase states his "aim, as it was in the editions of Horace and Virgil, to give such aid as is most necessary and useful for students in our colleges and schools." In pursuance of this aim, he has given a taste of almost every kind of note. We have text criticism from Madvig and Alschefski, historical exegesis from Seeley and Mommsen; we have all sorts of syntactic points discussed, and grammars of all grades referred to. We have frequent translations, not merely of specially difficult or elegant passages, but of single phrases and even words.

The reflections on the subject-matter are earnest without being stilted, and not at all too many; and special care has been taken to explain the *practical use* of words and forms in Latin, — a point singularly neglected in our schools.

And while authorities are honorably quoted, they are never slavishly followed, but have clearly been worked up into a consistent, intelligent whole. Professor Anthon adopted exactly the opposite process, — to transfer verbatim without acknowledgment. This is truly Mr. Chase's own edition of Livy, not Madvig's nor Weissenborn's, nor yet a *hash* of these or any number of others.

This is in our eyes a great editorial merit; and yet it is sometimes painful to think that the very care of an editor to give his own notes and opinions may make his books unusable for other teachers who prefer their own views. Still, there are very few American teachers competent to differ from Mr. Chase on the ground of superior perception; still fewer, alas! on the score of equal learning.

We repeat emphatically then, that this edition, like the Horace and Virgil edited by him recently, is the edition of a scholar; of a sound scholar, and of one who has deserved well of scholarship in America. And yet we seriously doubt if these editions as they stand are well

adapted to the class they are meant to reach; if, indeed, such merits as they do possess are even intelligible to more than a very few outside the ring of Mr. Chase's fellow-scholars, who do not need their help!

For he has proposed to himself too comprehensive a task. No one edition of Livy can suit "our schools and colleges" as a whole. Our democratic system of education is slow to recognize grades of proficiency; it classes pupils almost entirely by age and date of entrance, so that the whole of a class are aggrieved if they have not one book; and so, too, all academies and high schools expect to rank as equal, though notoriously unequal; and the same is absolutely true of "colleges." Therefore it is, that Mr. Chase, in trying to find something for everybody, is at once deficient and superfluous for anybody. There are notes in his Livy and Horace which would seem abstruse to seniors in many of our most respectable colleges; there are others which will be elementary to forward pupils in many of our schools. Indeed the Index of Names in his Horace has no excuse at all; pupils and teachers neglect their classical dictionaries badly enough already, without being thus directly encouraged to. All the authors he has edited, especially the two poets, are read in such a variety of institutions that an edition which is too easy for one half is almost too hard for the other; or, unless we are willing to include everything, and transcend all bounds in size, we must make an arbitrary selection, alike in elementary, middling, and advanced notes.

This has been Mr. Chase's fate. The things he leaves out are just as much needed as the things he puts in. Take, for example, Hannibal's speech (XXI. § 43) and the section introducing it; both full of difficulties for scholars in every stage of proficiency. Mr. Chase translates *habitus animorum* in § 42 and *modo* (only) in § 43. Why then is there no note on *vulgo*, or *paribus*, on both of which boys are warranted to stumble? He has very briefly explained the first use of *spectaculum;* but he ignores the peculiar force of *facinus*, which is singularly apt to be misinterpreted. And while we have a hieroglyphic note on the text followed in *agite dum*, he adopts the conjectural reading *ut quisque* with simple italics for the *ut*, saying not a word of the manuscript reading *et quisque*, and its curious idiomatic use of *quisque* for *quisquis*, which it seems to us is far preferable.

If Mr. Chase were teaching a class, probably every one of these points and a dozen others would come up before the pupils. But the requirements of space have forced him to make what we say again seems a purely arbitrary selection. This was so strongly seen in Virgil that the last six books, hard as they are, are hardly annotated at

all; and such passages as Evander's speech (Æn. XI. 151 *seqq.*) has its chief difficulties absolutely ignored. Even in the elementary edition of Æneid I.–VI., we have only three lines and a half on Æneid VI. 562–579 (not a word on *Castigatque auditque*, which every editor but Heyne gets wrong, through ignorance of Roman law), nothing on VI. 580–589, three lines on 590–593, and not one word till 611! And this in an edition so elementary that it has a vocabulary of words! It is not too much to say that for every note of every kind teachers will have to supply another of which Mr. Chase gives no hint.

What, then, is the remedy? As regards the Livy, we should say that students who need notes as elementary as some of Mr. Chase's are not up to Livy at all, and certainly not up to his other notes. Had he struck out three fourths of his grammar references, and half his translations, there would have been room to complete his advanced notes, and made a truly valuable edition for scholars in our best colleges. Whereas in Virgil we should ask for a much more elementary edition as better for schools.

But the examination of these and other really meritorious editions convinces us that the best way of teaching the classics is to use in the class editions without notes, providing or requiring pupils to obtain abundant works of reference; and above all, insisting that both pupils and teachers, if they really claim to share the noble name of scholars, shall cease to hope for satisfaction from manual editions, and should go directly for instruction to the great critical and exegetical editions of master scholars. We believe that, for class requirements, every year more and more of our best teachers and best scholars will prefer to make and use *their own notes*.

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3. — *Voltaire.* By John Morley. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

This is hardly a life of Voltaire, as that word is generally understood. It is no combination of dates and trivial incidents which go so far to make up many biographies, and which, indeed, are necessary for our comprehension of a character, but it is rather a presentation of Voltaire on the supposition that we are already familiar with the main incidents of his life, and a discussion of his influence and various views. There is, of course, a great deal of biographical information; one cannot write of Voltaire and leave Voltaire out, but it perhaps presupposes a greater familiarity of the reader with the facts of his life than might always be found to be the case. For, while Strauss and Renan are

now the fashionable arch-foes of Christianity in the popular mind, there yet remains, we imagine, a traditional distrust and hatred of Voltaire as the father of all the infidelity of the present day. That those who hold this view are as ignorant of the facts of his life as of his real work, is by no means surprising. But even those who might be inclined to take a more impartial view have not been able, without considerable research, to learn the story of his career, because Voltaire aroused so violently the passions of his day, that time had to pass before criticism could be free of either malignity or adulation. For readers of German we know no better work than Strauss's life of Voltaire, which appeared more than a year and a half ago. It is a book remarkable for its hard-headed impartiality. The author is certainly no foe of Voltaire, but then he is equally far from being an enthusiastic partisan. He tells his story lucidly, without passion, and the result is a very interesting and valuable book. It, however, was by no means exhaustive, it was by no means the last word that could be written on the subject; for, since the book was a reprint of a course of lectures, and, moreover, a course given before her Royal Highness, the Princess Alice of Hesse, a daughter of Queen Victoria, there was not the same severity of treatment that the author would have shown us under other circumstances, and which is to be found in this book of Mr. Morley's.

Mr. Morley's treatment of Voltaire, besides the fact that it is more philosophical than that of Dr. Strauss, differs, too, in being more the work of an advocate, not, however, of the advocate, in the worst sense, who exalts the paradox and claims our admiration for all the qualities of his client, because we must admire him in some, but rather of an advocate who sees the position that Voltaire held, the way in which he has suffered from the malignity of the attacks made against him as well as by his own inconsequent actions, and longs to right him before the world. The book is an enthusiastic book, but it is the enthusiasm of quality, rather than that of quantity, which inspires it. The author writes fervently, but then Voltaire's influence was great; his work, even taking the opposition it excited as a test, was incalculable in its effects, and the subject is an interesting one. For even to a disinterested observer, if such there could be, the sight of a single man who in himself begins in spite of opposition, carries on, and represents a change of thought in the history of mankind, cannot fail to be interesting. Of Voltaire, Mr. Morley says: —

"When the right sense of historical proportion is more fully developed in men's minds, the name of Voltaire will stand for as much as the names of the great decisive movements in the European advance, like the Revival of Learning or the Reformation. The existence, character, and career of

this extraordinary person constituted in themselves a new and most prodigious era. . . . . A new type of belief, and of its shadow, disbelief, was stamped by the impression of his character and work into the intelligence and feeling of his own and the following times."

More passages from this introductory chapter we are unwilling to quote. It is full of eloquent defence of Voltaire, as well as of critical estimate of his position. Our author is not blind in his praise. Voltaire is to him no demigod, without whom no nineteenth century would have come, but rather one of the many, partly products of their time, partly men who saw with their own eyes, to whom so much of our present freedom is due.

In his second chapter Mr. Morley discusses the effect that his visit to England had upon him, and, while he lays great weight upon the influence of the English deists, he notices the slight comprehension that he, as well as Montesquieu, had of the English constitutional freedom and of the individual liberty of that country. He calls attention, too, to his studies in English literature. In the next two chapters we have the discussion of Voltaire's own work in literature, and of his life in Berlin. On these we need not linger. He will never be with us English-speaking people a favorite tragedian nor a much-read epic poet. What Mr. Morley has to say about his literary qualities will be found of value, in spite of its brevity. Of his life in Berlin he gives a rather full account, and nowhere do we see more clearly the presence of those qualities which embitter the feelings of one's contemporaries and may well be neglected by posterity, at least until they are familiar with the best work of one who, in private life, may have been an unpleasant companion. Those notorious qualities of Voltaire, his petulance, vanity, disregard for truth in its incidental phenomenal appearances, notwithstanding his zeal for it as an intellectual guide, were much more the concern of those who had to live with him than of us. No characteristics of such a man are to be totally disregarded; but, on the other hand, we should avoid too hasty rejoicing at the discovery of personal qualities that we, perhaps, are better able to detect than those powers which have, in their day, moved the world. What especially interests us is Voltaire's relations to religion. We never hear him attacked as an inferior playwright, or as a sad example of one who has no control over his temper; but it was by his position in regard to religion that he made his name known in the world, and hence the reader will turn to Mr. Morley's discussion of his relations to religion with especial interest. All the pettiness, the narrow-mindedness, the flippancy, the shallowness, all the more annoying from the keenness of the wit, and which have fairly enough given him his notoriety as a

brawling enemy of the Church, are made manifest by the exposition that Mr. Morley gives us of Voltaire's religious discussion. He says: —

"In examining the Voltairean attack upon religion, we have to remember that it was in the first instance prompted, and throughout its course stimulated and embittered, by antipathy to the external organization of the religion. It was not merely disbelief in a creed, but exasperation against a church. Two distinct elements lay at the bottom of Voltaire's enmity to the peculiar form of monotheism which he found supreme about him. One of them was the intellectual element of repugnance to a system of belief that rested on miracles and mysteries irreconcilable with reason, and was so intimately associated with some of the most odious types of character and most atrocious actions in the Old Testament, which undoubtedly contains so many of both. The other was the moral element of anger against the expounders of this system, their intolerance of light and hatred of knowledge, their fierce yet profoundly contemptible struggles with one another, the scandals of their casuistry, their besotted cruelty."

His mind, while keenly sensitive to intolerance and bigotry, was totally incapable of appreciating the higher truths of religion. He shocked many by his ribaldry; his wit was not readily answered; those who had the firmest hold on religion felt most keenly the sharpness of his tongue, and were least capable of replying to it. He took up entirely the incidental sides of religion; the meaning that they have does not depend on the form, which may be sneered at by any one, but on the spiritual connection it has with higher truths. This Voltaire could never see. As Mr. Morley says: —

"He delights in the minute cavils of literary pyrrhonism, and rejoices in the artifice of imposing the significance of the letter, where his adversaries strove for interpretation of the spirit. As if, for instance, anything could be more childish than to attack baptism by asking whether Christianity consists in throwing water on the head, with a little salt in it. . . . . Nothing short of the blindest partisanship can pretend to find in this a proper or adequate method. The utmost that can be said, and no just historian ought to forget to say it, is, that it was not more improper or inadequate than the orthodox method of defence in Bayle's Commentary on the words, 'Compel them to come in,' would not satisfy the modern requirements of Scriptural exegesis, but it was quite good enough to confound those who contended that the text was a direct warrant from heaven for the bitterest persecution upon earth."

Further on, in defence of Voltaire, we find: —

"It was not Voltaire's fault that the controversy turned on issues which a more modern opponent would not care to dispute. He is constantly flippant and trivial, and constantly manifests gross irreverence, but it was the writers whom he was combating, — writers like Sanchez or the stercoranists, who had opened frivolous and unbecoming questions that could hardly be exposed with gravity."

Again: —

"Voltaire, however, not only did not use, he never understood nor perceived, the fact that a religion rests for its final base on a certain small number of ideas, or that it is only by touching these, by loosening the firmness of their hold, by revealing their want of coherency and consistency with other accepted ideas, that we can expect to shake the superstructure."

We have not space to follow thoroughly all the ins and outs of this question of Voltaire's religion or irreligion. The reader will find Mr. Morley's examination as critical as it is interesting. Mr. Morley is an enthusiast, as we have said, but he is much more of an enthusiast on the side of truth than he is in unwise, blind admiration of Voltaire. We can be cooler nowadays, when one can say what he pleases, than Voltaire could be when Calas was broken on the wheel for hostility to the Catholic Church. One of the great advantages as well as proofs of this coolness is the appearance of such books as this of Mr. Morley's.

The remaining chapters of the work discuss Voltaire as an historian, and give an account of his life at Ferney. In conclusion, we commend this book for its earnestness, its impartiality of aim, and its freedom from ill-temper and fanaticism. We hope that the author may give us another similar work in explanation of Rousseau. There are few writers so capable of such a work, both by their inborn powers and acquired knowledge, and there are few men of reputation and influence with whom this generation is on the whole less familiar than with this other great Frenchman.

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4. — *Good Bye, Sweetheart.* — A Novel. By Rhoda Broughton. Richard Bentley & Son. 1872.

The Rhoda Broughton novels belong to the school of Mrs. Gore. No genius, little invention, but a shrewd observation of modern manners and motives, some humor, a good deal of wit, or of what answers the purpose nearly as well, — "the spangles of conversational *figurantes*," as Dr. Holmes calls this kind of dialogue, — and a clever workmanlike knack of making a lively, readable book. Of "Good Bye, Sweetheart," as of its predecessors, there is perhaps too much. It would be well if a literary machine could be invented for compressing fiction, like a cotton or hay press, by which the loose materials that make up the three-volume novel or the serial in twelve monthly parts could be packed into the dimensions of a pamphlet or of a good magazine story. It might keep us from that careless way of reading which much skipping superinduces.

The scene is laid in Bretagne, in England, and in Switzerland. Luckily there is little attempt to describe scenery. An author may mix his ink as he will, he can never paint a landscape with a pen.

The persons of the drama are six. Three women, sisters: Jemima, the elder, small, ill-looking, a predestined old maid; "a failure, and like most failures fond of work," and also, like most failures, a little spiteful, but in the main kind and sensible. Her position in the story is that of handmaiden, nurse, and chorus. Sylvia, a widow, rich, fat, foolish; a lay-figure who furnishes the house and grounds where some of the events narrated take place. Lenore, the heroine, is poor in her own right, but nineteen, tall, and handsome; "a fine woman, not a chicken-hearted pretty slip of a girl." She is haughty, high-spirited, insolent, determined to have her own way; like Achilles, *jura negat sibi nata.* In short, a beautiful spoiled child, witty, flippant, slangy, "with that very sweet smile which is, they say, the peculiar attribute of ill-tempered people." Three men, all desperately in love with Lenore: Frederick, a diminutive parson who wears spectacles, brushes his hair like a cockatoo, and who hopes to "mould her." He gets laughed at and snubbed, and disappears at the end of the eleventh chapter, after having offered himself by proxy.

Then Paul, the proxy, who has the same experience as the gentleman sent by Captain Miles Standish on a similar errand. Paul is a woman-hater; big, ugly, middle aged, and poor, "with a long nose, a yard of scarlet beard, and a sulky temper." For these reasons Lenore loves him at sight. He yields his prejudices to her beauty, her grand figure, and her manifest attachment to him. But Paul is proud, jealous, and unreasonable, and as neither will yield to the other, and both have a knack of saying "nasty things" when they lose their temper, Paul also goes away, and sends back her letters.

Then comes the term of Charlie Scrope. He is young and handsome, well-born, and rich, and has long loved Lenore in vain. In a moment of pique she offers herself. The wedding-day, the presents, including a glut of prayer-books in ivory bindings, the relations, have all come, when she finds that she has undertaken more than she can perform, and Charlie follows the other two.

She now hears of Paul's engagement and goes into a consumption, the inevitable ending of all young ladies of fiction who have been unfortunate in disposing of their affections, and who do not drown themselves. Charlie is faithful to the end. The last day of Lenore's life, when she lies hoping that Paul will come to say at least farewell, is touching and well done.

Paul is a legitimate descendant of Jane Eyre's Mr. Rochester, and,

like his ancestor, is a surly, disagreeable, ungainly brute. Why have the Rochester family taken so strong a hold on the female imagination? One of them can be found in almost every woman's novel since Miss Bronte gave birth to that type of lady-killer. The reason, we think, is, — *pace* Susan Anthony and Mrs. Howe, — that "every woman needs some one to keep her in order," and they all know it. A woman without a man to manage her is "unsexed and wofully astray." Women like a master; we might even say that they like to be bullied by a masterful man.

We thank the authoress for this, that her heroine is a real woman, with blood that tingles and pulses that throb, not the epicene creature who seems to have become the American ideal, in whom sex is of as little consequence as it is in mules; who thinks there is something coarse in robust proportions and vigorous health; who prattles of "purity" and "womanhood" and her "great work." We also thank her because there is nothing didactic about her book, no purpose and no moral, unless it be this, "Do not let your pride and your little tempers spoil your happiness for life.

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5. — 1. *Geschichte des Volkes Israel.* Von Heinrich Ewald. Sieben Bänder, Zweite und Dritte Ausg. Göttingen: in der Dieterischen Buchhandlung. 1858 – 64.
2. *The History of Israel.* By Heinrich Ewald, Professor of the University of Göttingen. Translated from the German. Edited, with a Preface and Appendix, by Russell Martineau, M. A., Professor of Hebrew in Manchester New College, London. Vols. I. and II. Second Edition, revised and continued to the Commencement of the Monarchy. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1869.
3. *The Same.* Translated from the German. Edited by J. Estlin Carpenter, M. A. Vols. III. and IV., corresponding to Vol. III. of the original. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1871.
4. *The Life of Jesus Christ.* By H. Ewald. Translated and edited by Octavius Glover, B. D., Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. London: Bell and Daldy. 1865.

The English translation of Ewald has now been carried far enough to give us confidence that it will be completed with the thorough excellence that marked its beginning. We are glad that the general reader who cannot read German has the means of becoming a learner under the highest Biblical authority, and that the average theological student

has lost his main excuse for neglecting to study the Old Testament. It is unfortunate that we have had to go so long without a thorough history of the people of Israel. Dean Milman confessed the inadequacy of his serviceable but brief work, and the absurdly pretentious volume of Isaac M. Wise has found its proper obscurity. Dean Stanley's rhetorical lectures, inspired rather by an appreciation of the historic present than the historic past, may have served the turn of affairs in the Established Church of England; but, notwithstanding the fact that their author follows Ewald, they take halting steps in historical science, and are now valuable chiefly as milk for those who cannot digest the meat of Ewald.

When Ewald published the first volume of his great history, he wrote: —

"We have now in the broad light of day to complete (what the best Fathers of the Church began) a philosophic history, the certainty and truth of which shall ultimately attract all alike, Jews and Mohammedans as well as Christians, scholars as well as soldiers and kings." (Trans., Vol. I. p. 203.)

This task has been fulfilled for some years; but most readers have been confined to such brief and dry abridgments of his theory of the seven narrators of the Pentateuch and Joshua as are to be found in Bible dictionaries, to such mildly tempered modifications of his treatment of the course of the more established history since Abraham as are furnished by Dean Stanley's lectures, and to the curiously wooden translation, by Mr. Glover, of the fifth volume, containing the life of Christ. Now that Mr. Carpenter has added, with equally distinguished success, two more volumes to the two that Mr. Martineau edited for a thirsty and grateful public, their readers can get a good view of the bold and positive sweep of Ewald's history. Ewald deserves a title which he gives to some of the Biblical writers; he is a prophetic historian. Not without the prophet's faults of temper and a habit of absolute dogmatism about uncertainties, he yet ranks among the highest historians for accuracy and thoroughness of detail, with breadth and firmness of grasp. While he adds also to his special power of historical appreciation, remarkable minuteness of philological learning, and a grammarian's system, he yet possesses an insight into the character of individuals and of nations, a deep moral judgment, a lofty religious sentiment, and an imaginative power, which are truly prophetic. Indeed we want a prophet to write the history of prophets. And we have waited a great while for an Ewald. To be a prophet in these days of science and free international criticism requires all that was needed in Judæa of religious genius, spiritual knowledge, experience in character, and faith in God; and besides this an intellectual genius yet higher, as the brains of this age are fuller;

a spiritual knowledge more varied, since the Gentiles have become listeners; experience in character more delicate, as both saints and sinners are gentler; and a faith which has not feared to be hospitable to speculative doubts in the many mansions of the Maker of sceptics and their fathers the dogmatists. To be also an historian, whose authority about the doings of time shall equal his testimony to eternal principles, the prophet must have all the learning of his age about his special science, and must know well its relations to all knowledge. We are not so much in the habit of praising men as to fear that our admiration of Ewald shall be deemed excessive if we can induce the sceptical to read his work.

The stand-point from which Ewald proceeds to form his view of the Biblical records is free and unbiassed. He has not even the bias of learning which hampers what he contemptuously calls the Latin-and-Greek scholars. Since he is also an Orientalist, he does not treat us to the familiar tune of three strings about the law of the Romans, the philosophy of the Greeks, and the religion of the Jews, — a melody, alas, to which too many of us are confined! While he finds the steady development of the true religion in Israel, he knows whence the Hebrews came, and his accounts of the antecedents of the word "Elohim," which finally came to mean the one God, and of the various points of contact between the religion of Jahveh and the ethnic religions are very fair and clear. Although a profound believer in the inspiration of men, he does not hesitate — indeed, he does not think of hesitating — to make it plain that he does not believe that the Spirit of God has ever been harnessed with manuscripts.

"On whatever stage," he says, "Hebrew tradition thus introduces the Deity acting and incarnating itself in history, it undoubtedly is always mythic on those occasions, taking that word in its largest acceptation; and it is of no use to deny that in this it approaches the style and nature of heathen mythologies. Pure religion imparts to it a sensitive dread of false, or even too gross, views of the Deity, as well as of dangerous confusion of the divine and human, and — even where it makes these attempts to introduce the immediate agency of the Deity — inspires it with that beautiful considerateness and reserve which are perhaps nowhere so necessary as here. As it thus preserves the true dignity of the Divinity through all these perilous attempts, its choicest productions may serve us as a model, and afford a standard to determine how far a pure religion may venture to make sensuous representations of the Deity. And because the Greek term *myth* is inseparably connected with the whole system of heathenism, and means not *story about God*, but *story about the gods*, therefore we avoid it in Biblical subjects, and rather speak, when we must, of *sacred*, or, better, of *divine tradition*." (Trans., Vol. I. pp. 40, 41.)

History, however, being not only the expression of the historian's

views for his own sake, or for the sake of the truth, but also an attempt to communicate his ideas about the truth to his readers, Ewald adds here and there a paragraph adapted to reassure those who are quick to be startled at broad investigations of the human element of religious history, and to restore a healthy positive tone to such critics as are prone to nothing but "sad doubts" so soon as they have made the amazing discovery that their school text-books and their Bibles are not infallible.

"We cannot doubt, however," he says, "how to treat the tradition of the Old Testament in our investigations of history. When an account is called tradition, the name does not determine from what sources the story may be derived, nor what foundation it may have. Historical research is to supply this deficiency. Tradition has its roots in actual facts; yet it is not absolutely history, but has a peculiar character and a value of its own. Hebrew tradition possesses all the charms that belong to that of the other aspiring nations of antiquity, and, in addition, the altogether peculiar excellence of being filled and sustained by the spirit of a higher religion; nay, of even having become in part the vehicle for its great truths. We must acknowledge and appreciate this excellence in itself, but we cannot use it for strict history without investigating its historical significance. *It is absurd entirely to neglect its use for historical purposes, and to consider the duty of science to be to express sad doubts of its truth; thereby depriving ourselves out of mere folly of the most comprehensive means of searching out a great portion of history. It is rather our duty to take tradition just as it expects to be taken, — to use it only as a means for discovering what the real facts once were.*" (Trans., Vol. I. p. 44.)

Having started thus freely, rationally, conscientiously, and reverently, the peculiarity of Ewald's treatment of the general course of the history is that he has no pet dogmas to enforce, and no particularly hated dogmas to deny. He is absorbed in the facts which he can clearly discern, and in the distant and hazy sight of facts which he cannot approach, and in the uncertain yet indispensable traces of facts which were something, and which he must know negatively, if not positively, in order to satisfy his eager interest and to be perfectly true to his subject. He has really read and thought himself into the Old Testament times. As he goes along hot with the sweat of Egypt, and reeking with the blood of Canaan, he now and then, with Moses and the prophets, gets away on a mountain or into the wilderness and reflects and generalizes upon the meaning of the swarm of facts about him. But his generalizations, while treating of God, are religious rather than theological, while treating of Church and State are wise rather than technically philosophic. Ewald seems to feel that the time has not yet come in our knowledge for a fusion of the philosophical, scientific, and historical departments. Here we see how the historical element steadies and modifies the prophetic element of his genius. As an his-

torian he minds his own business; if he were only a prophet he would not. Yet his spiritual elevation saves him from what we have always regarded as a vulgarity in Gibbon, — the way of being too knowing, and of lording it over the masses of the past with a pen. Ewald writes of the men of history as he talks with men now. He looks down, not upon, but to, the common people, he looks up to his superiors, and he looks into the eyes of his equals in the Old Testament, not as if he were in his study, in a Christian church, or in a lecture-room, not seeming to look backward, but standing in the past and looking forward with the leaders, or looking at everything in general or at nothing in particular, with the common Hebrews as they spent their ordinary days and went through extraordinary crises without expecting to be analyzed, summed up, classified, and indexed by ready writers for libraries, or even to have their family names pronounced with veneration by the congregations in churches dedicated to their Messiah and victorious over their descendants.

We shall give a brief account of some of the chief parts of Ewald's work as nearly in the translated words of the author as shall be consistent with a clear and continuous review; for there can be no better introduction for an authority destined to have so great an influence than a careful selection of passages which show of themselves the character of the work to which they belong.

Ewald supposes that Israel knew and used the art of writing in Egypt before Moses, and in the remains of the earliest writings he finds a reaction against the unrestrained form of tradition in respect to definite form and fixed limits: —

"It is probable that the cognate nations possessed not only the art of writing, but an historical literature also before Israel did. . . . . The more surely, therefore, might historical composition in Israel — even if certain crude attempts at it had not been made before — have been rapidly developed after the great days of Moses and Joshua; and it is incontrovertible that after Moses a Hebrew historiography of momentous import could, and actually did, develop itself. How it advanced, however, and what phases it passed through in the course of centuries, is in the main only to be gathered from an investigation of the documents themselves. For the accurate appreciation of this portion of Hebrew literature shows, indeed, that its history is most closely connected with that of the general development of the nation, and that the image of the progress of all national efforts and conditions is clearly reflected in the special product of its mind." (Trans., Vol. I. pp. 52, 53.)

"But the height of the support and treatment in consequence of which Hebrew historiography stands so alone in antiquity, and serves for us, too, as a perpetual model, remained the sole highest point which it both strove after and attained. This forms at once its genuine glory and its immortal meaning, which one should never ignore; *but as it lays claim to no more, it would be*

folly to bestow upon it any other. That it sought out and faithfully used the most reliable sources is a matter of course, a consequence of its universal tendency to plain truth and Divine earnestness; but to what may be called, in a strict sense, erudition, it never raised itself." (Trans., Vol. I. p. 55.)

With regard to the anonymous character of the historical books: —

"It is a matter of very little importance, indeed, when looked at from the simplest point of view, *who* is the first to write down a well-known story or tradition. . . . . The case is quite different with the prophets; their name, nay, their life, must at once guarantee their word. Hence there is no portion of the Bible in which the names of the authors have, on the whole, been so faithfully preserved." But "as soon as ever it becomes very difficult to search out the whole historical truth, and there is a deeper appreciation of that difficulty, then individuals must devote themselves specially to that investigation, and the historical view which thus proceeds from a person who has examined the whole subject is necessarily referred to him, and to the authority of his name. . . . . We may, in this respect, affirm that the nonnamelessness of the historian is the beginning of historical science." (Trans., Vol. I. pp. 56, 57.)

"But here we arrive at one of the most memorable phenomena of the entire ancient Hebrew literature, which extends far beyond the range of the historical books, and hitherto has been but little regarded. In order to appreciate it in a manner proportioned to its importance, we must think ourselves back into the times when there was a great mass of scattered anonymous writings on the same subject in circulation, and when it was no easy task even to bring them together, and still less so to collect them properly. . . . . Tolerably early the skilful compounding of many such works into one new one must have been raised into a special art; for, in fact, there needed not simply the will, but also considerable ability and dexterity to effect such a compilation; skilfully to work over materials, to weigh the mutually contradictory, and by the aid of possibly numerous omissions and some connecting or explanatory additions, to blend the whole as far as possible, and to build up a new whole, whose origination from previous documents only a practised eye can discover. But this special art *book-compounding* must have been much practised in the nation of Israel as early as the tenth century, B. C. . . . . It is certain, on closer investigation, that not merely the Pentateuch or Genesis, but almost the whole of the historical books, are traceable to distinct and still recognizable sources, though in most the combination has been so cleverly executed that one frequently experiences a difficulty in recognizing the rivetings. Moreover, this art is exhibited in the first three Gospels and the Acts." (Trans., Vol. I. pp. 59, 60.)

"The historical works contained in the Old Testament, which must be the chief sources of this history, are divided, both as to their character and their external order and arrangement, into three parts: 1. The books which are devoted to the description of the antiquity of the nation, or the period down to the time of the Judges; namely, the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua; which, however, properly only form one work, and which (if we wished to

give them a collective name) might be called the *Great Book of Origins*, or *of the Primitive History*. 2. The books which describe the time of the Judges and Kings, down to the final destruction of Jerusalem; namely, the Book of Judges and the four Books of Kings (i. e. the two of Samuel and the two of Kings), to which we must add the Book of Ruth, which accidentally has received a place in the Hebrew Bible among the Hagiographa; all these likewise, on their last redaction, only formed one work, which might be appropriately called the *Great Book of Kings*. Each of these two great works, therefore, not only embraces a separate province, but, by a surprising coincidence, at the same time comprises one of the three great periods into which the entire history of the nation is divided by intrinsic character; and all critical investigation brings us to the conclusion that neither of them, in the state in which we find them, is a single work in the strict sense, but is to be regarded as a book in which a number of kindred accounts and representations of the same period have gathered round one central work, or rather, have attached themselves to it as closely as possible, just as, in the Psalter and Proverbs, a quantity of kindred matter has gradually gathered round the nucleus furnished by David's songs and Solomon's proverbs. To these are to be added: 3. Those much later works which are placed together in the Hagiographa, namely, the *Great Book of Universal History down to the Greek Times* (the Chronicles with the Books of Ezra and Nehemiah), and the little Book of Esther. These are the three strata of historical books in the Old Testament, which moreover were completed and received into the canon in the same order of time. And as each of the three great works sprang, both as to origin and present shape, from peculiar and independent tendencies of historical view and description, we find in them, when taken together and thoroughly appreciated in all their minutest parts, the exactest possible history of the dates and modifications of Hebrew historical composition, from its rudiments, down through its fullest and ripest development to its complete decay." (Trans., Vol. I. pp 61, 62).

The Great Book of Origins is made up of the works of seven different authors. The first, whose prose is rough and hard as a stone, wrote the Book of the Wars of Jahveh, a collection of reminiscences of the victorious campaigns of Moses and Joshua. The second, more skilled in narrative composition and hence later, probably living in the first century after Moses, wrote the Biography of Moses. The third, living at the beginning of Samson's jurisdiction, in an unquiet time, in which every one tried to secure himself by oral or written agreements with friends, and by binding compacts, wrote the Book of Covenants. The fourth, a Levite of the brilliant age of Solomon, whose aim was to survey, from the resting-place which that epoch had reached, the entire mass of historical matter in its greatest extent, and to trace it back up to the ultimate commencement of all creation, wrote the Book of Origins (or generations, as our English Bibles have it).

"As the Greeks and Persians, after the Persian war, embraced with fresh

delight the history of all nations and ages, and in a short time immensely extended their historical survey, so this work endeavors to conceive of history in its widest extent, as certainly no earlier work had conceived of it. . . . . But precisely because the work thus treated history from the Israelite point of view, perhaps for the first time in its widest extent, it sought to combine all the closer, and to discriminate all the finer, all its details. Accordingly, treating as it does of the great unwieldy mass of historical families, nations, or single persons, with reference to their rise and progress, it ventures to unite them all in a single great infinitely ramified pedigree, which has its root in the first man, a second progenitor after the deluge in Noah, and its youngest branches in the great contemporaries of the author and their families." (Vol. I. pp. 78, 81).

Ewald's esteem for this author is shown by the following characteristic utterance with which he concludes his notice of the Book of Origins: —

"Lofty spirit, thou whose work has for centuries not irrationally had the fortune of being taken for that of thy great hero Moses himself, I know not thy name, and divine only from thy vestiges when thou didst live, and what thou didst achieve; but if these thy traces incontrovertibly forbid me to identify thee with him who was greater than thou, and whom thou thyself only desiredst to magnify according to his deserts, then see that there is no guile in me, nor any pleasure in knowing thee not absolutely as thou wert." (Trans., Vol. I. p. 96.)

The three following of the seven authors of the Great Book of Origins are called the "Prophetical Narrators" of the primitive history. They indulge in

"the great freedom of repeated narration, which so remarkably distinguishes the works of this age from the Book of Origins and the still older books; for all legendary literature will endeavor the more to break through old restraints, and will move with the greater freedom the oftener it treats the same subject-matter; but here it was especially the grandeur of prophetic truths that declared itself by means of the freer exposition thus admitted." (Trans., Vol. I. p. 97.)

The first of the prophetic narrators is not called the fifth in the series, because Ewald does not suppose that the authors of the Wars of Jahveh and the Biography of Moses included in them the primitive histories properly so called; he is therefore called the third narrator of the primitive history, the authors of the Book of Covenants and the Book of Origins being the first two. This narrator's peculiar pre-eminence consists in his uncommonly high and distinct conception of the working of the prophetic and the divine spirit, which enters more or less prominently into most of his descriptions. This conception of the ancient history comes out strongest in the life of Moses (Num. xi. *sq.*), but the scheme of the life of Joseph also leads curiously to such a prophetic

truth (Gen. l. 19, *sq.*); and the frequent introduction of the dream, and its prophetic significance, by which he is perceptibly distinguished from the other narrators, harmonizes well with this prophetic theory of his that pervades his whole history. This writer is supposed to have lived in the tenth or ninth century,

"while such great prophets as Elijah and Joel were still active; for his history is like a reflex of the high prophetic activity of their times. Although passages like Rom. xi. *sq.* quite remind us of Joel, we prefer to assign to the northern kingdom a narrator who makes the life of Joseph the most brilliant period of the patriarchal history, so that his work would have been to the kingdom of Israel very much what the Book of Origins was to that of Judah." (Trans., Vol. I. p. 99.)

The second prophetic narrator, being the fourth narrator of the primitive history, who wrote in the ninth or eight century, at the time of the greatest prophets, had a peculiar genius for actual creation, and

"exhibits a culmination and mature development of all the intellectual powers and capacities of the ancient nation, which can hardly be surpassed." (Trans., Vol. I. p. 100.)

"The language is essentially the fully developed prose style; but, from the author's intellectual peculiarity in the treatment of history, it always inclines towards a prophetic loftiness of description, wherever the subject will at all allow of a more soaring flight, as at the call of Abraham and the other periods of this great hero's life, at the call of Moses and his deeds in Egypt."

One consequence of this great freedom of description is, finally, that the historical distinctions of the various ages are more and more dropped in narration, and the ideas and colors of language current in the author's age are, without much ceremony, transferred to the primitive times. This narrator also calls God from the first Jahveh.

"This variety of divine names in the primeval history is not without weight for the discrimination of its elements; but it presents only a single token, which must everywhere be judiciously interpreted and brought into harmony with all other indications; for when adopted and insisted on without such careful judgment, it leads into great errors. Moreover, it is obvious that different histories require the application of different laws." (Trans., Vol. I. p. 103, Note 1.)

The third prophetic, being the fifth narrator of the primitive history, and the seventh and last of the series of the authors of the Great Book of Origins, is he from "whose hand proceeded the first great collection and working up of all previous sources of the primitive history, to whom therefore is to be referred the whole existing Pentateuch, together with the Book of Joshua," with the exception of some additions which were intercalated still later. In his compendium he omitted, transferred, and condensed passages from the early works.

"He was evidently determined mainly by the importance of a passage from the earlier books whether to insert or to omit it, or to abridge it more or less. Of slight repetitions and unprominent contradictions in the contents of the narrative he was but little afraid, still less of variety in the mere use of language. He preserves, accordingly, in the passages which he repeats from older books, the diversity of the names of God, Elohim, and Jahveh, in the main quite as . . . . he must have received it, though, agreeably to the progress of his time, he himself calls God Jahveh by preference. . . . . As if he would bring prominently forward at the outset of the whole work that the two names in their ultimate significance are intrinsically but one, and that Jahveh is only more definite than Elohim, he of himself adds to the one name Jahveh the other Elohim, in the first passage which he borrows from the fourth narrator, Gen. ii. 5 – iii." (Trans., Vol. I. p. 114.)

The Deuteronomist, writing from Egypt after the death of the good King Hezekiah, when the land was in the greatest danger from internal maladies, attempted most vigorously and emphatically to recommend the old law, altered and renovated in such a manner as to suit his times.

"The work of the Deuteronomist, or prophetic renovator and perfecter of the old law," is "a book which is in many respects to the Old Testament what the Gospel of John is to the New, and which, though wearing an historical dress, still is widely removed from the circle of historical books." (VI. p. 117.)

"No book exerted a stronger influence both on the life of the people and on their literature than this, when in the ninth century peculiar circumstances rendered it the authoritative basis of the reformation under King Josiah." (Vol. I. p. 128.)

"But it was inevitable that the same art of book-making, which was so active among the ancient people, and had been long practised especially on this domain of primeval history, should again be tried. It was held good to work in the book of the Deuteronomist into one of the earlier works. . . . . We can also clearly recognize the manner in which this last compiler, the true editor of the great historical book as it has reached us, proceeded. He left the work of the fifth narrator exactly as he found it, up to the section shortly before the death of Moses, to which the chief portion of the Deuteronomist's work could suitably be attached. But since the latter . . . . had written the life of Joshua very briefly, the editor proceeded, after the death of Moses, on a freer plan, uniting the more detailed narrative given by the older work with the essential contents of the Deuteronomist's, and so blending the two works completely into one. *It was certainly* this last editor who inserted the blessing of Moses (Deuteronomy xxxiii.), a passage which even yet stands quite disconnected. In this (v. 1) Moses is called for the first time 'the Man of God.' This name, in the two only passages of this great book where it occurs (here and in Joshua xiv. 6), indicates a different hand from that of the Deuteronomist. The very fact of the insertion of this passage enables us to recognize most distinctly a last editor, who, however, must have lived before

the end of the seventh century, or at all events before the destruction of Jerusalem (586 B. C. according to Ewald), and brought the work into its present and final form. For there is no single indication to lead us to any lower antiquity." (Trans., Vol. I. p. 130.)

Ewald's chapters on chronology are ingenious, clear, and interesting; and, although they bear the unfortunate stamp of his dogmatism, they are valuable. He thinks that, while tradition is not so apt to confuse periods as numbers, the chronology of an ancient people is not secure unless it be proved to have used a continuous and fixed computation in specifying the order of events. During the whole period in which Israel flourished as a nation, no one era ever came into continuous and general use. But they were not without means of counting. Some means was necessary for the annual festivals and the entire calendar. This work was in antiquity in general, in Egypt especially, and doubtless in Israel, a duty of the priesthood. The Book of Origins begins the year with the first day of the Paschal month, thus dating from the Exodus; as the Romans counted their years from the expulsion of the Tarquins, long before the building of the city was adopted as the commencement of their era. At least, when the laws of the Sabbatical and Jubilee years were carried out, and this certainly occurred immediately on the conquest of the country, a fixed chronology must have been established, and at that time the year of the Exodus may very probably have been taken as the commencement of an era. This method, however, does not seem to have been employed for civil documents, nor do we find it in the ordinary histories by writers less learned than the priestly author of the Book of Origins. Hence many points in the Old Testament chronology are more or less uncertain. For the whole early history the numbers given in the Book of Origins — the 480 years after and the 430 years before the Exodus — form the axis upon which everything turns, and upon the reliability of which everything hangs. To establish or to correct such a chronology, however, a comparison is necessary with the contemporaneous history of some other nation. Israel, in the time of her independence, was too proud to use the Phœnician, Egyptian, or Babylonian chronology, and her literary culture was too rudimentary to give them a collateral mention. The so-called synchronisms in the Book of Kings were imparted by the learned after the total destruction of the Northern kingdom. Ezekiel, the earliest Hebrew writer, employing a non-Israelite chronology, — while living in the middle of the Babylonian captivity, — yet scarcely ventured to put it in front of his work. For the later half of the history of Israel, there are many points of comparison with Phœnician, Assyrian, Chaldean, and Greek; but for the first half, the period before David and Solomon, these sources, so far as we yet know

them, fail us almost totally. At present, therefore, the Egyptian chronology alone possesses for both divisions of the history considerable, and for the earlier unrivalled, importance. Genealogies are of some assistance, but from abbreviations which were common, and from political commotions and the dispersion of the people, they are uncertain. Another difficulty is, that numbers are especially liable to be mistaken and changed by the transcriber. We must be satisfied, then, if only from the actual commencement of the history of Israel as a nation we can lay down a chronology correct in all its general features.

Ewald thinks that the Hebrew conception of the earliest traditional life corresponds to the four ages of heathen mythology. Adam represents the golden age, Noah the silver, the patriarchs the brazen, and Moses and Joshua the beginning of the iron age.

"On looking through the data concerning the lives of persons in the four ages down to the time of Moses and the Conquest, we discover the prevailing view to be that which assumes from 120 to 140 years as the extreme limit of human life in the existing epoch; for just as the men of the Third Age were conceived as far outliving that term, in the Fourth, Joseph dies at 110, Levi at 137, Kohath at 133, Amram at 137, his sons Aaron and Moses at 120, Joshua, like his progenitor Joseph, somewhat below the Levites, at 110: with other indications of the same view. Now from this Fourth Age, to determine by successive proportionate augmentation the possible years of human life in the earlier ages, the number 125 was evidently taken as the basis of the Fourth, from which, by repeatedly doubling the number, 1000 was reached as the ultimate limit: 125, 250, 500, 1000. Thus was prescribed to every historical personage, according to the age in which he lived, a maximum length of life which might not be exceeded. If the Hebrew conception went in this assumption somewhat beyond the most ancient Hindu, which adopted the proportion 100, 200, 300, 400, on the other hand it always remained free from the extravagant extensions of these numbers into which the later Hindu traditions fell." (Trans., Vol. I. p. 275.)

The records of the time of the patriarchs Ewald calls the preliminary history. The following passage will indicate his view of the migration of Abraham: —

"Little as we are able to prove all the details of that migration from the North towards Egypt, which probably continued for centuries, it may with great certainty be conceived as on the whole similar to the gradual advance of many other northern nations; as of the Germans towards Rome, and of the Turks in these same regions in the Middle Ages, who also were often sought as allies, or otherwise in one way or another as brave protectors. . . . . If this, then, was the true character of these migrations, we can see that they might last for centuries, and that nothing less than the forcible rearrangement of the political relations of Canaan through the Mosaic kingdom of Israel put a final stop to the dependence of Canaan on the influences of the northeast;

for Chushan-Rishathaim, who shortly after Joshua, issuing from Mesopotamia, subdued Canaan, is the last ruler of this kind for many centuries. Further, we now understand that Abraham's name can designate only one of the most important and oldest of the Hebrew immigrations." (Trans., Vol. I. p. 310.)

Ewald thinks that it would be a violation of history to understand Abraham and his family alone by the Hyksos people. The Hyksos he supposes to comprehend all the various tribes, some small and some great, which were generally united only by their common Hebrew origin, and at that particular time also by a common movement southward; some of whom pressed forward into Egypt, others established themselves in Canaan and the adjacent countries, probably with many shiftings backward and forward, of which now only some faint reminiscences can with difficulty be traced; Abraham being only one among many leaders of these tribes. This view is actually confirmed by other indications.

"The Midianites and the Kenites, for instance, from whom Moses (as will be afterwards shown) received so much assistance in his exertions for Israel, may themselves, according to Manetho's account, have belonged to the Hyksos formerly expelled from Egypt, and have assisted Moses the more zealously on this account." (Trans., Vol. I. p. 396.)

The settlement of the Israelites in Egypt at the time of Joseph was an honorable act of undertaking to occupy the northeastern frontier of Egypt for the defence of the country and for their own advantage. Israel was a sturdy people, who during the most of the four hundred and thirty years of their Egyptian residence suffered neither slavery nor oppression, and their final revolt was against a system of enforced service of the nation of which they were auxiliaries, that had lasted not much more than half a century. One proof that the time of their grievous oppression had been short is the vigor of their rebellion.

"That Moses was a prophet at the time when, overcome by a righteous but too vehement indignation, he slew the Egyptian and had to fly from Egypt, is not conceivable in any strict sense. Ancient tradition itself deems him a prophet only from the moment of his solitude at Sinai, when he was suddenly and irresistibly transported by an overpowering fire of Divine revelation. But the high importance of Moses in the history of the world lies most of all in the fact that he became a prophet, and from that moment acted as a prophet for his whole remaining life. . . . . He was indeed leader, lawgiver, and worker of miracles to his people, but all these additional attributes fade before the primary one, that he was a prophet. . . . . There is no notion more preposterous than that prophecy always took the same form among the ancient Israelites. . . . . But however great" its "modifications may be, some form must exist in prophecy as its permanent element, which determines its

peculiar life, and only grants it varying expression as the external objects change with which it comes in contact. This inner form is the impulse of religion to reveal her own truth; hence in its every stage and vicissitude, and consequently in this its earliest and most rigid form, prophecy cannot be understood without a knowledge of the nature of religion." (Trans., Vol. II. pp. 47, 48.)

"But again, religion is concerned not merely with beholding the Divine, but also with the nature of what is beheld. Everything was so prepared on the soil of Egypt, then thrilled with the most startling antagonisms of nationality and religion, that a distinct opposition to the fully developed Egyptian corruptions of itself rendered an advance to a higher, nay, to an eternally true religion possible. On every soil thus prepared the most surprising truths germinate with ease, their very opposites conspiring to force them upwards; *and in the Egyptian nation just at that time there may have been a powerful movement extending far beyond Moses and his people for the foundation of a better religion as the basis of a higher life.* But how few are able amid storms and passions really to perceive the truths invisibly germinating on such a soil, to discern them by the Divine light, and to carry them out with a Divine confidence! *That the eye of Moses discerned them*, that it therefore suffered itself to be opened by the Divine Spirit to discern them, constitutes the immeasurable significance of his life." (Trans., Vol. II. pp. 50, 51.)

We have thus attempted to give, chiefly by striking, characteristic, and suggestive passages from the work itself, a general view of the motive, method, and spirit of Ewald's history. To skip to the third volume and enter into a few details, we would call attention to the author's masterly treatment of Solomon and his age. The history of Saul and David we should like to dwell upon in order to show how much more justly and fully than ever before the characters of these heroes and the importance of the work of each have been described. But the view of Solomon's relation to religion, and of the people's attitude towards him, is rarer and needs to be compared with the common notions of that monarch's decline, and of the fall of his general policy under the feeble administration of Rehoboam. When Solomon came to the throne,

"the monarchy had fully solved its lower problems, — it had made the country powerful, the kingdom strong, and the people peaceful and industrious; but for this very reason, during the long peace, all the higher problems involved in the national life of a civilized people pressed upon it with increasing force." (Trans., Vol. III. p. 288.)

"A greater freedom in religion was the necessity of the age. It can, indeed, by no means be shown from ancient authorities that Solomon, even in advanced life, ever left the religion of Jahveh, and with his own hand sacrificed to heathen gods. All traces of contemporary history extant testify to the contrary; and we still find an express statement that upon the altar which he

erected to Jahveh he sacrificed thrice during the year (at the three great festivals) with all the solemnity which was only becoming in a king such as he. 1 Kings ix. 25. But we must reflect that under him the kingdom of Israel had the strongest tendency to become an imperial power, and emancipate itself completely from all its ancient limitations. But in a prosperous empire, and especially in one which seeks its well-being in peace and commerce, the toleration of diverse religions is absolutely indispensable, for a government of this nature cannot desire any sudden change in the various tendencies and views of the people. Still less will it desire to destroy them with violence; and thus every form of religion was, without doubt, tolerated within the wide circumference of Solomon's kingdom. . . . . In fact, even in that early period, under the wise Solomon, a legal tolerance of different religions had a tendency to spring up, which the true religion would undoubtedly have to permit as soon as it became more distinctly conscious of its own nature, and against which, in our own day and in countries west of the Niemen, no one feels called upon to act, excepting Jesuits and persons of similar sentiments. Undoubtedly the religion of Jahveh was at that time, in some respects, too weak to rely wholly upon itself without any external support. . . . . But if Solomon's rule had not already, through other causes, somewhat estranged from him the national feeling, who can tell what might not have been successfully and permanently achieved in this age of wisdom. But now, as this innovation was carried through by the sole exercise of the royal prerogative, many of the stricter believers, cherishing the memory of their early history, and the glorious days of the past, were soon led to regard this freedom of the philosophic king with gathering dislike, as the increasing laxity of the national life caused in many a growing indifference, even towards what was essential in the ancient religion. In this way, also, Solomon undoubtedly alienated the hearts of many of his subjects; and there sprung up silently two parties which, in the later history, stand out with increasing distinctness and abruptness, — one party favoring this innovation, and hence easily giving way to the admission of looser heathen customs into Israel, and the other resolutely opposed to the whole movement. Under a rule so powerful and brilliant as Solomon's, such a change in the national life could only gradually make itself felt, and the evils accruing to the religion of Jahveh from the growing freedom did not fully manifest themselves until a later period. After they had been long laid bare during the course of centuries, the Deuteronomic redactor of the history treated this point as if the heart of the once wise king had, in his old age, been drawn away from the religion of Jahveh into idolatry by his numerous heathen wives." — 1 Kings xi. 1–10. (Trans., Vol. III. pp. 296 – 299.)

Ewald then shows how the sturdy vigor of the people, impelled by its religious fervor and directed by its religious narrowness, and by its love of barbarous freedom, although it had helped Israel to leave Egypt successfully, led her also to the damaging mistake of breaking with David's house, which was civilizing her. She could not long endure the rude beginnings of civilization in the taxes and compulsory service of Solomon and Rehoboam, and preferred to run the risk of

an attempted reaction to times which could not be imitated without anachronous barbarism.

"The general feeling, accordingly, might be expressed in the two assertions: 1, That the monarchy, as developed towards the close of Solomon's life, could not stand; and, 2, that, on the other hand, it must be carried back to such principles as had prevailed say in Samuel's time. With this the prophets, so far as we know, were in accord; and all the better minds in Israel probably shared their sentiments. But if we try to imagine the state of affairs in reference to the special means or instruments by which this object might ultimately be attained, this passage in the ancient history will be found the best adapted (if taken along with the true greatness of prophecy in those centuries) to exhibit clearly the earthly limits which it was not yet able to break through. . . . . In the last years of Solomon's life, and immediately afterwards, even prophets of Jahveh, whom we have no right to regard as false prophets, might urge the disruption, because the higher blessing of the true religion and of the human rule answering to this, a blessing which in Israel always remained the supreme concealed power, determining and deciding everything else, ran at that time the risk of being set aside by a further one-sided development of the monarchy. But on this very account the disruption, like every schism, remained a great evil; and whether it was ever again to be remedied during Israel's independent national life, or whether the preservation of the spiritual blessings of the people must finally involve the destruction of all its earthly blessings, could be known only when the wholly different movements which were involved in the disruption should have attained their full development." (Trans., Vol. III. pp. 310 – 314.)

An account of Ewald's treatment of the New Testament history would require more space than is at present at our disposal. We will only say that, while it is remarkably able in its general conception, and even original in much of its development, it yet lacks the unequalled freshness of his Old Testament history, and is obscured here and there by a reflection from common ecclesiastical views which lose their power over his mind whenever he gets back of the Maccabees. It is important to know that Ewald thinks John to have been the author of the Fourth Gospel. His treatment of miracles, however, is uncertain.

Ewald's German style, while not obscure to those who have become used to it, may nevertheless be said to add yet another difficulty to the study of the history of Israel. It is also peculiarly difficult to translate. But we have to congratulate Mr. Martineau, Mr. Carpenter, and their coadjutors upon their remarkable success, not only in presenting the contents of the work accurately and clearly, but also in catching the best traits, even some of the charms of Ewald's own original manner. Indeed, the chief difficulty of Ewald's style becomes one of its chief attractions to a constant reader. He writes less like a member of a class than any historian we have read. His whole life is thrown before us

amidst the philology, chronology, science, art, politics, and religion of his history, and the story, with his views and feelings about every part, even the least parts of it, is told with a rush of diction which, without being very diffuse, is so extraordinarly suggestive that superficial readers often mistake what is the genuine expression of a true, deep, and powerful historic sense for mere enthusiasm for his personal opinion.

We expect that Ewald's view will have a great influence upon American students of the Bible, leading the more narrow of the "Orthodox" to respect historical science and to accept some of its most evident results, and leading the more negative or indifferent "Liberals" to be ashamed of neglecting a history that teaches the need of more liberality than is found in New England, and to study the ancient records, not with the mere local purpose of refuting the dogmas of ignorance or exclusive traditionalism, but with a positive aim to discover the historic truth, and to learn definitely what can be known, and what cannot be known, and why; and also whether we may expect to learn more, and whence, and how. It is also interesting to look forward to the interest in the writings of the Old Testament as a literature which will probably be awakened especially by Ewald's chapters on the literary progress of Israel. Another most desirable effect the book should have, — the elevation of the religious view of history to that point where alone it can be in harmony with science, the recognition of Divine revelation all over the world. This position, so far from lowering, exalts the mission of Israel, and, what is of yet wider significance, if not of greater importance, this position is the only one which can induce men who know and understand the history of the world to worship the God of Israel.

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6. — *Dictionary of American Biography, including Men of the Time.* By Francis S. Drake. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872. 8vo. pp. xvi [x], 1019.

For this book there was both room and call. Its only predecessor and competitor, Allen's "American Biographical Dictionary," which confines itself to *North* America, and omits all notice of contemporaries, was published in the latest edition fifteen years ago, — a period of time which, perhaps, more than any other in our history, has witnessed "the sudden making of splendid names." For accounts of persons not registered by Allen, the inquirer, until now, has been forced to consult various general or special authorities, such as the New American Cyclopædia and its annual supplements, Allibone's Dictionary of

Authors, Duyckinck's Cyclopædia of American Literature, Lanman's Dictionary of Congress, Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit, and many other similar works; or to refer to individual biographies, if, happily for him, such are to be found.

To fill up this interval, and to bring within the grasp of a single volume the whole continent, with all its living men of mark, was the main task which Mr. Drake set himself to perform. Ever since its publication we have had occasion to make daily use of his Dictionary, and have not infrequently tested the accuracy of its figures and facts by the aid of an uncommonly choice collection of biographical and genealogical works. It has, on the whole, borne remarkably well such tests as we have applied, and merits hearty commendation for the fulness, freshness, and general trustworthiness of its information. In repeated instances we have found in it what we have elsewhere sought for diligently but in vain. There are, in short, not many single books on our table which we consult more frequently; there are very few we could so ill afford to spare. But while we gladly recognize the merits of the work, and even feel a sort of personal indebtedness to its author, we do not mean to praise it without qualification or discrimination. It has, as a matter of course, deficiencies and imperfections as well as excellences. Some of each of these we proceed to notice.

And, first, its comprehensiveness is striking. While Allen's book contains less than seven thousand names (very many of them of little or no account), this embraces upwards of ten thousand, selected for the most part with excellent discretion; but the quantity of matter in Drake is much larger than the mere difference between these figures would imply. Though he has made a legitimate and judicious use of Allen's labors, he has by no means built upon Allen's foundation. Well skilled in what Dickens calls "the two great sciences of condensation and rejection," and avoiding the temptation to homiletic digression which was the good doctor's easily besetting sin, he has given us, in nearly an equivalent number of pages, — due allowance being made for the typographical differences in the two works, — a vastly larger amount of really valuable biographical memoranda. Yet a scrutinizing examination would bring to light many strange omissions and inconsistencies, and even a casual inspection would be likely to reveal some of them. If Paterfamilias, desirous of reading his daily paper intelligently, should look for some notice of Governor Gratz Brown, his quest would be fruitless; if he wanted to learn what he could about President Baez of Hayti, he would find here a sufficiently full and correct account, but he would consult the book in vain for any sketch of that honest magistrate's troublesome rival, General Cabral; it would tell

him enough about the late James Fisk, Jr., but nothing whatever about those equally well-known gentlemen, Mr. William M. Tweed, Mr. Richard B. Connolly, and Mr. A. Oakey Hall. What will our friends in the neighboring Dominion say to the omission of Sir William Fenwick Williams, "the hero of Kars," a Nova Scotian by birth, and for some time the commander-in-chief of her Majesty's forces in British North America? Is it not fair, too, for them to expect to find in a work which lays claim to special fulness in "the departments of industry and inventions," some sketch of such a man as James Hodges, the builder of that triumph of engineering skill, the Victoria Bridge? Among the names we have had occasion to look for, and have been disappointed in not finding, the following are taken quite at random: August Belmont; Captain C. F. Hall, the arctic explorer; Professor Ezra Abbot; General D. P. Strother, better known under the pseudonyme of "Porte Crayon" (his name is given, however, in the introductory "Key to Assumed Names," as are the names of other writers of whom no notice is taken in the body of the work); Professor Schele de Vere; Don Rafael María Baralt, the Venezuelan historian and poet; the Honorable John Sandfield Macdonald; Miss Tennie C. Claflin; Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull; Mr. Mark M. Pomeroy. More striking examples than these might be given, and the list might be extended indefinitely, were we bent on unfriendly criticism. Such, however, is not our purpose. When the faithful reaper comes from the harvest, bringing his full sheaves with him, the gleaner who has followed his footsteps, and has been fortunate enough to find some ears of golden grain, has surely no reason to boast of his small gatherings. While, therefore, we could wish that Mr. Drake had left out no name which the users of his book might reasonably look for with the expectation of finding it, and while we are of the opinion that a slight increase of the dimensions of his printed page, and a more rigid condensation, would have enabled him to include with advantage, and within his present limits, many names which he has designedly rejected, we are so far from being disposed to quarrel with him for what he has left undone, that we thank him heartily for what he has given us, and shall wait desiringly for the additions we trust he will yet make in a future edition.

"The utility of such a work," as our author justly observes, "must depend mainly upon its correctness." That he has labored with patient assiduity to attain "this all-important object," we make no doubt; and that he has now and then failed to do so needs, perhaps, no other apology than the nature of the undertaking will furnish. A friend calls our attention to the fact that John Walley is said to have been born in

Barnstable in 1644, whereas he was really born in London, though he came to this country before his father, who did not arrive here until 1663. A reference to Savage's admirable Genealogical Dictionary — which, strange to say, does not appear in the preliminary "Index to Authorities" — would have prevented the commission of this mistake. On page 20, Doctor William Allen is erroneously said to have been "made pres. of Dartm. Coll. in 1817." He is not enrolled as such in the catalogues of that institution, and was in fact at no time its president, though he was placed at the head of the short-lived "Dartmouth University," so called, which grew out of the conflict between the State of New Hampshire and the trustees of the college. On page 145 we are told that the late Alexander M. Burrill "aided in compiling 'Worcester's Dictionary,'" a statement as unaccountable as it is incorrect. In the notice of "Lartigue, James" (more fully and properly Jean Jacques), it is said that, on the 1st of February, 1820, that excellent prelate was "made suffragan of Quebec and bishop of Felmessa in Lycia." Here are imprecision and positive error, both of which faults might easily have been avoided. At the date just given, the English government, while permitting Roman Catholic bishops to exercise episcopal functions within the British Empire, refused to allow the assumption by them of ecclesiastical titles derived from places in the British possessions. The Reverend M. Lartigue was therefore made titular "Bishop of Telmesse," or Telmessus, in Asia Minor, — there is no such place anywhere as Felmessa, — and was appointed suffragan to Bishop Plessis of Quebec, being assigned to the *quasi* diocese of Montreal. He was not consecrated, however, until the 21st of July, 1821. Blemishes like these are undoubtedly regrettable, but "no work of such multiplicity," as Doctor Johnson justly says, was ever free from some "wild blunders and risible absurdities"; and as we know of no biographical dictionary more free from error than this, we shall follow the advice of Horace, and shall continue to use it and to speak well of it until it is superseded by a better one.

It has been objected to the work that it is not very "readable." This must be granted; but then it must be borne in mind that it was not prepared with the design of furnishing amusement or mental recreation. It professes to be nothing more than "a manual of reference, containing, in a condensed form, all the more important data of American biography." We wish it were even more condensed than it is. Like Mr. Gradgrind, what we want in a work of this sort, which is simply and solely for ready consultation, is facts, hard dry facts, and not pleasant biographical essays. In such a mere chronological record the graces of rhetoric would be a superfluity and

an impertinence. The model treasury of biography, whether general or national or class, has not yet been compiled. Hints of it have been given, approaches to it have been made, but the book itself is still to seek. The idea which we hope to see one day take form and shape in a single printed volume is that of a work which shall unite the unexampled fulness of Oettinger * and Phillips,† the compressed clausal style of statement of Payne ‡ and Rosse,§ the attention to dates of Hole,‖ the methodized accuracy of Thomas ¶ in regard to orthography and pronunciation, as well as his abundance of cross-references, and the ample indication of fuller sources of information of both Hole and Thomas; and which, in each of these respects, shall be as far as possible an improvement upon them all. To authors, to editors, to busy students, to readers of all classes, indeed, in this busy age, what a boon would such a well-filled biographical storehouse not be!

We have found Mr. Drake's Dictionary very helpful in giving us the full names of many persons who appear in Allibone, Thomas, etc., only under one or more of the initials of their Christian names. This is something which it is often very desirable and important to know. The sources of information, however, do not seem to have been consulted as extensively and systematically as they should have been. Among the chief of these sources are to be reckoned the triennial catalogues of our older colleges and the book catalogues of our larger libraries. We are told that the Honorable Galusha A. Grow was graduated at Amherst College in 1844. If the triennial of Amherst had been examined for the purpose, his middle name, Aaron, might have been given in full. So, too, the latest catalogue of the Library of Congress would have shown that the forenames,— or four names, if the reader prefers — of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth are Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte; a combination that make us cease to wonder that the

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* Moniteur des Dates. Par Éduard Marie Oettinger. Dresden. 1866 – 1868. 3 v. 8vo.

† Dictionary of Biographical Reference. By Lawrence B. Phillips. London. 1871. 8vo.

‡ Haydn's Universal Index of Biography. Edited by J. Bertrand Payne. London. 1870. 8vo.

§ An Index of Dates. By J. Willoughby Rosse. London. 1858. 2 v. Sm. 8vo. (In Bohn's "Scientific Library." Contains biographical notices of historical characters, and of some others.)

‖ A Brief Biographical Dictionary. By Charles Hole. 2d edition. London. 1868. 16mo.

¶ Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology. By J. Thomas. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870. 2 v. 8vo. (Popularly known as "Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary.")

lady prefers to use her suggestive initials only. We should have regarded it as a favor if Mr. Drake had told us that the T. in Mr. William T. Adams's name, and the V. in the late Doctor Luther V. Bell's, are not initials; that they represent nothing but themselves, having been adopted simply for the sake of preventing confusion with other persons bearing the same name, and that they are therefore of the nature of mere diacritical or differentiating signs, or of trade-marks, as it were. We may note, in passing, an error in the article devoted to the late Mr. Vallandigham, whose name was Clement Laird, and not Clement C., as it is given.

The orthography of the names, though generally correct, has not received as much attention as it ought. Vowels in French and other foreign names appear sometimes with the accents to which they are entitled, and sometimes without them; an inconsistency which is offset by putting accents occasionally where they have no right to be. Thus, René Goulaine de Laudonnière is entered as "Laudonniere, Réné Goulaine de." This is very nearly as bad as it would be to write "Jeferson, Thommas," instead of "Jefferson, Thomas." Again, there is no method discernible in the manner in which the preposition "de" is disposed of. It is sometimes put in the right place, as in the example given above, and it is sometimes incorrectly and illogically placed after the surname or the title; as in "Autichampe d', Antoine Joseph Eulalie de Beaumont, Comte." The principles which should govern the inverted arrangement of names standing as the headings of articles are evidently either unknown to our author, or he has been very careless about applying them. They are not, it is true, among the weightier matters of the law, but it is reasonable to require that the compiler of a work of reference should be a "minute philosopher" with respect to any and all details. Though perfection is unattainable, he should yet aim at it; and his motto should therefore be, "Exact accuracy in things small as well as in things great."

The Preface calls attention to the feature of "pronunciation" as one calculated to enhance the value of the work. We are sorry to say that we cannot unqualifiedly admit the claim. In the first place, the pronunciation is given only "in the case of such names as present unusual difficulty." But just which these names are it is wellnigh impossible to determine. "Difficult" and "easy" are relative terms. Says Mr. Ellis, "It is a truth beyond the power of argument to gainsay, that no Englishman feels certain of the pronunciation of an English word which he has only seen written and never heard spoken." With foreign words the uncertainty is, of course, greatly increased, at least to a mere English speaker. Shall we say Del'ano or Dela'no, Frob'isher

or Fro'bisher? Mr. Drake does not tell us; and who can be sure which way, if either, is right, unless he is familiar with the practice of those who bear the names or who are accustomed to hear them correctly spoken? In 1857 a "Pronouncing Vocabulary of Geographical and Personal Names" was published in Cincinnati, with the name of Elias Longley on the title-page as its author. The first, or geographical, portion having been borrowed — "convey, the wise it call" — from "Lippincott's Gazetteer," was in the main sufficiently correct; but the second part, containing the personal names, was of the most amazing blunders all compact. Such orthoepical monstrosities as Aq'uinas, Las Cas-as', Chrysos'tom, Cur-ran', Fessen'den, Gerry (jer'ry), Osso'li, Soc'inus, were given as representing the pronunciation of the best speakers of the present day. A blinder leader of the blind than this same Mr. Longley was never seen. But his example is of use as illustrating the truth of Mr. Ellis's proposition and of the corollary we have drawn from it. Our second reason for not thinking as highly of the feature under consideration as we should be glad to do, is, that the system of notation is not only inadequate, but is inconsistently applied to names that are precisely similar. The "marked" letters employed in Worcester's Dictionary have been adopted, without addition or modification. That such a scheme of indicating pronunciation, a scheme at once so incomplete, so redundant, so inconsistent with itself, so utterly unphilosophical, should be deliberately selected as the best of its kind and as amply sufficient for the purpose in view, would of itself make us profoundly distrust Mr. Drake's qualifications as an orthoepist. Following his exemplar, he provides no symbol for indicating, even approximately, the quality of the French nasal vowels, of the French *u* and *eu*, of the German *g* and *ch*, or of any of the peculiar sounds of modern foreign tongues. They are all fitted to the Procrustean bed of Worcester's remarkable "Key." But, besides not giving the pronunciation of many names which fairly require it, — such as Auchmuty, Meagher, Houston, Polk, Raleigh, Schenck, Blondin, Hilliard, d'Auberteuil, etc., — and besides adopting a thoroughly unsatisfactory scheme of notation, our author stumbles too often in the application of his principles, and leads his confiding reader into such bad blunders as saying Ava'los for A'valos. This single example may suffice; for it is an ungracious duty to point out defects in the work of "a man who has endeavored well"; and it would be doing a great injustice to Mr. Drake not to admit, that, in a majority of the cases where he has undertaken to represent the pronunciation, he has done so correctly, and that, in other cases, he has often made a sufficiently near approach to the true sound to satisfy the demands of a cultivated English or American ear.

We end as we began, with saying that there was both room and call for this book. And notwithstanding the exceptions we have taken to some things in its plan and execution, we are constrained to say, — or rather we are free and glad to say, — that, as a whole, it is not only the fruit of extensive, independent, well-directed research, and a monument of untiring industry, but that it is a substantive addition to the list of useful works of reference which lie at the foundation of even the smallest library, and which are the indispensable tools of the literary workingman.

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7. — *Physiology of the Soul and Instinct, as distinguished from Materialism, with Supplementary Demonstrations of the Divine Communication of the Narratives of the Creation and the Flood.* By Martyn Paine, A. M., M. D., LL. D. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1872. 8vo. pp. 707.

Brakemen are as essential to safe locomotion as engineers; and sometimes, on a descending grade, the engineer may shut off his steam, fold his hands, and leave the management of the train entirely to the brakeman. The progress of society is governed by the joint agency of engineers and brakemen, with this peculiar feature of the arrangement, that the latter are recruited almost wholly from the ranks of the former; the very men who, till they approach old age, are foremost in the advancement of science, in their latter days most strenuously resisting and blocking its further onward movement. They can do this with no mean efficacy, not only by the weight of character and influence earned by earlier service, but by virtue of an undiminished word-power and the lifelong accumulation of the materials of knowledge and reasoning. They are also of no less benefit to their race than when they were the leaders of thought; for it is mainly through their strong resistance that progress comes short of precipitation, and that, in the rush after the new and unattained, old, familiar, and everlasting truths are not thrown aside and left behind. Among the most sturdy brakemen that have ever manned the platform of young America and progressive science is Dr. Paine, who brings to his work a vast array of erudition, and the prestige of high standing, successful authorship, and eminent services in his profession, together with the indorsement of more scientific associations than we remember ever before to have seen on a title-page, "and of many other learned societies."

The book now before us is controversial in its character, almost entirely. Its purpose is not so much to establish any theory of the soul or of instinct, as to impugn the philosophical and scientific theories of

the present age, so far as they are inconsistent with the most literal interpretation of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. We honor Dr. Paine for his reverent loyalty to the records of Divine revelation; we trust we share it with him; and we would immeasurably rather find ourselves in his position with regard to them than be deprived of their counsel and consolation. But we cannot forget that there are other revelations equally divine, and, it may be, equally capable of being read; and reverence for the Bible no more constrains us to shut out all the lights of the outward universe, than our high regard for John as an author of the sacred canon forbids our paying proper respect to Paul and Peter. True, in every department of science the initial investigations and the earlier theories are imperfect and mingled with gross error; and so were the early attempts of Christian expositors to interpret the Psalms and the Prophets. But as there never would have been a Biblical criticism worthy of the name had it not commenced in rudely tentative exegesis, so can the last words of science be drawn forth only by the careful manipulation of rudimentary knowledge, empirical hypotheses, and provisional theories. Now, to maintain, as Dr. Paine evidently believes, that the ultimate results of anthropology, physiology, and natural science, if pursued in perfect freedom, will be destructive of Christian faith, implies either that Christianity is not divine, or that God has purposely sought in the outward universe to bejuggle, deceive, and insnare inquiring minds, by holding out false shows, and lodging in the things that are tokens of things that never were.

The latter is the ground virtually assumed by our author. But if this be so, the time and labor spent in scientific research are utterly wasted. We have in the first few chapters of Genesis a complete cosmogony, a full history of the origin of species, a compend of geology embracing the only extensive changes that have ever taken place on the earth's s[illegible]ce, a basis for accurate ethnology, and linguistic data which account both for the origin and the diversity of language. One would be tempted here to apply the Mussulman dilemma as to all matters of scientific curiosity, "Let them alone; if they are true, they are in the Coran; if not there, they are false."

But some of our scientific men are chargeable in part with the untenable claims urged in behalf of a written revelation. They have, in a very unscientific spirit, assumed the baselessness of alleged religious verities, because they had not detected them on their own wonted routes and by their own accustomed methods of investigation. But if religious truths are truths of consciousness and experience, then no amount of negative testimony can countervail them in the individual consciousness, or neutralize the evidence for them afforded by the con-

sciousness embodied and made visible in collective and cumulative experience. And if there are authentic facts that seem abnormal connected with the great epochs of religious history, they require for their proof no stronger evidence than is demanded for those seemingly abnormal phenomena in nature which, well attested, are not discredited because inconsistent with theory, but are deemed a sufficient reason for so enlarging or modifying theories as to include them. There is as much bigotry on one side as on the other; and if Dr. Paine shall have shown the absurdity of attempting to obstruct scientific research by religious *dicta*, we trust he will have also revealed the converse absurdity of barring religious belief by scientific postulates.

It is not strange that Dr. Paine, with his peculiar phasis of religious belief, should be alarmed by every aspect of modern science. He seems to have no sense of perspective as to the objects of faith. He adheres to the six solar days of creation as if his eternal salvation were involved in their literal exactness. He takes as much pains to show that Noah's ark was a competent menagerie for all its supposed inhabitants, as he would to verify the most momentous facts in the life of the Saviour of the world. He deems the comparative recency of the coal formation as of at least equal importance with the genuineness of the Gospels. Of course he has no tolerance for any theory of development or evolution; Darwin and Huxley are avatars of Antichrist; and "natural selection" is atheism. It seems not once to have occurred to him that it is as difficult to conceive of chance as having endowed primitive molecules with the capacity and *nisus* which should develop them into muscle, brain, thought, and affection, as it is to imagine the simultaneous generation of all forms of being without a creative will. Creation consists, in his apprehension, not in plan and purpose, but in mechanical shaping and finishing. Canova did not make the statue, unless with his own chisel he wrought out every fold of the drapery. The architect did not build the temple, unless his own hand hewed and heaved each separate stone, and carved each cornice and capital. We confess that in such views of the creation there seems to us to be a leaven of the very materialism so freely imputed to the theories against which they are now urged. We by no means yield assent to Darwin's hypotheses, least of all since we read his last book, on which our deliberate verdict is, "not proven"; but we could accept his conclusions without the slightest disturbance in our theological belief or our Christian faith, nay, were it possible, with even an enlarged and exalted sense of the infinite resources of creative power and wisdom.

We therefore cannot participate in the panic under whose urgency

Dr. Paine wrote the book before us. Yet it is a book of strongly marked qualities, and worthy of the most respectful reception. In the first place, it is of value as exhibiting the present condition of the scientific world from a point of view which may be dated as that of forty years ago. The volume, precisely as it now stands, is in close accordance and analogy with the soundest thought and the most healthy sentiment of the last generation; and those who dissented from it were the iconoclasts and incendiaries of their time. Now, when we remember that human progress has not been without retrogression, that received opinion has often modified later by earlier deductions, and that advancing science has returned upon its steps to gather up what it had brushed away in its moments of rapid onrush, such a presentation as we have here may be suggestive where it cannot be convincing, and may indicate defects and errors in detail where its general features are not admitted as authentic. Indeed, it is of no little worth to obtain a comprehensive view of any portion of science taken from a distant stand-point, though it be a false one; for such a view may reveal actual discrepancies and errors which, because they are so very near, may elude the notice of one wholly engrossed in the present. Then, too, this work has a decided merit in the laborious research and painstaking accuracy displayed in the collection of authorities, opinions and testimonies. Dr. Paine has left unexplored no field from which he could gather materials, no arsenal that would furnish him weapons, no camp where he could hope to rouse an enemy worthy of his steel. We have, therefore, a large repertory of opinions and arguments, and are in many instances enabled to form a sufficiently accurate estimate of at least the aim and scope of a work or an author before known chiefly by name.

Moreover, in his own department of physiology, Dr. Paine shows as much wisdom as learning. His thesis, the immateriality of the human soul, and of the principle corresponding to it in the lower animals, is sustained with great ability, and his illustration of the soul's connection with, and incidental relation to, the bodily organs, manifests careful observation, discriminating judgment, and wise reflection. He regards instinct as belonging to the same category with mind in man: with this difference, that we can trace no tokens of judgment, reflection, comparison, or imagination in the lower animals, while he ascribes to them perception, understanding, will, and memory. Yet it would be hard to draw the line, so as to exclude the first-named traits, which are certainly possessed as largely by the well-trained horse or dog as by the undeveloped savage. That judgment, reflection, and comparison are not wanting in the more intelligent quadrupeds and birds, is proved by

their modification of habits to abnormal conditions — by their performing under new postures of circumstances acts not identical, but analogous with their habitual acts; while the spirit with which many of these animals enter on sportive or predatory expeditions can be accounted for only by the presentific agency of imagination. It may be difficult to formulate the precise distinction between mind and instinct; nor is this necessary in order to conclude, with our author, that the latter cannot by any possibility develop into the former, — if for no other reason, for this, that mind does grow in the individual and in the race indefinitely, and, so far as we can judge, potentially forever; while instinct cannot overpass very limited bounds in the individual, however long he may live, or in the race, however carefully it may be trained and cherished. But Dr. Paine's argument does not turn on the nature of this difference. His main purpose is to show that neither soul nor instinct can be the result of material combinations; that sentient and self-conscious life cannot be produced by mechanical or chemical forces; that it postulates and implies an intelligent Creator, the Source of all life while the Author of all being. The portions of the book under review which are relevant to this purpose are worthy of all praise. The larger part of the volume, however, is, as we have indicated, irrelevant to this, its professed end, and is valuable, therefore, only for its materials, not for the way in which they are put together.

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8. — *Römische Alterthümer.* Von Ludwig Lange. Dritter Band: Die Staatsalterthümer. Dritter Theil. Erste Abtheilung. Berlin: Weidmann'sche Buchhandlung. 1871. 12mo. pp. 586.

Lange's Handbook of Roman Antiquities is less known in England and America than it deserves to be; for it is a book peculiarly adapted to the tastes and needs of English scholars. It is not a mere book of antiquities, like Becker and Marquardt's *Handbuch;* it is essentially a constitutional history of Rome, arranged by epochs, and with the antiquities proper in the form of separate treatises attached to the several periods. It is therefore in the power of any one who wishes, to read the historical chapters and omit the antiquarian. It is upon the most extensive and exhaustive scale; the third volume, for example, just published, brings the history down to the victory of Octavianus, and to do this is obliged to leave over the corresponding antiquarian chapters for the next volume.

This volume is therefore simply a constitutional and political history of Rome during the period of the downfall of the Republic, from the

tribunate of Tiberius Gracchus to the empire of Augustus. Probably this ground is covered with equal minuteness and completeness by no other writer, and there are certain features which give this work a peculiar value.

In the first place, it may be remarked that it shares the disadvantages of the series to which it belongs, — the Weidmann series of handbooks, to which belong Mommsen's History of Rome, Curtius's History of Greece, and Preller's Mythologies. It is printed in the same rather cheap style, with close pages and not very large type. Appearing by volumes, too, it has no index; and one needs an index constantly. This need might be partially met by a very copious analytic table of contents, such as Mr. Freeman gives to his volumes; but in all these works the table of contents is as brief and uncomprehensive as possible. Professor Lange, to be sure, makes very copious cross-references to his own volumes; but as the pages differ in the successive editions, even this is not always a help. It illustrates the independence of these several works, that whereas Mommsen and Curtius give hardly any references, but only an occasional argument in full, Lange gives an enormous number of them, as well as a complete bibliography for every general head and every special topic. This makes the book one of incalculable value to the student.

Professor Lange is not a writer of the originality and power of Mommsen; and in his views upon controverted points he is more apt to hold with the old school. His merit consists in great clearness of style, and especially in arrangement. One thing he has done which we have always desired to see done, but for which we have feared that adequate materials did not exist. This is to trace out in detail for each year the succession of political transactions and their influence upon one another. It is easy to see what a light this must throw upon political history, but it is easy to see likewise what an amount of patient and minute labor it must require to piece together the bits of evidence scattered through all Roman literature, and make out of them a consistent and accurate story in details. That it is accurate in every detail the author does not claim; but it is astonishing how much the story gains in intelligence and interest by this method. Such a year, for example, as B. C. 91, the year of the legislation of Drusus, is an admirable example of the skill and completeness with which this task is accomplished. In this way the measures of such a legislator as Gaius Gracchus, Drusus, or Sulla are not lumped together, as we are apt to find them, as if they formed one distinctly planned series of acts, but are shown to have had a development which was largely affected by circumstances. As an example, in regard to the important legislation

of the year 70, he shows (p. 192) by passages from the second Action against Verres, that it was during the first Action that the law was promulgated which took away from the senators the exclusive right to sit as judices.

In his views upon Roman politics Professor Lange occupies a moderate position, intermediate between the Cæsarism of Mommsen and the republicanism of the old school. Tiberius Gracchus and Cicero he rates more highly than Mommsen, Drusus less high. The most significant point in his view of Cæsar is, that this great man, like Napoleon, was dazzled by his triumphs and power, and was less great as an emperor than he had been as an aspirant; that he was easily flattered, by secret enemies as well as by friends, and grasped eagerly at new honors and distinctions; he lost his judgment as to the practicability of enterprises, and embarked inconsiderately in new and vain ones, and became even weak and injudicious in his clemency. Thus he alienated his friends and gave new courage to his enemies, while his popularity with the masses began to wane.

In regard to the earlier volumes, we have already intimated that there is no very daring and original speculation, but careful, complete, and accurate scholarship. In special points, he holds that the Luceres were Alban families, who received the Roman citizenship upon the conquest of their native city, — a theory which seems to us much the most probable. His derivation of the term "Quirites," from "curia," is an attractive and plausible one, especially in view of the peculiarly civil character of the term; but we hesitate to accept it against so high authority as Mommsen, however inconsistent the meaning "citizens" may be with that of *quiris*, a spear. It is not, however, in details like this that our author's great merit is to be seen. He has had the sagacity, in each volume, to see what was the most needed work to be done for that epoch, and has applied himself to this with the greatest industry and judgment.

We have already shown what this point is in the third volume. In this essentially political epoch, he has succeeded in tracing out the complicated details of politics, and giving us such a consecutive history of legislation and party manœuvres as one can get nowadays from a file of newspapers. In the first volume his strong point is in taking up the patriarchal institutions of the original patrician state, and analyzing and developing them with great fulness. The first period, "Der Patricische Staat," sketches the constitution down to the incorporation of the Luceres, which event, as we have said, he places at the capture of Alba Longa. The three antiquarian sections annexed to this chapter treat of the early patrician patriarchal law, upon which rested the entire

structure of the state at this epoch. These are, *das Familienrecht*, *das Gentilrecht*, the Gens being an expanded family; and *das älteste Staatsrecht*.

The second volume contains another feature, of less general interest, but of the greatest value to students of Roman legislation. The period treated is the fourth, "Die Herrschaft der Nobilität"; and the most important fact in the constitutional history of this period is the growth of power of the comitia of the tribes, — the great instrument of the demagogues of the last century of the Republic. By a careful comparison of the acts of the two rival comitia, the centuriate and tribal, — and not merely their actual legislation, but every proposition which can be shown to have come before either body, is examined and analyzed, — he arrives at important conclusions in regard to the transference of power from one to the other, — at once in elections, in legislation, and in jurisdiction. The result for legislation is summed up as follows: "In the times after the Hortensian law (B. C. 287) the centuriate comitia as a rule exercised legislative power only by the assumption of the *Lex de bello indicendo* and the *Lex centuriata de potestate censoria*; that is, upon matters which it was as impossible to transfer to the comitia tributa as the creation of magistrates *cum imperio*. It consisted therefore in legislative acts, which were completely dependent upon the initiation of the magistrates and the Senate, and were in substance pure formalities. Except on these grounds the centuriate comitia would have been entirely superfluous for legislation, and as a matter of fact the tribal comitia had assumed to themselves everything essential in legislation."

We do not know whether it is Professor Lange's design to extend his work beyond the political antiquities; it is, at any rate, very much to be hoped that he will be able to carry his survey of the constitutional history through the period of the Empire, and trace the changes of forms of government in the later Empire with the same minuteness as those of the Republic. There is no work more needing to be done.

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9. — *The Decline of the Roman Republic.* By GEORGE LONG. Vol. IV. London: Bell and Daldy. 1872. 8vo. pp. 449.

MR. LONG possesses some of the most indispensable qualities for an historian of Rome. He has a knowledge of the facts and authorities unsurpassed — perhaps we might say unequalled — among English scholars; and this knowledge is under the control of a judgment trained and sharpened by the labors of a lifetime. He is conscientious

in forming opinions, even to an excess of caution; so that while his sagacity makes one inclined to accept his decision upon disputed points, one is equally ready to accept his word when he says out and out that a thing is so. Add to this a blunt, trenchant style, not without a dash of grim humor, and there would seem to be very fair materials for an historian.

If he is not one, we are inclined to think that it is his own fault, the result of his own set purpose, and may be set down to the account of his over-conscientiousness, joined with a genuine English prejudice and obstinacy. Repelled by the large and, as they seemed to him, ungrounded generalizations of German scholars, he has flown determinedly in the opposite direction, and set out to write a history which should owe nothing to this pestilent modern school. Mr. Long is a good example of that old English school of philologists — now, happily, fast being superseded by men of the type of Munro, Ellis, and Seeley — who seem to think there is nothing more dangerous than German philology, unless it be German theology. They appear to take it as a personal affront that German scholars should claim to have made any discoveries in ancient history. This feeling is carried by Mr. Long almost to the point of ignoring the labors of his Teutonic contemporaries; indeed, we do not remember that his four volumes contain a single expression of hearty commendation of any work of German scholarship later than Niebuhr, with the exception of Rudorff's *Ackergesetz des Spurius Thorius.* It was this narrow and jealous spirit that was rapidly bringing English philology into the disrepute from which it has been rescued by the broader and more generous scholarship of the present day.

But Mr. Long's dislike of the German school of philology does not end here. This carping and ungracious tone is the least of its consequences. In no other way can we account for the excessive barrenness of his mode of treatment, than by supposing that he sedulously avoided everything that was not speaking by the book. This volume treats mainly of Cæsar's Gallic wars; and it is an excellent commentary upon Cæsar's own account, because Mr. Long has not the same antipathy to the French that he has to the Germans, and has made constant use of the latest investigations embodied in the *Histoire de César*, ascribed to the Emperor Napoleon III. But it is astonishing how little effort he has made to give anything but a commentary or paraphrase of his author. The chapter (in Vol. III.) which treats of the social and political condition of Gaul is incredibly meagre and poor; and even when he comes to the Germans he follows the same practice of repeating, as nearly as possible in Cæsar's own words, what Cæsar has told us about

the Germans, — and that is all. Now one could very well confine one's self to Cæsar in treating of the Gauls, for Cæsar is the chief authority in regard to them; and inasmuch as the Germans were only an incident in his campaigns and were treated by him only incidentally, it might have answered not to give any detailed account of them at all. But if the historian once goes out of his way to do this, he should surely tell the reader what it is important for him to know, and not merely the gossip and superficial information which Cæsar was able to pick up. Mr. Long does neither the one nor the other. He makes no attempt whatever at laying before his readers the results of scholarship in regard to the ethnology and institutions of the Germans; but he tells what Cæsar told, as if that were enough. No person would imagine from this book that Tacitus was a writer of any authority on this subject. We can find only two incidental references to him. Now we cannot conceive that a scholar of Mr. Long's learning and ability would have treated this topic in such an utterly inadequate manner, if he had not made up his mind to stick to the book.

As a history, therefore, of the decline and fall of the Roman Republic, the causes and spirit of this great tragedy, this work is a failure. It is utterly devoid of breadth of comprehension and an appreciation of the power of general causes; it is an account of the successive events which marked this decline and dissolution: it is not, in any high sense of the term, a history of the decline. As a series of antiquarian discussions, on the other hand, and a commentary upon the several writers who cover this period, it is a work of high value; and when we consider that this list comprises (or will when completed) the entire works of Cicero, Cæsar, and Sallust, it will be seen that this is no small merit. As a commentary it is learned and sagacious; incomplete, inasmuch as the author has generally taken pains to avoid the most learned school of commentators, but, so far as it goes, all that could be desired.

We will remark that in the present volume Mr. Long has corrected a fault of earlier ones in giving a much larger number of references than has been his custom.

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10. — *Fly-Leaves.* By C. S. C. New York: Holt and Williams. 1872. pp. 232.

A REPRINT from Mr. Calverley's last volume, with some additions from the former "Verses and Translations," which has never been reprinted. A more captivating collection of *vers de societé*, deserving,

indeed, the higher name of poetry, has rarely been offered to us. Mr. Calverley, who took a very high degree at Cambridge, England, in 1853, is a scholar and wit of the first order. His mastery of rhyme, and his power of working the ruggedest incidents of common life into melody, is quite equal to Praed's. He delights in unexpected turns from the sublime to the ridiculous, such as he learnt from Theocritus, of whose Idyls he has published an esteemed poetical version, and such may be found in this collection in the delicious poem "Motherhood." We also specially commend "First Love" and "On the Brink" as delicious in their combination of humor and pathos, and the irresistible run of their verses.

But the cream of the work is in the parodies in "The Wanderers," the "Ballad," "Lovers and a Reflection," and the "Cock and the Bull," in which the extravagances of rhythm and phrase which make up nine tenths of recent English poetry are disposed of.

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